

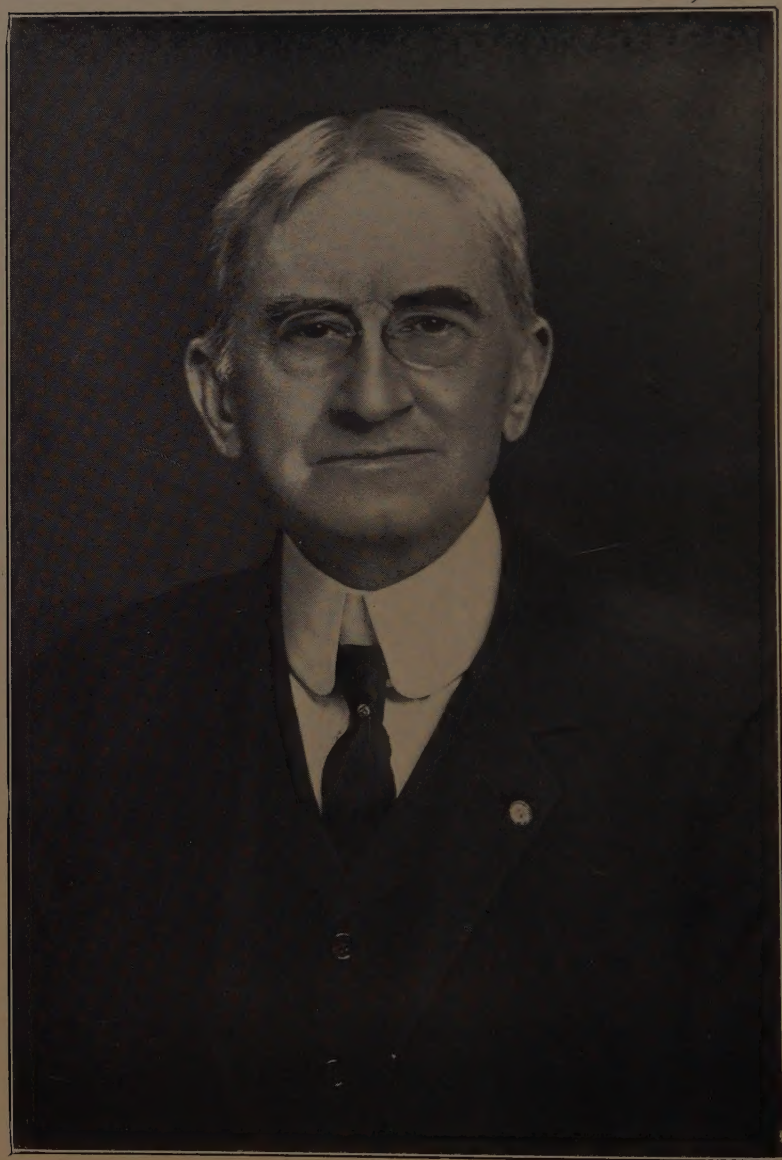
L I B R A R Y



MEMORIES *and* MEMORIALS

. . *of* . .

WILLIAM GORDON McCABE



Memories and Memorials
of
WILLIAM GORDON McCABE

BY

ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON

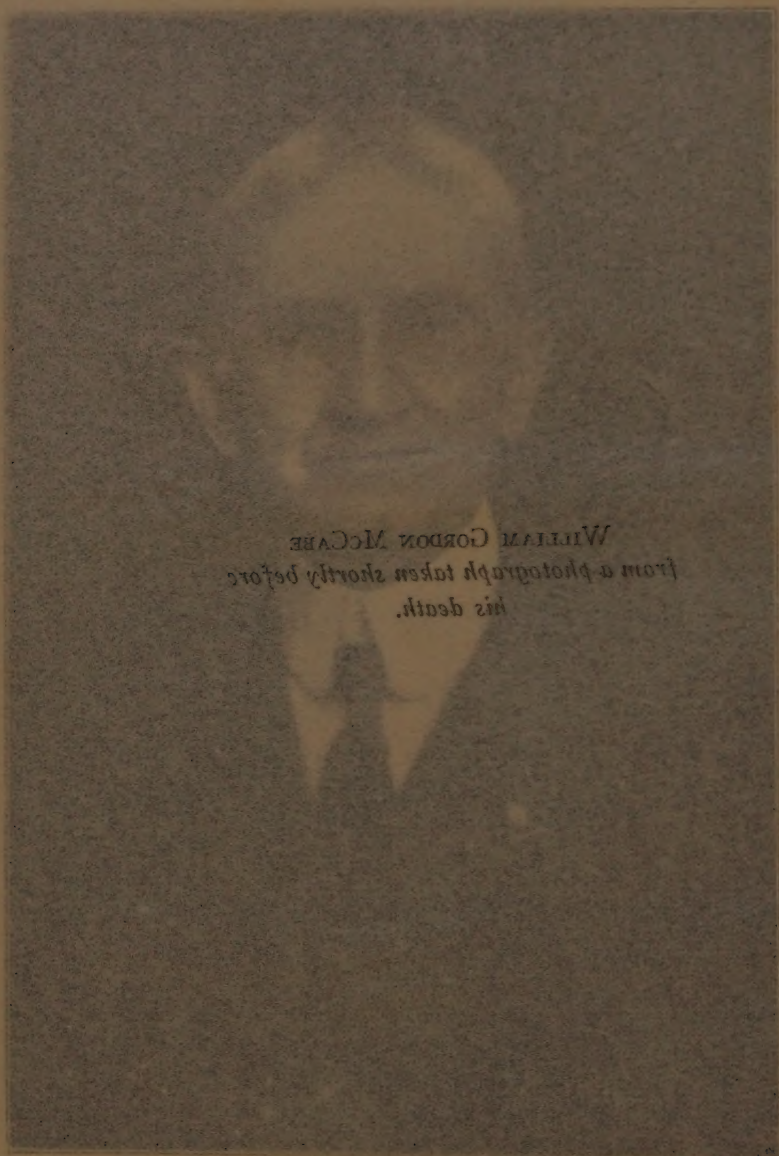
WILLIAM GORDON McCABE
*from a photograph taken shortly before
his death.*

Volume Two

1925
OLD DOMINION PRESS, INC., PUBLISHERS
109 GOVERNOR STREET
RICHMOND, VA.

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WILLIAM GORDON MCCABE
from a photograph taken shortly before
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CHAPTER XV.
HIGHER EDUCATION.
I.

HIS now frequent journeys abroad had come to be not only a means of extending his acquaintance and making new and interesting friends, but a relaxation of the constant and strenuous work at home, performed in the conduct of his school, in his persistent studies and in his writings and speeches. His fame as a school-master of extraordinary abilities and conspicuous success had gone abroad in America, and on the long roll of his pupils were to be read the names of very many who had become distinguished degree men, prize-men and honor-men of the higher institutions of learning in the United States. His own scholarship was generally accorded a wide recognition; and "McCabe's" had come to be "a name to conjure with," not only in the halls of his own alma mater, the University of Virginia, but no less at the great institutions of the North such as Harvard and Yale, Columbia and Princeton, as well as at West Point and Annapolis. To have gone forth from "McCabe's University School" with honor was an "open sesame" at their gates. Men like Gildersleeve and Toy and Goodwin and Joynes acclaimed him a great Latin scholar, and the Universities knew him as a remarkable teacher.

Among men who knew him as a Latinist he was recognized as scarcely less a Greek scholar; and when in 1882 Thomas R. Price, who filled the chair of Greek in the University of Virginia, was called to Columbia, New York, members of the Faculty of the Virginia institution and many of its friends elsewhere were eager to see McCabe elected as Price's successor.

Colonel William E. Peters, head of the Latin school, wrote to him expressing this general wish:

(From William E. Peters)

"University of Virginia,
April 26th, 1882.

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"The recently appointed Board of Visitors to the University will meet at this place next Thursday the 4th inst., and I earnestly

hope you have concluded to allow your claims to the Chair of Greek to be presented by your friends; and it is all important, in that event, that the new Board should have their attention called to you. As far as I am advised, you are the choice of our Faculty. I have talked with a number of my colleagues—Drs. Cabell, Davis, Minor, Venable, Smith, Holmes. You are their first choice for the place. I desire to urge your claims at once with the new Board, and with a knowledge of the fact that you will accept the place if elected. I am sure you are the man for the chair, and it is very important to the future of the institution that its friends should unite upon a man able to maintain the character of the chair. If they can do so at once, it will deter incompetent men from applying. I learn from Mr. Price that Gildersleeve will recommend you, and cordially. You are the first choice of Price, as you are aware. * * *

Venable, of the school of Mathematics, wrote him a letter no less urgent, asking him to permit his name to go before the Board: and Schele de Vere, Professor of Modern Languages, sent him a characteristic invitation to the same end:

“University of Virginia,
April 5, 1882.

“My dear Mr. McCabe:

“First of all, I pray, pardon me my delinquency in not giving you the proper and well-earned heroic title by which I ought to address you. But as the very purpose of my letter is to induce you to assume a new title, and one that I have borne myself for these thirty years and more, I hope to be pardoned. Mr. Price and myself had this morning a very grave and grievous conference on the injury done the University by his withdrawal. I told him that my thoughts and earnest wishes had at once turned to you as the one man fit to succeed him and to fill up the lacuna he leaves behind him. * * * He told me, what I also knew, that you would have to make a very great pecuniary sacrifice should you accept the place, but I at once reminded him of his own wise action in giving up several thousands, earned in his school, for half or less than half received as a Professor at Randolph-Macon. Here he is now, with \$7,500, the highest salary, I believe, paid in the U. S.

“I wish I could bring to bear upon you more powerful arguments than my most anxious personal wishes. Patriotism might well call upon you to assist the poor University in this her hour

of dire need. Nor is the position without features which might compensate a true scholar for much that he would have to give up. As yet the place of Professor here has not lost all its prestige, and that it is an excellent stirrup by which to vault into the saddle of a thoroughbred both Gildersleeve and Price have proved satisfactorily. Ample leisure, besides, is afforded for your charming Opuscula, or for the Magnum Opus which you also have, no doubt, in your desk or your brain. How we should welcome you and Mrs. McCabe socially I need not add, for there are no two persons in all Virginia that would be received here with greater delight.

"Pray put the matter into your pipe and smoke it carefully; listen, if you can, to the urgent wishes of your warm friends here, and give us some hope that we may soon see you 'one of us'.

Very truly your friend,

Schele de Vere".

McCabe sought the advice of his friend, Mr Joseph W. Harper, Jr., of New York, in whose business sense and acumen he had much confidence. Harper wrote him in reply:

"N. Y., April 28th, 1882.

"* * * As to your taking the Greek chair at the University:—let's take a cool view of the situation. You have built up a good school with a well-earned reputation and in a safe and healthy place. It is a property which, if your health is spared, must increase in value. You are a born teacher. The profession is not with you, as with many others, a *dernier resort*. You understand and like boys, and boys understand and like you. You have the faculty of imparting your knowledge to them, because you have discernment and can readily detect capacity and incapacity, and doubtless you can make a capable man out of an incapable boy. As the rector of a school, with absolute power, you are free to exercise your discernment, and are not hedged and badgered by rich, vulgar, incompetent and (worst of all) political trustees or regents or visitors or legislative committees. The control of such conservative and intelligent bodies as the overseers of Harvard or trustees of Columbia, though admirable for a large college or university in securing assimilation of departments and the most effective use of funds, would be out of place in classical schools like yours, or St. Paul's or the Quincy. The rectors of such classical schools are generally the owners: they are autocrats: they say courageously 'we take the whole respon-

sibility—*respice finem*; and sometimes, when they are at the length of their rope and their institutions are moribund, they say '*aspire finem!*'

"Now, you know, a professor can't do this. * * * It is a dignified and useful position in which, no doubt, you would add to your reputation for scholarship. I suspect that the temptation is too strong for you, and that you will go to the University. It is not natural that, as a scholar and a Virginian, you should decline so great an honor. * * * But I don't like to see you relinquish wholly a property which you have created by hard work, and an occupation to which you may at some future day be glad to return.

"I commend this suggestion to Mrs. McCabe (whose kind heart does not prevent her having a level business head) as from the future professor of the natatory art at the Hygeia University, and as an opinion from

Your friend,

Jack Bunsby".

There were various reasons which inclined him to concur with the opinion of Harper. The 'new Board' was the first and only Board of Visitors that had ever been appointed from political motives. It became known in the history of the University as "the Readjuster Board", and it was unpopular with the Faculty and the Alumni of the institution. McCabe, like his friends, had no question of his knowledge of Greek and of his capability of filling the chair, but Latin was his "first and best love". Mrs McCabe, in whose business sense Harper's confidence was not unworthily placed, was opposed to his accepting the Greek professorship; and to the great regret of many of his educational friends he declined to permit his name to be presented to the Visitors.

In the late winter of 1886-1887 he received a formal letter from Harper, who was then a trustee of Columbia College, New York, suggesting to him that he become a candidate for the chair of Latin in that institution.

This suggestion that he should submit his name as a candidate was not unattractive to him. His intimate friend, Thomas R. Price, was then a member of the faculty of Columbia; he had many friends in New York among the scholars and literary men,

and the opportunities for study and creative work in a great city like New York offered many allurements to one of his accomplishments and ambitions. The idea was not unfamiliar to him, as is indicated by a letter written to him by Mr Harper a few days later :

"March 3, '87.

"My dear Mr. McCabe :

"No: There's no anachronism whatever ; for in your *brief* reply to my official note you would be apt to say that soon after Professor Short's death your name, you believe, had been mentioned for the vacant chair in a letter from your friend, Judge Gilbert, to my colleague, Mr. Stephen P. Nash ; that the idea presented by Judge Gilbert was not unattractive, and that you had then collected some letters and testimonials, but had hesitated to send them until you were invited to do so and could feel assured that the doing so would not be regarded as intrusive.

"I wrote you a hasty note this afternoon on my way home from a committee-meeting. Shall endeavor to see Lewis tomorrow.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. Harper, Jr."

This letter crossed McCabe's reply to Harper's letter of February 26th :

"University School, Petersburg, Virginia.
March 3rd, 1887.

Joseph W. Harper, Jr., Esq.,
562 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

"My dear Sir :

"I have the honor to acknowledge your kind letter of the 26th ult. in which you say : 'In conversation a few days ago with President Barnard about the vacant chair of Latin in Columbia College he mentioned your name.

"It would please me personally and officially to count you among the candidates, and with your permission I should like the honor of adding your name to that of our common friend, Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, which I have already informally mentioned to some of my colleagues on the Board of Trustees'.

"Believe me, my dear sir, that I am deeply sensible of the great honor you have done me by such a request. I cannot consent to become a candidate if Mr. Lewis desires the position, for

I have been associated with him in work, and with ample opportunity to form an unbiased judgment believe him to be one of the greatest of living Latinists.

"But if Mr. Lewis should not wish to become a candidate, then you are at liberty to present my name to the Board of Trustees.

"Sometime ago my old and valued friend, Judge Jasper W. Gilbert of Brooklyn, wrote me that he had ventured shortly after Professor Short's death to mention my name in connection with the vacant chair in a letter to Mr. Stephen P. Nash of the Trustees of Columbia College. He urged at the same time that I should consider the matter seriously and secure such testimonials as might be proper. Although I have here, as you know, a flourishing school with a fine set of young men representing all sections of our country, the idea presented by Judge Gilbert was not unattractive. In consequence I wrote to several prominent scholars who knew my work and most of whom had thoroughly tested my teaching by its results and frankly stated my purpose of applying for the vacant chair. But after receiving the testimonials which they at once sent me and accompany this letter, I could not make up my mind to forward them, as I had not been invited to do so and feared that such action might be regarded as intrusive on my part. I now forward such testimonials as I then gathered with permission for you to use them as you may see fit. The position I regard as one of great honor and responsibility, but I trust that it is not immodest for me to feel that my long experience as a teacher of Latin and more than twenty years' special study of that language and literature qualify me to fill it satisfactorily, should it be the good pleasure of the Trustees to elect me to the chair.

"In any event, believe me that I am honest in expressing the hearty wish in the interest of sound, classical learning that the Trustees secure a teacher and a scholar worthy to succeed the distinguished Latinist who so long and worthily filled this important position in Columbia.

"With high regard, believe me, my dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

W. Gordon McCabe".

He had written to Mr Lewis of his attitude in the event of Lewis' candidacy and received this reply:

"March 8, (1887)

"My dear McCabe:

Yours of yesterday is just received. Hearty thanks. In one point you are right: I could not take the chair without a pecuniary

sacrifice which I am not clear could be justified. The rest of your complimentary expressions are due to your over-valuation of me and my requirements, and none the less gratifying on that account. I have no inclination to make any use of your letter, except to show it to Mrs. Lewis that she may share my pleasure in the great generosity of your friendship.

Yours ever,

Charlton T. Lewis".

II.

Neither McCabe nor Lewis—with whom he had collaborated on "Lewis's Latin Dictionary" published by Harper & Brothers, in the preface of which Lewis makes acknowledgment of McCabe's ability as a Latinist—was chosen by the Trustees; and with few regrets or misgivings the Head Master continued his work in the University School. But his interest in the great institutions of higher education in the country grew with the development of his own school, which was one of the streams of pure water that flowed into the great reservoirs of the Universities. His distinction as a school-teacher and his devotion to his own Alma Mater gave him in 1888 a position of honor and responsibility that has always been much coveted, though seldom sought after—although in a sense a political office—by the high-minded and prominent men who have occupied it. The Governor of Virginia, who was then Fitzhugh Lee, appointed him one of the nine Visitors of the University of Virginia, who are the official and responsible trustees and directors of the institution. In this position, which he continued to occupy for eight years, by reason of his peculiar knowledge of teaching as a science and of the methods of the Universities of England and of America, he found opportunities of much usefulness which he never slighted nor neglected. His devotion to the discharge of these duties, during the period of his incumbency of the office of Visitor, was equal to that which had made his school so notable; and the results of this devotion are to be discovered in the permanent impress which he made on the character and methods of instruction in the University, as well as upon its physical reconstruction after the fire which destroyed its central building, the Rotunda, in 1895.

In 1891, the Board of Visitors adopted a resolution with regard to the degrees of the University which revolutionized the requirements for degrees as originally established by Jefferson that had persisted with little change since the opening of the institution in 1826 down to that time. This change in the degree-requirements involved the establishment on a new and broader basis of the Bachelor of Arts Degree, the necessity of attaining which as a preliminary step to the Master's degree was esteemed so radical a change by many of the Alumni, and especially by those who had already achieved the degree of Master of Arts, as to create apprehension in their minds of an ultimate destruction of the standards and scholarship of the University and a lowering of its reputation as an educational institution.

The resolution of the Rector and Visitors of June 29, 1891, was the culmination of others moving in the same direction that were successively adopted after July 1888, in the two years since McCabe became a member of the Board, all of which were largely his handiwork. This final resolution of June 29, 1891, was as follows:

"In order to attain the M. A. degree it shall be necessary for every applicant to have first taken the B. A. degree. After taking that degree he shall take an advanced course of the University instruction in some four schools embracing, for example—

- i. Latin, Greek, Moral Philosophy, one Teutonic and one Romance Language;
- ii. Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Applied Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology;
- iii. Latin, Greek, Mathematics, one Teutonic and one Romance Language;

or any combination of four schools in the Academical Department, which in the judgment of the Faculty shall be the full equivalent of any of the above groups".

To this action on the part of the Rector and Visitors thirty-four Masters of Arts and eight "applicants for the M. A. degree" filed an earnest and vigorous protest with the Board; and the names of the signers, including those of Charles Marshall, William Wirt Henry, William Dinwiddie, George Tucker Harrison and James L. Dinwiddie were such as to command the instant attention and respect of the governing body of the University.

The protest set forth, among other things that the signers "consider that the degree of Master of Arts of the University of Virginia is the highest degree conferred in the United States on undergraduate students. Such it is acknowledged to be by all who are competent to form an opinion entitled to value.

"* * * We submit that the peculiar distinction universally accorded to this degree, as it now exists, is of inestimable value to the University, that its reputation is worth preserving, that a radical change in the *nature* of its requirements will ruin its present 'honorable position' and necessitate the acquisition of a new reputation, that any change approximating our degree to those of other institutions in America will destroy its individuality and impair its usefulness.

"* * * The field now covered by this degree is a large one, comprising graduation at a high standard in Latin, Mathematics, Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, French, German and Greek. Who can say that a deep insight into all of these is not essential to a liberal education? Who would say that more is required?"

These extracts suffice to show the spirit of opposition that the change in the degrees had engendered; and the remonstrance concluded with an expression of dread on the part of the signers "that in the effort to popularize and populate their classes the professors will bend from that high and rigid standard which has made our University world-renowned. A student who has the choice of many departments for his degree will inevitably take those which can be attained with least difficulty; a large falling off will follow in those schools which are intrinsically more difficult though for that very reason, perhaps, more useful, and the professor must stand by and see his school decimated, or must make it more popular at the expense of the requisite labor and its usefulness. It is not hard to conceive which course he will adopt."

The remonstrance illustrated the conservatism and indisposition to change which have always been a marked Virginian characteristic, and it was supported by many who entertained the peculiar idea that whatever Jefferson had formulated admitted of no improvement. But McCabe was sure of his position, and in taking and establishing it he had the backing of some of the ablest men in the Faculty of the University and unanimous support of his colleagues on the Board of Visitors. The latter were at this

time Dr. Wilson Cary Nicholas Randolph, an eminent physician, resident in the adjoining town of Charlottesville, a great-grandson of Thomas Jefferson, and then Rector of the University; Camm Patteson, a man of literary acquirements and an author, who was a prominent lawyer and State Senator; Thomas S. Martin, for many years afterwards Senator from Virginia in the United States Congress, and who came to be the Democratic leader and Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the Senate in the administration of President Wilson; Marshall McCormick, one of the ablest lawyers of his day in the state; Robert L. Parrish, another very able lawyer; Dr. Rawley W. Martin, later President of the State Board of Health; R. G. H. Kean, scholar, writer and lawyer of high distinction, himself a former Rector of the University; Basil B. Gordon, a man of large business affairs and of fine administrative talents, and McCabe. They appointed him to write a reply to the "Remonstrance" which they all signed as the united voice of the Board; and in its preparation he had the wise counsel and assistance of Professors Thornton and R. H. Dabney.

This remarkable paper, which includes within its limits of fifty printed pages a full discussion of the Academic Degrees of American and English Universities, and discloses a vivid conception of the needs and requirements demanded by the University life and scholarship of the time, exhibits at their best the powers of its author as a writer, his skill in dialectics and his great fundamental ability in maintaining an argument. One who reads it must conclude its perusal with the reflection that the writer, had he carried out his original purpose of becoming a lawyer when he emerged from the Confederate army, would have proven himself an able one.

The length of this "Reply of the Rector and Visitors of the University of Virginia to the Remonstrance on Recent Changes in the Requirements for the Degree of Master of Arts"* is such as to preclude its reproduction here *in extenso*; but the extracts from it which follow will give some idea of its wide range, its

* Published by the University, Charlottesville, Va. 1892.

accurate scholastic knowledge and the cogency and directness of its argument.

Beginning with the circumstances surrounding the situation of the degrees at the time of the enactment of the new requirements the "Reply" says of the "Remonstrance":

"The paper seems to the Visitors to have been hastily written under a misapprehension as to the real character and scope of the changes made in the requirements for both the M. A. and B. A. degrees.

"As the Visitors believe that these changes, if clearly understood, must claim the hearty support of all true friends of the University, they shall not content themselves with a simple refusal to consider their action, but most cheerfully lay before your Committee their reasons for having ordered these changes and for now declining, after maturely weighing your protest, to recede from steps taken after the most cautious deliberation by a unanimous vote of the Board.

"To the mind of the Visitors it has long been a source of weakness to the University that there has been here no reputable undergraduate degree, which appealed to any large number of students of fair ability and determined industry who were desirous, not of the specialistic training of a school-master, but of a sound general knowledge of such subjects as are commonly deemed essential in any scheme of liberal education. (See *Report on the Conduct of Schools*, University of Va., February 9th, 1889.).

"That the old B. A. was such a degree will scarcely be seriously maintained by any one who knows its history and 'traditions'. It always carried with it a distinct flavor of academic defeat, and was generally regarded as a sort of 'consolation stakes' for those who failed in the race for the overshadowing *Grand Prix*—the M. A.

"Few men ever cared to apply for it prior to the War, and, though the Faculty, apparently keenly alive to the desirability of such a degree and fully aware of the strength that such a degree would give the University, have time and again sought to frame a B. A. course at once sound as to scholarship and attractive to the great body of students, the results indicate that there was something inherently wrong in the various schemes proposed and adopted.

"Five times in the twenty years from 1865 to 1885 (an average of once in every four years) were the requirements for

the B. A. degree changed, yet the fact remained that but few students applied for that degree.

"Such was the state of things when the Visitors, in 1888, determined to give their attention to the existing requirements for degrees in the University.

"Naturally, they approached with diffidence a subject which apparently had baffled the continued efforts of those who seemed best equipped for dealing with such a problem.

"Still, the problem was unsolved, the question seemed a pressing one, and the Visitors could not shirk it consistently with their responsible position as the recognized custodians of the best interests of the University.

"They first considered the B. A. degree, and on conferring with a committee appointed by the Faculty touching the subject were assured in the most emphatic manner by some of the ablest professors in the University that 'the requirements for the B. A. degree, then in force, imperatively demanded revision'.

"It is needless to say that the Visitors had the highest respect for the tried loyalty and academic experience of the Faculty, and that in the changes which they saw to be imperative they desired to avail themselves at every step of the counsel of these faithful servants of the University. A full and free discussion with the committee of all the points involved developed, as was to be expected, a wide diversity of views.

"Still, two facts seemed to be evident: (1) that there was a sort of stigma attaching to the old B. A. degree here, which had come to be regarded (whether rightly or wrongly) as a sort of public advertisement of academic failure; (2) that there was an imperative need for a reputable B. A. degree, the requirements of which should be so framed as to attract the great body of academic students and induce them to remain long enough at the University to secure the basis of a liberal education.

"It was, indeed, a startling fact to the Board to find, on investigation of the records for years past, that of all the students in the University little more than two-fifths remained more than one year and that only one student in eighteen remained four years.

"On careful investigation the inherent faults of the former B. A. schemes seemed two-fold: (1) that the course of instruction did not possess a character and spirit of its own, but was simply a fragment of the semi-specialistic training required for the M. A. degree, the requirements for the B. A. degree being satisfied in several schools if the candidate attained in his examination a certain percentage of marks (lower than required for 'graduation') or a smaller volume of the identical work demanded of a

student who was seeking the training of a specialist; (2) that, by retaining the nomenclature of 'Graduate' and 'Proficient' (terms which had acquired here a fixed, technical meaning), comparison was directly invited to the more difficult requirements for the M. A. degree, and that thus a mark of depreciation was inevitably stamped upon the B. A. degree.

"Such was the problem that the Visitors, who desired to act with the utmost conservatism, had to face. After mature deliberation they established the present B. A. courses, which seemed to them to represent 'the amount and sort of training in language, literature, history, philosophy, mathematics and science that every educated man should fairly possess'. The Visitors specially emphasized that the scope and character of the new instruction in some of the courses, at least, for the new B. A. degree should be essentially different from that required for the M. A. degree, and, to remove all semblance of stigma, directed that the old nomenclature of 'Proficient' should be utterly abolished.

"It was ordered that an applicant for the B. A. degree, who had passed his examinations (three fourths required) in the various departments, should be declared 'Graduate in B. A. Latin', 'Graduate in B. A. Mathematics', etc.

"This does not seem to have been known to your Committee, if the Board may judge from the language of your protest.

"But to guard against any possible misapprehension in the future, the Board intends to direct the proper authorities to officially announce in the Catalogue, and elsewhere, the following courses in the Academic School:

1. The Collegiate Course for the B. A. degree.
2. The University Course for the M. A. degree.
3. The Post-Graduate Course for the Ph. D. degree.

"Three corresponding diplomas will be granted: (1) Graduate in the B. A. course; (2) Graduate in the M. A. course; (3) Graduate in the Ph. D. course.

"At the same time that the change was made in the requirements for the B. A. degree, the 'Committee on Courses of Instruction and the Conduct of Schools' in the Board gave formal notice to the other Visitors that in two years' time that Committee would advise a change in the requirements of the M. A. degree.

"Accordingly, at a meeting of the Board of Visitors in July 1891, the change was recommended, and, after careful discussion, was adopted by the Visitors without a dissenting voice."

The "Reply" of the Visitors proceeds to discuss the agitation among "the most thoughtful and intelligent graduates of the

University" for years past in favor of "a radical modification in the requirements for the M. A. degree", and "the question of 'University reform'", which for the preceding twenty years had been a "burning question" both at home and abroad; and continues:

"During that time, in England and America the drift has been surely and steadily in one direction—the freedom of election in the higher education, such as had long been granted in the great Continental universities."

After quoting Matthew Arnold's "key-note of reform in England", in which he alleges that "there should, after a certain point, be no cast-iron course for all scholars, either in humanistic or naturalistic students: According to his aptitude, the pupil should be suffered to follow principally one branch of either of the two great lines of study; and, above all, to interchange the lines occasionally, following on the line which is not his own line such studies as have yet some connection with his own line, or, from any course whatever, some attraction for him", the writer of the "Reply" continues:

"It is a distinctive glory of which no one may rob the University of Virginia (though many have so sought to rob her), that she was the first institution among English-speaking folk to cast off the shackles of the old monastic narrowness and to allow her students absolute freedom of election as to studies. But it is equally true that, while other great institutions of the first rank in this country, borrowing from her this elective system, have utilized it to its fullest logical extent and have emphasized a due sense of its superlative advantages by offering, as the bounds of human knowledge have steadily widened, corresponding additional courses (all elective) leading to the highest academic rewards, she alone has obstinately clung to a rigid curriculum of requirements for her Master's degree".

After a further discussion of the restrictions upon the "elective system" in its concrete application to the former Master's degree in the University of Virginia, the continuance of which in its "cast-iron" form so re-acted upon the B. A. degree that "notwithstanding the ever increasing number of studies which,

by the deliberate verdict of the ablest and most thoughtful scholars, may fairly claim a place in any scheme of liberal education, a student, no matter what his commanding aptitudes, no matter how solid and brilliant may be his parts, *must* confine himself to a rigid curriculum or leave the University without having attained any distinctive mark of academic success", the "Reply" asserts that "the old *ante-bellum* M. A., with its curriculum more or less rigid, was well enough in its day before the tremendous expansion of the circle of liberal studies. Lord Bacon might, with no undue assumption, declare that he had 'taken all human knowledge for his province'. But such a declaration today, even from 'the wisest of mankind', would only provoke a smile of derision."

The "Reply" quotes at length from "a very striking article" on the M. A. degree of the University of Virginia by Professor W. M. Thornton, published in the *Religious Herald* for August 6th, 1891, and follows a discussion of this article, which advocated for the University of Virginia an enlargement of the principle of the elective system, thus:

"This principle of 'the Freedom of Election' has been in truth the guiding principle, kept steadily in view by the Visitors in the changes they have seen fit to make. To the Visitors it seemed plain that to longer insist on the narrow old curriculum meant not conservatism but ossification, and that, in recognizing in the degrees of the future a greater freedom of election they were not only taking a step imperatively demanded, if this institution were to keep abreast of the great universities at home and abroad, but that they were for the first time giving full expression to the essential purpose of the founder of the University, who in intelligent apprehension of the true methods of higher education was fully fifty years ahead of his time".

A further argument, pressed with great force against the existing degree conditions, was that they so dwarfed the B. A. degree as to make it undesirable and a badge of collegiate defeat; and on this point the writer states:

"There were enrolled last session in the Academic Department of the University two hundred and forty two students, and of this number just *three* men took 'the degree'" (i. e. the Master of

Arts). Commenting on this startling state of affairs, Professor R. H. Dabney says in one of the many admirable articles contributed by him to the public press: 'Of the 479 students at the University of Virginia last session, how many took this degree? Why, just *three*. Nor does it often happen that the annual 'host' numbers more than five or six. Surely there is something rotten in the state of Denmark if 'the fame of the University' really 'depends' upon the acquirements of half a dozen men in five hundred. I am far from wishing for the day when any degree of the University shall be awarded to nine-tenths of those whose names are enrolled in the catalogue; but if three men are to carry off all the glory, while 476 are left in outer darkness, the time for a revolution is come. Not one of these three would claim for a moment, I am sure, that they alone among the students of 1890-91 possess sufficient knowledge and brains to add to the University's fame. It is perfectly true, however, that many a clever and ambitious man leaves the University with far less knowledge and mental training than would be the case if the University offered him a degree that could be obtained without the mind-crushing process of cram, which so many employ to obtain the present M. A. The fact that of all the students enrolled in the last catalogue only 203 had spent more than one year at the University, only 74 more than two years, and only 27 more than three years, is a startling fact'. After stating his reasons for believing that this state of affairs is by no means due to the poverty of our people, he continues: 'Many causes may co-operate to drive students from our University, but none is more potent, I believe, than the fact of being told that the M. A. degree is the chief glory of the place and that other degrees are mere high-school affairs, unworthy of a serious thought; seeing that only one in a hundred succeeds in getting this degree, and seeing also that even that one gets it at the cost of suffering and pain, many a student becomes discouraged at the start, and after performing his work for one year in a half-hearted way leaves the University in disgust. The truth is that the M. A. degree in its present shape is an incubus upon the University, weighing her down and driving men from her walls.'

"These are the deliberate words of a professor in this institution, who is both a Master of Arts of this University and a Doctor of Philosophy of a famous German one.

"How entirely the B. A. degree—which should be the popular degree of this University as it is of all the great universities of the English-speaking world—has been dwarfed into insignificance by the exaggerated importance paid here to the M. A. degree, is abundantly proved by the following statistics: Since the found-

ation of the University sixty seven years ago there have been altogether but 81 Bachelor of Arts, an average of little over one a year; forty took this degree prior to the war, and forty-one since. Again of the 40 *ante-bellum* B. A.'s, 11 later on secured M. A., of the 41 *post-bellum* B. A.'s, 23 later on took the M. A. In other words, only 18 men during the past 25 years have taken the B. A. degree for its own sake, the other having taken it as a part of their M. A. course. Of these 18, one is a candidate for M. A. this session.

"Contrast with the deplorable state of things the fact already mentioned (in the earlier part of this paper) that *fifty-one* men have this year entered upon courses of study planned to lead up to the B. A. degree.

"Each figure has a voice and could preach a sermon'."

The "Reply" concludes with an enunciation of the aim and scope of the emancipated and reconstructed degrees:

"It has seemed to the Visitors (and they have so ordered) that the three degrees in the Academic Department of the University should have the following aim and scope:

- I. B. A.—A degree of general culture designed for the great body of students, in which little restriction shall be placed upon the student in regard to the election of studies beyond the fact that no one of the five great departments of human learning—Ancient Languages, Modern Languages, Mathematical Sciences, Natural and Physical Sciences, Historical and Philosophical Sciences—may be altogether neglected. The requirements are graduation in eight (8) B. A. courses. Standard $\frac{3}{4}$.
- II. M. A.—A degree for advanced University work, open to such students as shall have first attained the B. A. degree, either in this University or at some other chartered institution of learning, provided, in the latter case, that the Faculty shall deem such degree the full equivalent of the degree granted here; and further provided, that the candidate shall in all cases be a graduate in the B. A. courses in this University of such Schools as he elects for his advanced work. The degree is designed for those who propose to make teaching a profession, and also for such students as, through love of learning, desire to pursue their studies beyond the B. A. courses. The requirements are graduation in four (4) University 'Schools' approved by the Faculty. Standard $\frac{3}{4}$.

III. Ph. D.—A degree for specialists, open to such students as shall have first attained the degree of B. A. or M. A. in this University, or at some other chartered institution of learning, provided, in this latter case, that the Faculty shall deem such degree the full equivalent of the B. A. degree granted here. This degree demands very high attainments in some special lines of study, and these attainments must be proved, (1) by a thesis, showing an original treatment of some fitting subject or giving satisfactory evidence of the power of *independent* investigation; and (2) by the candidate passing successfully rigid examinations on some two subjects elected by the student for his graduate work.

These two subjects are to be approved by the Faculty. No candidate is to be admitted to examination until his thesis has also been approved. On successfully passing his examination, the candidate may print his thesis along with the certificate of approval granted by the examiners."

No more significant and far-reaching action has ever been taken by a Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia, save perhaps the subsequent establishment of the office of President of the University instead of Jefferson's original plan, continued through nearly eighty years of its history, for the government of the institution by a "Chairman of the Faculty" chosen from the members of the Faculty. In this great movement for the reformation of the degrees McCabe was the chief actor, and it was due to his technical knowledge, his powers of logical and cogent presentation, and the respect which his views and opinions on educational matters commanded with his colleagues, that the principle of "the Freedom of Election" in the face of a stubborn and long-continued opposition was broadly and permanently established in the University.

Though this was the most outstanding of his achievements as a Visitor, it was by no means the only important one. In everything pertaining to the interests of the University, whether on the educational or the administrative side, he was always eager and active; and his large experience in the conduct of his own school had given him a catholic knowledge which was of immense practical value, in many directions, to his colleagues.

In recognition of his services the honorary office of Vice-Rector was established by the Board, and he was the only Visitor who ever held this position.

In October 1895, a little more than a year before the expiration of his second term of four years as Visitor, "the great fire" occurred which destroyed all of the Rotunda, the central building of the University, except its walls, together with a large part of its contents consisting of valuable books and manuscripts.

Three members of the Board of Visitors and two members of the Faculty were appointed as a "Building Committee", charged with the work of restoration and of constructing the "new buildings"; and of the three Visitors McCabe was one. To this work, which had not yet been completed when his term of office expired, he gave the energy, ability and fidelity which characterized whatever he undertook; and the bronze tablet in the lobby of Cabell Hall, the newly-erected academic building, which "commemorates the burning on October 27th, 1895, of the Rotunda and Public Hall of the University of Virginia and the restoration of the Rotunda, and the building of the Academical Hall, the Rouss Physical Laboratory and the Mechanical Laboratory" bears his name with that of his associates of the committee.

III.

He had a genius for friendship, and with it a strong inclination for the social side of life. Wherever he went, whether to private home or club, in England or America, his coming was always hailed with delight by those who greeted him. His knowledge of what was best in books and in people, his charm as a talker, his unchallenged gift as a story-teller, his winning and kindly humor, his "keen sense of language and its imperial influence on men", the spell of his cheerfulness and ancient courtesy, a generous sympathy, a warm heart and a noble intellectual independence drew both men and women to him and won for him a wide range of friends and associates.

His colleagues on "the Board" were influenced by these attractions no less than by his intellectual ability, his experience and knowledge in the world of education and his enthusiastic

devotion to the institution of which he and they were the official governors. The meetings of the Visitors were always the occasions of agreeable social intercourse after the business sessions were ended; and this was especially the case at the "Final" gatherings in June, when the closing exercises of the University occurred and the Alumni returned to participate in the festivities of the "celebrations". In such gatherings he shone as talker and storyteller; and these gifts of his, exercised without stint, for he loved to talk, not infrequently developed a merriment that was independent of the merits of his talk or his stories. Mr. B. Johnson Barbour, who had been the Rector of the University at an earlier date and who was many years his senior and one of his closest friends and warmest admirers, was also fond of talking and of telling stories, both of which he did admirably. He was a man of wide reading, of keen humor and extremely genial; and when in the late June afternoons the members of the Board and their visiting friends would gather under the shady trees on the terrace in front of the Proctor's residence, and Major Peyton, the kindly and hospitable Proctor, would make them welcome with a mint-julep, which if too heady was diluted with water from his big silver beaker inscribed "G. W. to T. J." that he never failed to produce with pride in its associations with two Virginian Presidents, the contest between McCabe and Barbour who made a point of attending these *seances* as to who could "get the floor" was as amusing to the auditors as was the talk of either. When one had succeeded, the other listened with the interest and enjoyment of the moment to the other's talk, but always eagerly watching for an opportunity to "cut in" and himself take up the thread of monologue which it often came to be,—though it was always charming monologue. When such a situation developed, it not unnaturally suggested the well-known story of Macaulay and Sydney Smith at the end of a dinner, when the historian had been monopolising the conversation. Sydney Smith, as a momentary "flash of silence" occurred in his interlocutor's speech, remarked gravely: "Macaulay, when I'm dead, you'll be sorry that you never heard me talk."

But McCabe was a good listener, as was Barbour; and each was saturated with a knowledge of Virginia history, and

possessed a vivid power of expression and unusual skill as a *raconteur* which matched and set off the talk of the other, so that their "talks" were unforgettable by those who heard them.

Barbour had also been a friend of John R. Thompson, who had remembered him in his will with a legacy of his "next most valuable book" after the "Esmond"; and in his nearby home at Barboursville, within a two hours' ride of the University, McCabe was a frequent and always welcome visitor. The mansion-house, long since destroyed by fire, had been designed by Jefferson and built by Governor James Barbour. It housed a fine library, and under its hospitable roof there were many gatherings of the best among the Virginians of the *post-bellum* period, where over cigars and the madeira quip and jest flew merrily, and anecdote and reminiscence of the glories which had characterized Virginia "before the War" abounded. Here too stories of the heroic deeds done by the soldiers of the Confederacy were told, while eager faces shone at their recital; and a large steel engraving of Washington's painting of "The Burial of Latané", with Thompson's poem in autograph on the lower margin, looked down upon the company from above the great fire place.

At the social gatherings of the Visitors and their intimates at the University Finals other subjects than the Confederacy were also discussed, and the conversation led by the two chief talkers was not confined to any one topic. Frequent anecdotes, flavored with the sauce of Virginian environment were told, and ran the gamut from Barbour's famous query, quoting the line of Shelley's "Adonais" to Mr. Robert S. Archer, his brother-in-law, upon the occasion of the latter's wife presenting him with twins: "Insatiate Archer, would not one suffice?" to the story of the keen-witted carpet-bag lawyer who quarrelled with the carpet-bag governor of the State just after "the War", and when informed by the enraged chief executive that he expected some day to look at the attorney through the bars of the State Penitentiary, promptly inquired: "From which side, Governor?"

After one of these June meetings an incident occurred that greatly pleased McCabe, who never tired of referring to it. Dr Rawley W. Martin, then of Chatham, Virginia, was perhaps the most modest and retiring, as he was one of the most in-

telligent and efficient of the Visitors. He never talked about himself and was not amenable to the charge which McCabe delighted in telling that Nat, an old negro of Mr Barbour's, was once heard to bring against his master: "Mars' Johnson never was no man to say nothing hard about *hisse'f*!" Martin wore a high-heeled shoe on one foot and walked with a very visible limp, the result of a wound received in battle. On an evening, when the Visitors had dispersed, and McCabe, Martin and a third member of the Board were waiting in the dimly-lighted railroad station for the trains which were to take them in different directions to their respective homes, a question was asked of the modest little doctor as to the "Lieutenant-Colonel Martin" who was said by General Fitzhugh Lee, in his "Life of General Robert E. Lee" then very recently from the press, to have led the Fifty Third Virginia regiment over "the Stone Wall" at Gettysburg in Pickett's famous charge on July 1st, 1863. The three Visitors were sitting together on a bench in the waiting-room, in which there were only a half dozen other people. McCabe, relating the incident, said that Martin stood up on his maimed leg as the question was propounded and in the thrill which his answer stirred in his auditors seemed to grow in stature and in dignity as he replied with proud sincerity:

"I am as poor as a church mouse. I had to sell the old home of my fathers in Pittsylvania county to educate my daughters. But a million dollars could not buy from me the recollection that *I* was the first man who went over that wall."

The diffident and retiring Visitor of the University had been "Colonel Martin" of the First Virginia Regiment, and had received the decoration of his maimed leg in the immortal charge. Neither of his two associates had ever known the fact, nor had it been known to any of his other colleagues.

IV.

In June 1896 a movement was inaugurated in the Board of Visitors of the University, after the expiration of his term in February of that year, which from its inception until its con-

clusion caused a storm of opposition among the older members of the Faculty and the older alumni that dwarfed into comparative insignificance the contest over the earlier changes in the academic degrees. This was the recommendation of a special committee of the Board, made March 22, 1897, pursuant to a resolution for the appointment of this committee at the preceding June meeting, that "an executive head" of the University should be created whose duties should supersede those of the Jeffersonian Chairman of the Faculty. The obligations and responsibilities of the Chairman of the Faculty were manifold, varied and onerous; and the Visitors had come to the conclusion after careful consideration and study of the situation that in order to keep the University abreast of the development of the work which was being done in other higher institutions of learning in America, the system requiring the professors in rotation both to discharge the duties of their chairs and to conduct its business affairs should be abolished and an administrative head appointed. There was little division of sentiment in the Board as to the crying necessity for the change, and eight of the nine Visitors were strongly in favor of the creation of such an executive head.

The one opposing Visitor, however, was a member of the special Committee of three directed to consider and report upon the subject; and this recalcitrant member filed a minority report, presenting with ability the arguments which in his view forbade the creation of the proposed office, and in which he appealed to the antagonism of Jefferson as embodied in a "protest" filed by him in 1826 against the creation of a President. The controversy, outside the Board, which began as soon as the contemplated step was made public, waxed fierce and bitter among the advocates and opponents of the measure and continued with greater or less degree of heat until the question was finally disposed of seven years after it was first mooted.

So great was the opposition, both in the Faculty, where however several of its ablest members supported the scheme, and among the Alumni, where perhaps a majority of the older and more conservative antagonized it, that final action on the majority re-

port was after a period of eighteen months indefinitely postponed. The establishment of the new office was believed to require the affirmation of the legislature, as making a radical change in the long established custom of the University; and the Board of Visitors determined that any action in advance of a final crystalization of sentiment and of such legislative affirmation was unwise and inexpedient.

Naturally, in connection with the public and private discussion of the matter, the names of many men were mentioned for the contemplated new executive office, and whether it should be under the title of Chancellor, Governor, Rector or President—: and among them those of General Fitzhugh Lee, Woodrow Wilson, who was an alumnus of the University and at the time President of Princeton, John Bassett Moore, Thomas Nelson Page and others. Though no formal nominations were made before the Board at this time, a majority of the Visitors thought that the man for the place in the event of an election was McCabe. His qualifications were stated by one of the Visitors at the time to be these: “(1) He is an educator of the highest type. (2) He has shown himself to be a man of great executive ability. (3) He is a good speaker wherever the occasion arises. (4) He is the best advertiser of an institution I ever saw. (5) You never see a boy from his school who does not speak in the kindest and most affectionate terms of him. (6) There is no man in my judgment who is better known in the educational world than McCabe, and therefore no man who can (better) keep the University in close touch with and abreast of the great institutions of learning in this and other countries. (7) He has drawn to a private school students from all over the country, and I believe that he will do more to increase the attendance at the University than any other man in America.”* In these views eight of the nine members of the Board cordially concurred.

He was known, too, to be progressive in the best sense of the word in his educational views, as illustrated in his successful advocacy of the change in the academic degrees, and yet to be imbued with the finest traditions of the institution, saturated

* Marshall McCormick.

with its atmosphere and environment and history and devoted to its interests with a passionate attachment.

Letters came to the Visitors from many directions advocating his election in the event of the establishment of the office. Men like Gildersleeve and Price, both of whom had previously occupied chairs in the University, warmly advocated him as peculiarly fitted for the position. Former members of the Board, who were familiar with the developing needs of the institution and who had wielded great influence among the Visitors during their incumbency, such as Robert L. Parrish and R. G. H. Kean, a former Rector, wrote letters in his advocacy. Bishop Thomas U. Dudley, of Kentucky who was opposed to the creation of the office, wrote about him:

"I earnestly hope, if a change *is* made, and a permanent executive head of the University is appointed, that some more distinctive, more honorable and more suitable title shall be found for him than 'President'. Why not call him by the ancient title of 'Rector' and call the head of the Visitors 'Chancellor'? But whatever he be called, I want to say that I believe your Board will do most wisely to elect W. Gordon McCabe to the position to be created. I have known McCabe since we were boys together at the University. He is a Virginian, a gentleman and a scholar. He is full of the best traditions of the University, and yet is thoroughly abreast of the best thought upon the subject of University organization and instruction. And he will be a worthy representative of Virginia and the University with tongue or pen, anywhere".

The opposition to the creation of the proposed new office went deeper than was surmised by Price, who wrote McCabe in January, 1907:

"Last evening Tom Dudley and I were together. I found him greatly and warmly in favour of you, and greatly and warmly opposed to the name 'President'. He is going to write to you and give you his support. If the title of 'Rector' could be reduced to its right historical use, or the title of 'Chancellor' adopted as expressing the authority to be given to the head of the *executive*, most of the opposition to the change would disappear. There is something especially odious and vulgar about the title 'President'."

The battle over the creation of the Presidency ebbed and flowed with varying fortune, until at last the necessity of its establishment had so forced itself upon the educational opinion of the State that opposition practically ceased. When at last, however, after several years had passed and the election came up before a new Board, McCabe declined to allow the use of his name as a candidate, though strongly urged to do so by large numbers of the Alumni. Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, the President of Tulane University at New Orleans, was chosen in 1904 the first President of the University of Virginia; and his administration of the office, in which he received McCabe's earnest and consistent support, has amply vindicated in its results the prevision and wisdom of those who, in the face of charges of radicalism and iconoclasm, sought its establishment in 1896-1899.

It may be added in connection with the subject of McCabe's relations to the higher education that when in 1901 the "University School" was closed and the head-master retired from a school work which had filled the colleges and universities of his teaching time with many of the best prepared and equipped young men in the country, it was with a fame as a teacher second to none in America. During his head-mastership he declined four professorships in leading colleges and universities in his native state; and it was no unbecoming laurel in the wreath of his distinction that had the Presidency of the University of Virginia been established at the time of its first proposition he would very probably have been the choice of the Visitors for the new office.

His interest in his "Alma Mater" never abated with the passage of time; and no trouble or effort was too great when he could confer a benefit on her. In the fire in 1895 many valuable books that had been destroyed needed to be replaced; and we find him writing to Mrs McCabe in the following summer of visits made to Oxford and Cambridge to enlist the interest of the "Presses" of the two great English Universities in the restoration of the library of the University of Virginia.

Aug. 11, 1896. "Tomorrow afternoon I go to the Rylands, but I can spare them but one night, as I must go on to Oxford the next day (Thursday) to meet Sir William Markby, and try to get a donation of books for the University of Virginia. On Saturday I expect to go to Cambridge to see the Syndicate of the 'Pitt Press' about books for the U. Va. Hallam Tennyson sent me yesterday a letter to Professor Sidgwick, who is a very 'great gun' at Cambridge. I don't know that I'll accomplish anything either at Oxford or Cambridge."

His efforts were successful at both Universities.

CHAPTER XVI.

ENGLAND AND GREECE.

I.

THE voyage abroad in 1892 took him first to England, where he saw many of his other friends and visited the Tennysons, and then to Greece. He went over on the "Umbria" of the Cunard Line, and in his first letter from ship-board confided to Mrs. McCabe that he "never saw such an ugly lot of women on any ship" in his life; but added shortly thereafter in praise of the "Umbria": "I see that S.'s ship ran on the Kinsale rocks, and had to be abandoned. Everybody saved. I prefer the Cunarders every time".

On this voyage with Mr. Robert L. Harrison of New York as travelling companion he made the first of his "ship-speeches", a performance which came to be somewhat of a custom with him on later trips across; and he gives this account of it in a letter to his wife:

"On the night of the 4th of July a grand 'celebration' of the day was held in the saloon. A committee of gentlemen waited on me in the morning and asked me to speak. I declined civilly, but they insisted that they had heard that 'I was a direct descendant of a Signer of the Declaration and that I ought to help them out!' So at night I spoke for about ten minutes. They just went wild, and when I sat down there was a perfect storm of applause. Ladies and gentlemen all over the ship stopped me and paid me no end of compliments. They have been keeping it up ever since. Bob Harrison told two capital negro stories, and we heard people saying: 'Virginia had things her own way on this voyage'. The Englishmen were especially tickled at what I said about the close tie that bound Virginia to the mother-isle 'set in the silver sea', and when I threw in a few historical allusions, they declared that 'twas just splendid, don't-you-know'. They came up in swarms to speak to me, and one enthusiastic Britisher said: 'Ow! you know, if all Americans felt as you do, we could disband our army and let the navy go'. I spoke of the war and didn't knuckle one bit to the Yankees, but they seemed as pleased as the Englishmen. This is horribly egotistical, but I know that you like to hear of my little triumphs."

After a short stay in England he went to Greece, and wrote his first letter from Athens to his two younger sons.


(To W. Gordon McCabe, Jr., and
E. R. Warner McCabe.)

"Athens, Greece, July 20th, 1892,
Wednesday.

" * * * * * Today I have stood on Mars Hill (Areopagus), the very spot where the Apostle Paul preached to the Athenians, and have walked about the magnificent ruins of the Parthenon crowning the Acropolis of Athens, 'the centre of the world', as the Greeks called it when Athens was the mistress of the world. But I will go back and tell you of all my movements.

"First of all, you two boys get the large map in the library and trace my journey. Here it is: London to Harwich,—Harwich to Antwerp in Belgium,—to Brussels,—to Luxemburg,—to Metz,—to Bale in Switzerland,—to Lucerne,—to Chiasso and Como,—to Milan,—to Bologna,—to Ancona,—to Brindisi,—then in the Austrian Lloyd's steamer to Corfu (island),—to Patras on the mainland of the Peloponnesus (lower Greece),—from Patras, skirting the Gulf of Corinth, to Corinth,—to Megara,—to Athens. Now for my experiences since I wrote to Max and mailed at Brindisi. We reached Brindisi a little after 10, and had to wait for our steamer two hours. Then we had to go off to her in small boats and climb up the side on the ship's ladder. As it was very dark and no one helped us, this was what soldiers call 'nervous duty'. But we scrambled on the deck and found our room ready, as it had already been engaged in advance. After two nights' travelling in the cars we were glad to get a good night's rest, and enjoyed having a large cabin all to ourselves. We slept until a quarter to eight, then rose, had a cup of tea and some bread and butter and went on deck. The Adriatic was as smooth as a lake and of the deepest blue—as blue as indigo—and most pellucid. Soon the isle of Corfu came in sight, the ancient Corcyra, where nearly 2400 years ago occurred the great sea fight between the Corcyreans and Corinthians, which led to one of the most momentous wars in all history—the Peloponnesian War, by which Athens finally (after nearly thirty years of fighting) lost her supremacy and Sparta ruled the destinies of Hellas (Greece). We reached the town of Corfu about 1 P. M., and as the ship was to remain there until 3.30, Mr. H. and I hired a small boat and guide and went ashore. The struggle of the boatmen to get possession of the passengers was most amusing. They

blackguarded each other in almost every tongue—Greek, Turkish, Italian and that mixture of all tongues known as ‘*lingua Franca*’, which belongs to all the Mediterranean. We drove to the King’s palace and across ‘the Esplanade’ to the old Venetian fortress, and then to the King’s Garden where he has a summer palace. Some of the views from here were beautiful beyond any powers of description that I have. I recall one—a high esplanade surrounded by a marble balustrade—an arch of oleander trees in rich bloom, those on the left crimson, those on the right white, tall clipped cedars flanking each, and with this frame of magnificent bloom the deep blue waters of the Gulf of Corfu, and the Albanian mountains lying purple in the distance as a background for the whole. The island of Corfu is one of the most fertile in the world, and there was everywhere a profusion of orange, lemon, fig and olive trees, magnolias, eucalyptus, pepper-trees, date trees, bananas and the most immense cacti. These trees were all laden with fruit, but the olives were only in bud and the fruits of the pepper-trees and dates do not amount to anything. The weather was hot and the shrill cries of the cicadas were almost deafening. After visiting the site of the ancient Corcyra, about three miles from the present town of Corfu, we drove back to the town, the streets of which are decidedly Oriental in character—very narrow—no sidewalks, very crooked, ill-smelling, filled with little bazaars where Greeks and Turks in native costume were chaffering and gesticulating at a great rate. The English held possession of Corfu or rather Corfu formed part of the ‘Confederation of Ionian Isles’ from 1824 to 1864, and there are in the esplanade statues and monuments to the various Governors General, Sir Thomas Maitland, called ‘King Tom’, Sir Frederick Adam and others. ‘Government House’ is now the King’s Palace since England handed Corfu over to Greece. We bought some luscious figs and plums, and then dismissed our carriage and pulled off to the ship. At about 3.45 we steamed out of Corfu into the Ionian Sea, passing many most interesting places,—interesting, I mean, from their historical associations. The meals on ship were after the Greek fashion, and Mamma may be interested to know what they were. At any early hour you like, you can have tea or coffee and bread and butter—nothing else. At ten you have breakfast: 1st. spaghetti with truffles (spaghetti is a kind of macaroni). 2nd. Olives, sardines, bread and butter. 3rd. Veal cutlets and green peas. 4th. Roast chicken and Irish potatoes. 5th. Cheese, bread and butter. 6th. Fruits (apricots, peaches, plums). 7th. Café noir, a black coffee. There was served free one bottle of native wine to each person and mineral water with it. The

people are very temperate, and I rarely saw any one drink the whole of the small bottle of wine given each one. At 5 we had dinner: 1st. Clear soup with sweet crouts in it. 2. Anchovies and olives. 3. Fresh roast beef-tongue, roast chicken, French beans and chopped cabbage, all served on the same dish. 4th. Rose veal and salad. 5th. Croquettes. 6th. Cheese. 7th. Fruits (such juicy, delicious oranges, freshly plucked from the trees I never tasted). 8th. Coffee, (one bottle of native wine at each plate). I took the trouble to write down the *menu* at the time for Mamma. On yesterday morning at 4.30 A. M. we reached Patras on the mainland of the Peloponnesus, and went ashore in small boats after eating a small roll and drinking a cup of coffee. We went to the Hotel de Patras and left our baggage, which the Greek custom-house officers 'passed' without examination, and then, as our train for Corinth and Athens did not leave until a quarter to 8, we got the proprietor of the hotel to take us for a walk through the town. Such filth and squalor you can scarcely conceive of, and the great majority of the houses are mean and ugly beyond words. Early as was the hour the streets were filled with people doing their marketing, etc. It was very funny to see the milkmen serving their customers. The peasants wear the Albanian costume—the men, I mean—shoes with the toes turned up (so, ) with a tuft of wool at the end of the toe, leggings of white cotton reaching above the knee, then a petticoat of white with hundreds of plaits in it, a white 'body' fitting closely the figure, with white loose sleeves, and over that a jacket of brilliant hue embroidered in all sorts of colors. For a head-piece a sort of straw hat. Well, you would see one of these odd-looking chaps driving before him in the wretched, narrow, crooked streets a herd of goats, and when he came to his customer's house he'd ring a cow-bell which he carried in his hand, milk one of the goats and hand his customer his morning's allowance. The people don't use cow's milk at all. The smells were awful, but the views across the Corinthian Gulf were magnificent, and we climbed up to the height of the old Venetian fortress commanding the town of Missolonghi, famous in the Greek 'War of Liberation' in 1824 as the centre of the struggle, and as the spot where Lord Byron died (he went to Greece to help the 'Liberators of Greece'). At 7.45 (after a poor breakfast at the hotel, everything swimming in grease,—pun, in spite of myself), we steamed out of the wretched little station for Corinth. The road runs along the edge of the Gulf of Corinth the whole way, and the scenery is not only extremely beautiful, but almost every foot of it was full of stirring associations to Harrison and myself. The mountains and villages of Northern

Greece are plainly visible across the Gulf which is no where very wide, and we scarcely sat still a minute, so eager were we to see the places made famous to us in the stately pages of Thucydides or in the sonorous dramas of Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripides. We saw, across the Gulf, Naupactus where Homer tells us the Heraclidae built their ships to invade the Peloponnesus more than three thousand years ago; we saw Mt. Helicon, the seat of the Muses, and the dip between the mountains, beyond which we knew lay Delphi, the world-renowned sanctuary of Apollo. Surely you will remember how the old Greek world was virtually ruled by the utterances of the Delphic oracle. And so on the whole way. I am promising myself a rare treat reading over the history of Greece next winter (D. V.) (Here I was called away by Professor Kerr to go and read some modern Greek with a Greek, so I will finish later).

“Wednesday night, July 20th, 1892.

“The Professor Kerr, at whose invitation I went off to read Modern Greek today, is the Professor of Greek in the University of Wisconsin and a very companionable man. I made his acquaintance last night. Today we have become acquainted with the Hon’l A. I. Porter, U. S. Minister to Italy, and with his son. We all sit at the same table in this hotel, and have become very ‘chummy’ since I have told them some stories which amused them very much apparently. But to go back to my narrative.

“About 1 P. M. on yesterday we reached New Corinth, having seen from the train for two or three miles the site of old Corinth which lies at the foot of a towering height, the Acro-Corinthus of the ancient world. The old Corinth was a city of the greatest luxury and artistic splendor. The modern Corinth is a collection of wooden and mud huts, the very picture of desolate poverty. We got out of the train there and got some hard-boiled eggs, bread and a bottle of native wine as we were pretty hungry, and in less than an hour were journeying towards Athens. I noticed in crossing the Isthmus of Corinth that the canal (which the Roman Emperor Augustus proposed to build or cut) connecting the Corinthian Gulf with the Saronic Gulf, was nearly finished, and I hear that next year it will be open to travel. This will shorten the journey by boat to Athens fully two days, and when Mamma and you three boys come with me next time we can take that route. By the way, I never found my early study of Greek history so valuable as I did on yesterday, and I trust that you boys will go to work now and lay the foundation for an intelligent visit to what was once the centre of all civilization. At the ancient Megara, now like New Corinth but a collection of mean dwellings, the proprietor of this hotel got into our carriage, com-

menced talking with us and soon decided us to come to his hostelry. I arranged terms with him, and at about 5 P. M. we reached Athens and half an hour later were installed in our rooms. This is a first class hotel, situated immediately opposite the King's Palace, delightful table, and we are most comfortable. The band of 'the Guard' plays immediately in front of our balcony, and both last night and tonight we have seen all 'the fashion' of Athens sitting at the little tables in the 'Place de la Constitution' between our hotel and the Palace, enjoying themselves in their custom. But there is a great difference between Athens and the other cities of Europe further to the west in such matters. In the cities of the Continent generally there are hundreds of ladies with the men; here, hardly one. The Turks were for many years in possession of Athens and have left their impress in many ways. The Turks do not allow their women to be seen in public, and the Athenian ladies can be seen on their balconies in the evening, but they do not appear at the open-air concerts. We went to bed early as we had to be 'up and about' very early, owing to the intense heat which prevents one from going out in the middle of the day. We were called at 5½, had a cup of tea and a roll, and at 6 started out with our guide. We went first to Jupiter's Temple (Jupiter Olympius of Hadrian's time), and then to the Temple and Theatre of Dionysius, built by Cimon, son of Miltiades about 500 B. C.; then, stopping to look at the Theatre of Regilla, we climbed the heights of the Acropolis and passing through the magnificent ruins (all white marble) of the Propylea, we stood in the Temple of the great Athena, patron goddess of Athens, the very gem of 'the eye of the world', as Athens fondly called herself. We visited the Temple of Niké Apteros ('Wingless Victory'), the Erechtheum, erected by Pericles 420 B. C., walked over to 'Mars Hill' (the Areopagus), and so back to the hotel where he had breakfast at about 9.30. The heat is very great, so we did not venture out at all until nearly 5 this evening, though I ordered the guide to be at the hotel with a landau and a pair of horses at 4.30. I spent the morning in one of the cool courts of the hotel reading and in writing the other sheet of this letter. Then I took a short nap, ate a sparing lunch, read again, and at a quarter to 5 we started sight-seeing. We went first to the Agora, or Market Place of the ancient Greeks, and then to the 'Pnyx', where Themistocles, and later Pericles, and later still, Demosthenes, used to harangue the Athenian citizens. As we stood on the 'steps of the Bema', Bob Harrison stepped forward and introduced me as the orator to the unseen multitude of Athenians, dead and gone these two thousand years, and there, with Mars Hill and the Parthenon in

front of me, and looking down on the temple of Theseus (700 B. C.), which I forgot to say we had just visited, I made 'em a 'rattling' speech, which will never be reported. Then we drove to Colonus a few miles from Athens, and so to the Academe of Plato, first visiting the prison of Socrates where he was forced to drink the fatal hemlock. You can just imagine how delightful it all was to Harrison and myself to see these places, which we had read of all our lives yet never expected to look on with mortal eyes. *Read, read, read!* It will 'pay' you in every way, and give you an intellectual enjoyment that nothing else can give. Our guide has a great respect for our knowledge and accepts our corrections very submissively. Of course, he only knows what he knows like a parrot. Tomorrow morning we start early for the battle-field of Marathon, which is twenty miles away. A relay of fresh horses has been ordered to meet us ten miles away, as we journey the whole distance by carriage, and we expect to be back late in the evening. I can't bear to go away without seeing the field of that battle which decided whether the civilization of the East or of the West should dominate the world. The West won when 10,000 Athenians defeated 100,000 Persians, and well was it for countless generations unborn that it should be so. We have given up the idea of going to Constantinople, as there is danger of quarantine if we go to Turkey. Governor Porter and his son and Professor Kerr have also given up the idea of going for the same reason. I haven't delivered any of my letters of introduction as I am so full of sight-seeing and the weather is so hot. We shall probably leave here next Sunday at 11 and go by sea (the Mediterranean) to Marseilles, reaching there (D. V.) on the next Wednesday; then pay short visits to Nismes, Avignon, and so to Paris. * * * * * This is a long letter, and I can't read it over, for it is very late, and I must go to bed. * * * * *

II.

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Athens, July 22nd, 1892, Friday.

* * * * * Instead of going to Marseilles on Sunday morning, arriving there on Wednesday, we now propose to remain in Athens until Monday and then make a tour of the Peloponnesus, sailing on Monday from here to Nauplia and visiting Tiryns, Mycenae, Argos, going thence to Olympia to see the recent excavations, returning to Patras from Olympia and sailing for Brindisi next Thursday night. From Brindisi we go to Rome,

and so to Paris by way of Pisa, Turin, going through Mt. Cenis tunnel. This will enable us to see more of Greece than the ordinary traveller usually sees. We take our courier with us for the whole journey, paying him two dollars a day. He speaks three or four languages and is at once servant and *courier*. He agrees to pay everything for \$15. a day (\$7.50 each). Our trip to Marathon on yesterday by carriage (22 miles there and 22 miles back) was most delightful, and I have for the first time a clear idea of that momentous struggle. We had a nice lunch put up for us, and ate it under the shade of a tree on the battle-field. Last night I met the great Greek scholar, Professor Michael Constantinides, and talked with him until bed time. The U. S. Minister to Italy, Mr. Porter, left this morning for Sicily, much to our regret as he has been most companionable and friendly. This morning we were going to bathe at 6 in the bay of Phalerum, but I preferred to sleep, and told the courier when he came to call us that I would not go today. The morning we spent in visiting the two great Museums, where we saw the Schliemann collections from Mycenae, Tiryns, Argos, etc.,—most wonderful and most interesting. The new Museums, the National Library, the Academy of Sciences, the University, are all built in the ancient Greek manner, gleaming white marble with gold on the friezes, and in this clear atmosphere are beautiful above anything you can imagine in the way of architecture. It is now 2 P. M. We have just had lunch and are going to drive 17 miles to Eleusis to see the great temple of Demeter, in which were celebrated the famous 'Eleusinian Mysteries'. I have asked Professor Kerr to go with us in our carriage and he has accepted. Tomorrow we expect to climb Mt. Lycabettos from which, 'tis said, one has a most glorious view of the whole of Attica, including Salamis, Aegina, etc. This is one of the most interesting trips I have ever taken. I sent this morning Waldstein's letter to M'dlle Tricoupis, but have heard nothing as yet. She is the sister of the Prime Minister of Greece, and, 'tis said, rules the Kingdom equally with her brother. The court is at the King's country-place 12 miles distant, so I think I shan't be able to leave a card on Prince George.

"9 o'clock.—We are just from dinner, Professor Kerr, Professor Constantinides, Harrison and I, after a drive of 34 miles, 17 miles to Eleusis and 17 back. The Temple of Demeter (Ceres) is simply grand beyond any words of mine. The weather is cool and delightful and our drive back was a living panorama of the world's history—the spot where Xerxes sat to look upon the battle of Salamis—Salamis itself under our eyes—the Thracian plain—the Pass of Daphne—the Parthenon shining

white and fair on the Acropolis. While I was away M. Tricoupis, the Prime Minister of Greece, called upon me and left his card, and his sister wrote me a cordial and charming note. I shall call tomorrow, but I cannot dine because I left my evening clothes in London. * * * * *”.

(To Mrs. McCabe)

“ * * * * * As we are going into the Peloponese for a week, where there are no mails, ‘no nothink’, as one of Dickens’ heroes says, I will send you just a little line before starting. I believe that my last letter was written on the eve of our going to Marathon so I shall take up my narrative from that point. * * * * * I never enjoyed a day of sight-seeing more in my life. There were no ‘grand tactics’ in the battle of Marathon, yet I do not think that any one can thoroughly understand the movements of the Athenians on that momentous day unless he can see with his own eye ‘the lay of the land’. Certainly I never understood before now how it was that Miltiades with his 10,000 managed so easily to rout the 100,000 Persians. The explanation of his movement is that his flank was thoroughly ‘covered’ all the time by the flanking mountains. The next day (Friday) we drove 17 miles to Eleusis to see the Temple of the ‘Eleusinian Mysteries’ (Demeter), going through the Pass of Daphne. The weather was cool and the whole excursion delightful. Indeed, after the first day, we have had most charming weather which has made our sight-seeing very pleasant.

“I sent the same day my letter of introduction from Waldstein to M’dlle Tricoupis and her brother, the Prime Minister. The response was instantaneous. While we were at Eleusis the Prime Minister called and left cards, and I also found on my return a cordial note from M’dlle Tricoupis bidding me come at once and fetch Harrison, whose name I had mentioned in my note to her. Yesterday we called, and though there were fifty or sixty people there ‘paying their respects’, she at once carried us off to her boudoir (a lovely nest of flowers, statues, pictures, etc.) and talked to us most delightfully. When I rose to go she wouldn’t hear of it and made us stay quite two hours. She gave us *boutonnieres*, and was as cordial as possible, after catching hold of my hand and keeping it in hers while she rattled on. Bob Harrison says that *you* ‘really ought to know the outrageous way in which M’dlle Tricoupis and I “carried on”’. Her father was the first Prime Minister of Greece after ‘the Liberation’, and was ambassador to England for years, so that she speaks English

perfectly. Rather unusual, isn't it, for father and son to be both Prime Ministers? Now, I am going again to see her at her express request.

"Monday morning, July 25th.—We start in half an hour, so I have only a moment in which to add a line. We went yesterday afternoon to see M'dlle Tricoupis and her brother, and had a delightful visit. She is about fifty, still handsome and has been a beauty. She told me that the sudden death of her mother, who died of heart-disease while talking with her, had changed all her life, making her give up her life to her father and afterwards to her brother. Last night, after dinner, while we were chatting in the hotel with Professor Kerr and Professor Constantinides, a special messenger brought us each from her a bouquet and the oration (in Greek) which her father delivered over the body of Lord Byron at Missolonghi. The hotel people here have simply bowed down to the ground ever since the Prime Minister called in his carriage to see me. By the way, I must not forget to tell you that she showed me a miniature from life of Lord Byron, given her father by the Duke of Sussex, uncle of the Queen. If true to life, Byron must have been as handsome as he was 'naughty'. * * * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Austrian Lloyd's steamer *Ceres*,
Harbor of Corfu,
July 29th, 1892, Friday.

"* * * * * We left Athens last Monday morning and went by train to Corinth. From Corinth we went by train to Nauplia on the Gulf or Argolis, reaching that place at 6.30 in the evening. The next morning we rose at 4, had a cup of tea and started in a carriage to visit the prehistoric ruins of Tiryns. From Tiryns we drove to Argos, visited the huge amphitheatre there and drove then to Mycenae, where we saw the tomb of Agamemnon and of some of the other heroes in Homer. We then went to the treasure-house of Atreus, most curious and interesting.

"We reached Patras that night, going back first to Corinth. The next morning early we left Patras by train for Pyrgos and there took a carriage for the far-famed Olympia, where once in four years the whole civilized world used to assemble to witness the Olympic games and various athletic contests. The ruins are of immense size and the 'finds' by the archaeologists of the highest importance for the history of Greek art, religion and social life. We went over everything carefully,—the great temple

of Zeus (Jupiter), the Heracon (Temple of Juno), the Philippaeon (built by Philip, King of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great), the Palaestra where the wrestling and boxing matches were held, the Stadion where the races took place, etc. We stopped at a very humble hostelry, which rejoiced in a very grand name: Ξενοδόχειον τὰ ἄρχαία Ὀλύμπια, ('the Hotel Ancient Olympia'). Our dragoman, a Greek, who once was a waiter in Delmonico's in New York, and Mr. Crombie's dragoman went into the kitchen and cooked us a capital dinner. The only milk we could get was goat's milk which went very well with our tea. The next morning we went over the ruins carefully again, and certainly, they are most impressive. Just think of it—the Heracon was built 3000 years ago! The most perfectly preserved of Praxitiles' statues at Olympia—a Hermes, heroic size. I have bought large photos of that and of everything, and promise myself much pleasure next winter in going over them with you and the children. At 12 o'clock yesterday we left Olympia in our carriage, crossed the classic river Enipeus, reached Pyrgos in 2 or 2½ hours, and at a quarter to 4 left Pyrgos by train for Patras. Last night at 9 our dragoman put us on the ship. We had to come out in a small boat. We paid him in full and gave him a written recommendation for his intelligence, honesty etc., at which he was highly delighted. The Ionian sea was as smooth as a lake last night and the sail very pleasant. We are now lying in the harbour of Corfu, and lovelier scenery it would be hard to conceive of. The water is of the very deepest blue and so pellucid that you can see to an extraordinary depth;—the bare, stern-looking Albanian mountains lie on one side, while the hill-sides of Corfu on the other are clothed to their very tops with groves of orange, lemon, olive and fig trees, magnolias, huge cacti and date and pepper-trees; and countless oleander trees in full bloom add their wealth of color. I saw some Greeks telling each other 'good-bye' on the deck. These men always kiss each other, sometimes on either cheek, sometimes full in the mouth. With the exception of the first day after reaching Athens we have had no hot weather at all. In fact, night before last and night before that I slept under a blanket. It seems an age since I've been away from the civilized world, and yet it has been but a few weeks since I left New York and but little over two weeks since we left London. The Greek tour has been most interesting and instructive.

" * * * * * This ship is filled with people of all sorts of nationalities. When we went over to Patras from Corfu in her one of our diversions was to watch the Mohammedans on the lower deck praying towards Mecca. Such genuflections and pros-

trations, touching the deck with his forehead, you never saw. They always take off their sandals before beginning their orisons. One old Musselman prayed pretty much the whole way from Corfu to Patras, about 16 hours. Some of the Greek women are very handsome—very dark brunettes. I have seen only one or two blondes. One of the latter came into M'dlle Tricoupis' boudoir when we were calling and sat down. I said, 'Oh! what a pretty girl!' M'dlle Tricoupis looked very mischievously at me and said: 'Would you like to tell her so in Romaic?' 'Yes, of course'. So she told me the modern Greek and I told the girl. You ought to have seen her blushing furiously. M'dlle Tricoupis says I'm 'a pretty naughty fellow, but that I must come and see her again'. Did I tell you that she sent each of us flowers and two books the morning we left? I think I'll propose to Joe Harper to write an article on Greece for the *Magazine*. I feel sure that I could write a very interesting paper. But I fear the *Magazine* has already had an article on the subject.
* * * * *

III.

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"United Service Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.,

Monday, August 8th, (1892)

" * * * * * I certainly do have good luck occasionally. I was elected an honorary member of the *Athenaeum* Club on July 9th and my time expired tomorrow. As I have been in Greece and on the Continent I had none of the advantages of this very great compliment, for the *Athenaeum* elects but *four* honorary members from America during the whole summer. The *Athenaeum* is now closed for its annual 'summer cleaning', but the members are all entertained here at the *United Service* during that time. This is a 'close club' (no honorary members except the Sovereigns of Europe, Field Marshals of France, Germany, etc.) and is perfectly magnificent within,—portraits (full length) in oils of all the great soldiers of England: Wellington, Sir John Moore, Sir Colin Campbell, Fitz Roy Somerset—magnificent marble staircases, with statues of England's heroes and paintings of Trafalgar and Waterloo by famous artists,—a superb library,—swarms of liveried servants—everything that men of great position and great wealth can have. No man under the rank of a field-officer can belong to it. Those under that rank belong to the *Junior United Service*. Well, today I came in here as it was

my last day of 'privilege', and was wishing that I could get the privilege extended (for one gets in these crack clubs everything to eat and drink, served elegantly, all the papers, all the new books, and besides it gives one an enviable status in the eyes of English people of position), when the hall-porter of the *Athenaeum*, installed here, handed me a large official envelope. I opened it, and read with great surprise and great satisfaction that I had again been elected an Honorary Member of the *Athenaeum*. The letter was dated July 23rd. Wasn't that nice? I do not know who did it for me, but I suspect that it was Hallam Tennyson. So you see I have all the privileges of this most aristocratic and exclusive club until I sail. * * * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"United Service Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.,

Tuesday night, August 9th, 1892.

"* * * * * After breakfast, while walking back to my hotel whom should I meet in Piccadilly but Laurence Hutton, one of the editors of *Harper's Magazine*, the man who wrote 'Literary Landmarks of London' and 'Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh'. 'Why, McCabe, what in the world are you doing here?' he cried, and then we shook hands and he said he was speaking of me to his wife only yesterday, etc. etc. So I agreed to go to '5 o'clock tea' with them tomorrow evening, where he told me I should meet William Black (who comes up from Brighton tomorrow), Sara Orne Jewett and Mrs. James T. Fields of Boston, (both of whom I know), and other literary folk. Hutton and his wife are just 'over' for a tour round the world and do not return to New York until July, 1893. He is very clever and, I hear, a great admirer of mine. Dick Sheldon and I used to go up to his house on Sunday nights in New York, and I entertained the company. His 'fad' is 'death-masks' of famous people, of which he has a most extraordinary lot. We agreed that he and I should have 'a day together' here purely to see 'literary London landmarks.' * * *

"Wednesday afternoon, August 10th. * * * When I got back to my hotel last night from the Club (where I wrote the two previous pages and a letter to Archer Anderson), I found a cordial letter from 'Nellie Arnold' (now the Hon'l Mrs. Wodehouse) asking me to dine with them at their house in Sloane Gardens at 8 tonight week. She tells me that they come up to town for a few days next Tuesday. * * * While waiting

for breakfast, I wrote a note to Mrs. Wodehouse accepting her invitation. After breakfast I went to Roche's in New Oxford street (the man with whom I deal) and bought some books I wanted—only a few.

“(Later): Now I've got a better pen and can write more at my ease. As I wrote, I expect to go to Laurence Hutton's at 5 o'clock tea this afternoon, and dine with Mrs. Boyle in Sloane Street at 8. I have just received a note from James Bryce, the historian and member of Parliament, asking me to breakfast with Mrs. Bryce and himself at 54 Portland Place tomorrow morning at 9. I have written and accepted, so you see I'm beginning to 'get into the swim'. I haven't heard anything yet from Mrs. Ritchie, who is, I suspect, away, as I wrote you, nor have I heard from Hallam Tennyson. I shall keep this letter open until I get back to the hotel, in the faint hope that I may get a letter from you today before the mail closes for America. I expect Harrison back tonight from Paris, and have today moved into a large double front room so that we can be together. Mr. Bryce writes that he will give me a ticket to hear the debates in the House of Commons tomorrow. He is one of Mr. Gladstone's 'right-hand men', and I am strong anti-Gladstone. I am very anxious to hear the debate, as political feeling runs very high here just now. * * *”

(To Edmund Osborne McCabe—"Max")

“United Service Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.,

August 11th, 1892, Thursday.

“* * * After I mailed my letter to Mama yesterday I went to 5 o'clock tea at Laurence Hutton's in Dover Street, where I met Frank Stockton, Mrs. James T. Fields, Sara Orne Jewett and a whole lot of American 'celebrities' whom I know. * * * At 7 I dressed, called a hansom and drove to Mrs. Boyle's in Sloane Street (at 8) to dine. Nothing could exceed their cordiality, and it was 1 A. M. before I sent Boyle's man to call a hansom to take me back to my hotel. But I was up at a quarter to 8, and went at 9 to breakfast with Mr. Bryce, the historian and M. P., at 54 Portland Street. Mrs. Bryce and he were very nice, and he gave me a ticket for 'the Commons' for today and said that he would see me at 'midnight' in the lobby of the House of Commons when the House 'divided'. But I don't think that he will. I shall be in my 'little bed', for I am tired to death, lunching, dining and calling. * * * I haven't heard a word

from Mrs. Ritchie, or from Hallam Tennyson since his letter received in Paris last week. Mrs. Fields tells me that Mrs. Ritchie is in Scotland, but I don't think she knows. Of course she is away *somewhere*,—not at Wimbledon; and Mrs. Boyle (Hallam Tennyson's mother-in-law) told me last night that she thought Hallam was away on his duties as 'Justice of the Peace', which is a far different thing here from what it is at home. Be sure to tell Colonel Anderson that I breakfasted with Bryce, and that he asked particularly about him. I had a cordial letter from Black today from Brighton, saying that he was sorry not to have known I was in London before he came up to town for a day, and asking for my American address that he might send me the new edition of 'A Daughter of Heth'. * * * I was down in 'the Commons' at 4 P. M., and there was such a crowd that it was impossible to see or hear anything. * * *"

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Aldworth,
Blackdown,
Haslemere,

August 15th, 1892, Monday.

"* * * As you see from the address on this paper, I am again at the Laureate's.

"* * * I am here for two or three days, and nothing can exceed the kindness and cordiality of these people to me. I go to walk with Lord Tennyson every morning, and go up into his 'den', where very few people are ever allowed to penetrate, and he reads to me his poems and laughs at my stories and tells me stories of the famous men he has known. He sees very badly—always has,—and told me of a very funny incident that occurred to him some time ago when he was going to visit the Queen at Osborne. He was sitting between the Princess of Wales and the Czarina in the cabin, the Czar of Russia standing in front of him. They had asked him to read one of his poems, and when he finished the Czarina said something 'very civil' to him (that is, very complimentary), and he thought she was Miss Knowles, daughter of Knowles, the great architect and a close friend of his; so he turned and patted her very familiarly on the shoulder, the Czar looking on very much amused and the courtiers astounded. I suppose it was the first time that august lady was ever patted on the back. The life here is very simple and delightful—a beautiful house situated on the 'Black Downs', surrounded by terraces, 'pleasaunces', flower gardens, tennis courts, a large staff of perfectly trained servants who anticipate

your every need, books, busts, pictures by famous artists everywhere. From the grand terrace to the South the whole of Kent and Sussex and a large part of Surrey lie at your feet. You can get some idea of the magnificance of the view when I tell you that you can see for sixty miles away. We have 5 o'clock tea in one of the 'pleasaunces', and then Hallam Tennyson and I go for a long walk and get back just in time to dress for dinner. They live in the greatest elegance—two or three men in livery waiting at dinner,—and then at 9.30 we go up to the old Lord's 'den' and he reads to me, and then about 10.30 we go to Mrs. Hallam's boudoir, where she allows Hallam and me to smoke. I found here a letter from Mrs. Cecil Boyle, inviting me to 'Broghill', Surrey, from Thursday until Saturday. She is a daughter of Sir Thomas Buxton, and her mother was a granddaughter of Sidney Smith and a niece of Lady Holland. I met here Mr. Dakyns of 'Higher Coombe', and he has written me a cordial invitation to pay them a visit. Today, the celebrated painter, Burne Jones (who has just sold his last picture for £20,000, or \$100,000.), his daughter, and his son-in-law, Mr. McKail, came to luncheon, and Hallam told me beforehand that as his wife had a frightful headache he should expect me to do my full share of entertaining. In fact, he told Lord Tennyson, who was grumbling about the daughter and son-in-law coming: 'Never mind, I'm going to make McCabe entertain them'. I think everybody was at his and her best, and I never spent a more enjoyable day. As soon as I finished one story Burne Jones would cry out: 'Do tell us another'. And the old Lord came out strong, and we talked away as fast as ever we could until half-past six. To get an invitation to Burne-Jones' is an honor much coveted by the highest and best people in England and I never dreamed of his asking me. But while he was sitting by Lord Tennyson in the library, 'chaffing' the old Lord, he suddenly turned and said: 'Oh, but I must see you again. You must fix a day and come.' So I have agreed to go on Sunday and see his pictures, and stay on to dine with him. The Duke of Argyle has just been here on a visit, as he and Tennyson are old friends, and some people are coming later this week; but they have asked me to stay on, so I shan't go up to town until tomorrow. On Wednesday night I dine with Nellie Arnold, who has married very well, a son of the Earl of Kimberley. On Thursday I go on to 'Broghill', to the Cecil Boyles.* * *

"*Tuesday evening, August 16th.*—I came up to London today, having spent Sunday, Monday and part of today at 'Aldworth'. They were exceedingly cordial in inviting me to come to them whenever I came to England, and Tennyson said 'God

bless you!' when I shook hands with him at parting. He has presented me with his last book, and William Black has sent me the revised edition of 'A Daughter of Heth'.* * *

"*Wednesday, August 17th.* * * * This morning I breakfasted at the club, and then called by the 'India Office' to see whether Ritchie had returned. He has, but his wife and children are still in Northumberland. He carried me off to the Garrick Club to lunch and we had a long talk. * * * Mr. Bryce, with whom I breakfasted a week ago, is to have a seat in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. All my friends here, with few exceptions, are Tories. It is warmer in England than I have ever known it, and I have never yet put on any winter clothes.

"* * * I had another letter from William Black yesterday. He is going with his family for a long cruise in the Mediterranean—Athens, Sicily, etc., and won't be back in London.* * *"

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"United Service Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.

"* * * At Sloane Gardens, I dined with Nellie Arnold—the Hon'l Mrs. Wodehouse. They were most cordial, and greatly elated because her Papa-in-law, the Earl of Kimberley, had been made Secretary for India, with a seat in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet. We had a small dinner—Mrs. Arnold, wife of Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Fred Whitridge, the Hon'l Mr Russell, son of Lord Charles Russell, Mr Wodehouse, and 'Mistress Nellie' whom I took in to dinner. They said I was to always come to them when I came to London. Next day I went down to 'Broghill', being invited from Thursday till Saturday. There, too, I met some very pleasant people, and the Boyles were most cordial, but I had written them that I did not think I could do more than spend part of two days and one night for I want to do some shopping. 'Broghill' is a most lovely place—lovely gardens—tennis-court—graperies and peacheries all under glass, and one of the stateliest dining rooms I have ever sat down in. It seats fifty guests comfortably, and over the chimney-piece are sculptured the armorial bearings of the Boyles,—so in the drawing room—and over the main entrance to the hall. Today we had to luncheon old Mrs. Boyle, Miss Mason of Oxfordshire, Lady Cloncurry, Mrs. Charles Buxton, Mrs. Sidney Buxton (daughter of Sir John Lubbock), Mrs. Lionel Boyle and Mrs. Cecil Boyle.

"*Saturday, August 20th.*—I had a funny letter from Abbey a few days ago. He is in Germany with his wife, but there is

just a chance that he may be back before I leave London. The *Umbria* sails on Saturday (27th.) at 12 instead of the usual hour of 3 P. M. * * *

The lure of London never lost its charm for him. It was not merely the delight which he had in the many agreeable and congenial friendships which he made among the intellectual and literary people with whom he came in contact there in their homes or at the clubs which caused him to think it the most attractive of European cities, but the great stirring metropolis, with its countless associations, appealed to him in every street and byway. On his trips abroad he always went to Paris for a little while; yet Paris, after his earlier visits there, palled on him in a few days and he was eager to get back to London. In a letter to one of his sons, he said that he never tired of going about London in cabs or on top of omnibuses, and of "seeing things", and that he was never for a moment lonely when alone in it.

IV.

In 1896 he was again at the Athenaeum Club, renewing his associations with the Tennysons and Ritchies, and making new friends.

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"July 22nd, 1896,

Wednesday.

" * * * I was glad indeed to get your letter of July 10th, and Max's same date, both of which were forwarded from the Club and reached me at Lord Tennyson's. I wrote you (or to Warner, rather, but its all the same) on Saturday last after and I am to go there again if I can make things 'fit in'. On a little visit to the Ritchies. They were as kind as possible, Saturday I went down to Lord Tennyson's and spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday and part of Tuesday there. I intended to have gone to Paris last night, but it is so 'all-fired' hot that I hate to move. The Howlands are there and the Calhouns and lots of people whom I know, including my 'fair charmer', who must be pining for a sight of my classic face once more! Colonel Calhoun called on me twice yesterday, found me in the second time, and we went to call on the American Ambassador but he had

left town. Colonel Calhoun invited me to dine with him last night, but I was engaged to the Troubetskoys. The Princess has certainly been most cordial to me, having invited me four times to dine, and he has been just as nice as possible. I am to take her to lunch with the Ritchies on my return from Paris, as she is anxious to know Mrs. Ritchie. My visit to the Tennysons was simply charming, and both Lord and Lady Tennyson said that I must always come to them whenever I came to England. She has a new baby (a boy called Harold) and seems a very proud and happy mother. She asked about you. I met Willy Boyle's mother there (she has taken a house near Aldworth for the summer) and her brother, Lionel, who is a nice fellow and his (Lionel's) wife, who is a 'tremendous swell'. He asked me to write and fix a date to dine with them in Eton Square when they come up to town. I am off to Paris tonight by way of New Haven and Dieppe, and if it is not too hot I shall enjoy the rest a great deal for I have been going night and day ever since I reached England. Hallam T. showed the greatest mark of confidence in me by letting me look over the Life of his father, which he has completed (in two large volumes) but which he will not publish until after the death of his mother. He charged me not to breathe a word of it to anyone. I suggested a good many corrections but it is very well written. Today is the day of the Royal Marriage (Princess Maude to Prince Charles of Denmark), and the streets are almost impassible by reason of the crowds. The English are certainly the most loyal people in the world to their Royal Family. Hallam and Lady T. were invited to the wedding, and are up in town today for that purpose. Only a small number of people were asked because 'Marlborough House' isn't large enough for a big wedding. Mr. Roosevelt told me that not even the American Ambassador was asked. I saw the happy couple yesterday, and very smiling and pleased they seemed, bowing right and left to great crowds lining 'the Mall'. It was quite an accident that I saw them. I was on my way to dine with the Troubetskoys, and instead of driving in a hansom, as I usually do, I walked down 'the Mall' towards Buckingham Palace as that was my nearest way. * * *

(To E. O. McCabe—"Max")

"94 Jermyn St. S. W.,
London, August 14th, 1896,
Friday night.

"My darling boy:

Your brief letter was handed to me yesterday when I got out of my hansom here at 6 P. M. returning from the country.

Things certainly look pretty 'blue' for the boarding-department. Not one single new boy entered yet! But we can only trust for the best. I wrote to Mama from the Campbells' on Tuesday. Since then I've been in a perfect whirl. But I'm well, and I rather like it. I went to the Rylands at 'Shakespeare Hall' from the Campbells'—having a most charming visit at the latter place, and thence to Sir Wm. Markby's at Oxford. Sir William took me out to his place, two miles from Oxford, gave me a beautiful luncheon and it was all delightful. From his fruit-garden one has a superb view of Oxford, lying as in a cup, and of 'Cumnor Hall' and 'Woodstock', of which dear Mama will tell you if you've forgot, as she knows her 'Scott' and astronomy if she doesn't know anything else! But I fancy you remember as well as she. Sir William sent me to the station in his carriage, and who should come up and tap me familiarly on the shoulder but Mildred Lee! I was so glad to see her and her nephew, Bolling. I didn't see them during the journey up to 'town'. Last night I went to see them, however, and spent the whole evening and I've been again to see them tonight. I've been all day down at the Ritchies', where I was invited to meet Colonel Edward Thackeray, who won the 'Victoria Cross' (the hardest decoration to win in Europe) in the Indian Mutiny of '57. His wife seemed delighted to find that I knew when and where he won it. I go to Cambridge tomorrow to try to get some books for the University of Virginia. I think that Oxford is going to give me \$2,500 worth for the U. of Va., but I am not certain,—so don't mention it. Mrs. Ritchie is so kind and cordial that I am going there again. I dine with Mildred Lee at her hotel in Suffolk St. on Monday night on my return from Cambridge. I had a long letter yesterday from William Black, who is in Scotland. * * * I suppose you've seen that Lady Tennyson (the Dowager) died on Monday. She is to be buried tomorrow at 'Freshwater' in the Isle of Wight. * * *."

Both the Laureate, and his wife, whose death he chronicles in this letter, had been very kind to him, and one of his greatest pleasures in these earlier visits to England had been in his association with them in their home life. This association was continued as long as he went abroad through the friendship of the Poet's son and successor and the younger Lady Tennyson.

Of the "Old Lord's" personal attractions, Austin Dobson, whom McCabe came to know in a friendly but never intimate way, said in February, 1921:

"Altogether, I met Tennyson some half dozen times. He was a wonderfully picturesque figure, and a very great talker. He had the advantage that he did not confine his conversation to poetry. He talked well on many subjects, and I especially remember his discoursing about the state of Ireland, * * * In these days the Victorian Age is often derided and discredited, but it produced some very great men. When I began to write the 'Idylls of the King' were the talk of the town; and I remember the praise that was unstintedly bestowed on Coventry Patmore's 'The Angel in the House'."

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"94 Jermyn Street,
London, S. W.,
August 18th, 1896

"* * * This is the last letter I shall write before sailing.
* * * Since I wrote Saturday, I have had a most charming time at Cambridge where I met all the 'big-wigs'. I dined with Jebb, the great Greek scholar, met Darwin (and wife), son of the great Darwin and had no end of attention because I was the guest of Langley, who is a very famous man over here. I came up to 'town' on yesterday, and after dining alone tonight I went and smoked my cigar in Mildred Lee's parlor in Sussex Street and then came home. Tomorrow afternoon I go down to the 'Ritchies' to say 'good-bye', coming back at night. On Thursday, I am going to the funeral of Sir John Millais, the great painter, in St. Paul's Cathedral, where all the famous men in the kingdom will be. I am invited by the Secretary of the 'Royal Academy' to be one of the honored guests in the reserved seats in the Cathedral along with the 'Royal Academicians'. This is an especial piece of good fortune, as 'the applications for these places have been beyond precedent', so the morning papers say, and they add that it is almost impossible for any one to get one now. My card came tonight. I have certainly been most fortunate during this visit about all such things. * * *"

CHAPTER XVII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CONFEDERACY

I.

THROUGHOUT all the time of his school-work, his travels abroad, his writings and speaking and his social activities in many directions there was no interest which more strongly engaged his affections than that of renewing the associations and memories of his experiences as a Confederate soldier. From the time when Johnston surrendered at Greensboro to the day of his death he was never too busy with other things to have them distract his restless energies from his efforts toward the preservation of the history of the great struggle and the perpetuation of the heroic deeds of the men who had participated with him in it.

In one of his last "Annual Reports" as President of the Virginia Historical Society he gave an account of the career of one of these fellow-soldiers, Theodore Stanford Garnett, and told the story of many others like him in the time immediately succeeding "the War", who, returning from the battle-fields of four years,

"When the gray people cried 'Hot fight!
Why, they have one to four!'
When but to see the foeman's face
Was all they asked—no more",

took up again the broken threads of life at the University of Virginia in the sessions of 1865-6 and 1866-7.

"As the conditions that existed were unique, equally unique was the 'atmosphere' they created—an 'atmosphere' which the youthful student drank in with full lungs, and which inspired in him those lofty ideals as to the conduct of life that were to inform well-nigh every act and utterance of his maturer years. Never before and never since have there been two such sessions in the history of the great institution which is the pride of the Commonwealth and of the whole South. It was a veritable era of 'plain living and high thinking'. The state, harried by four years of devastating war, lay prostrate and could extend but

meagre help to 'the child of Jefferson's old age'. Everywhere were the outward signs of what is called 'poverty', which the great Greek tragedian in a well-known fragment, calls 'the stern parent who breeds the most strenuous sons, better fitted for the strife of life'. Beside such 'poverty'—the *pauperies nitida* of the Roman poet—the smug luxury of the rich foundations of this commercial age seem mean and tawdry.

"Never was there gathered within 'the well-remembered walls' such a band of determined students, a very large proportion of them though young in years veterans of Lee's army, who every day went to class in their faded old uniforms, making merry over the silly order of the satrap who at the time reigned over 'District No. 1' (as 'the Mother of Presidents' was then designated) requiring them (and all other old soldiers) to cover carefully the military buttons on their 'fighting jackets'. Richard Coeur de Lion was still 'in every bush!' No doubt, the 'District Commander' (they soliloquized) was an ass to descend to such pettiness—but let it go!—as for themselves, they had no time to give him and his covering of buttons.

"The perils and privations they had undergone had sobered them beyond their years, yet, withal, they were a cheerful set, full of health and vigor (save in a few cases) and touched with a natural exaltation at the thought that they had done their duty as good soldiers (as was attested by the many honorable wounds they could count among them), that they had stuck to 'Ole Mars' Robert' to the last and 'seen the thing through'; and now here they were, safe and sound, with still a fighting chance to retrieve in some measure the educational sacrifices that they had cheerfully made for hearth and home and country.

"Optimism disdained to 'consider too curiously' the very palpable '*res angusta*'. They wanted so little, that they felt that they still had much. Even if things were ill today, it should not be so tomorrow. Hadn't Horace said the identical thing nearly two thousand years ago?

'Non, si male nunc, et olim sic erit.'

"And so they buckled afresh to their tasks with hearts as high as when they charged with Stuart at Aldie or went up the slopes of 'Cemetery Ridge'.

* * * In the law class with Garnett what a bede-roll, had we but time to call it!

"John W. Daniel, still on his crutches (as he was to the last day of his brilliant career) from the frightful wound he had received at the 'Wilderness' in '64, and Thomas S. Martin, who, too young to enter the army until the last year of the War, had yet seen active service in the Cadet Corps of the Virginia Military

Institute, sat beside him on the rude wooden benches—both of them destined to represent Virginia for many years in the Senate of the United States. There too, of scarcely less note in after years, sat the brilliant Upshur Dennis of Maryland, Lunsford Lomax Lewis of Rockingham, (afterwards on the Bench of the Supreme Court of Virginia), and Edward Christian Minor, who had lost an arm in a cavalry skirmish at Luray in 'the Valley'—all destined to become judges of note who did honor to the ermine.

"Other future judges there were among these class-mates of Garnett's (who himself became judge), and in addition, a surprising number of men who in after years attained notable distinction in their profession—among them William H. White, who, be it noted, had taken part as a V. M. I. cadet in the thrice-glorious battle of 'New Market', and who became, later on, Garnett's law-partner in a firm whose high reputation extended far beyond the boundaries of their native state.

"One cannot resist the temptation to set down here that his most intimate friend (not however in the Law School) was the late Joseph Bryan, so long the beloved President of this Society, his old chum at the 'Episcopal High School', who had been twice wounded while serving as a simple trooper under the dashing Mosby. Another of these intimates (also in the 'Academic Department') was the lovable and talented Frank Preston of Lexington, who, like Minor, had lost an arm in battle ('brave old Frank with the empty sleeve!') and who, after a brilliant record for headlong valor in the field and an equally brilliant record for exquisite scholarship in the universities at home and in Germany, was struck down by fell disease in the full flush of his young manhood.

"Was there ever a nobler, a more inspiring chapter in the educational history of any people! It is a chapter unwritten before, so far as is known to us, and written here only in part. But, such as it is, we hold that it finds a fitting place in the proceedings of this Society whose aim and purpose is to preserve and transmit to posterity the veracious record of Virginia's glory, not alone in Colonial and Revolutionary times but down through all the centuries, culminating in those heroic days of '61-'65 when our Mother attained what future ages will haply hold the supreme height of her great renown.

"* * * Inadequate as is this sketch, it would be still more imperfect did we fail to make mention of the absorbing interest that he (Garnett) took in all Confederate activities. As is well known, the prime purposes of these Confederate organizations were (and are) to render substantial help to such old

comrades as, incapacitated by disease and wounds, were unable to make a living; next, to 'keep the record straight' by driving out of the public schools the text-books dealing with the war which at that time were crammed with the most brazen perversions of historical truth; and, lastly, to foster all old ties of comradeship by monthly meetings of the local 'camps' (as they were called) and by 'Grand Reunions', annually, of a certain number of delegates from these local organizations.

"To a man of his warm and generous temperament, who, in addition, disdained to be 'reconstructed', these activities appealed irresistibly and he threw himself into them with an ardor characteristic of the man. At all the great 'Reunions', both of the 'Grand Camp of Virginia' and of the 'United Confederate Veterans', his was always a prominent figure. He especially delighted in the 'Reunions of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia', and would lay aside his business and travel many miles to attend them. As a staff-officer of Stuart's, he knew personally all the officers and well-nigh all the men of that immortal band of 'Rough Riders'. And if he delighted to come, his comrades of all arms of the service were tenfold more delighted to welcome him. He had a gracious heartiness of manner, with never a touch of condescension to the humblest of them, that made them 'swear by him'.* * *."

In December 1887, a "Camp" of Confederate Veterans was organized in Petersburg of which McCabe was made the first Commander. "It was unanimously decided", he wrote in a 'Foreword' to the "History and Roster" of this Camp published in 1915, "to call the Camp the 'A. P. Hill Camp', in honor and in memory of our glorious old leader, General Ambrose P. Hill, every veteran present at the large meeting (with only three or four exceptions) having long served in the Corps of that dashing and enterprising soldier."

Of the "A. P. Hill Camp's" career down to that time, he says in this "Foreword":

"From the very beginning, the Camp, owing to the high character in civic life of its membership and its rigid requirements as to a 'clean war record' for admission within its pale, took a foremost place not only in Virginia but throughout the South among veteran organizations.

"The members responded promptly to the proposal that we should all be uniformed—almost to a man they had belonged to

crack regiments or battalions during four years of active service and had never lost their military bearing and habits of discipline. A superb drum-corps was organized, and so far as I can learn, we were the only Veteran Camp in the South that met regularly for drill several times a month. To preserve the old military usages so dear to us all we drilled by 'Hardee's', and not by the modern infantry tactics; and I still proudly recall that when on public occasions 'A. P. Hill' preceded by its splendid drum-corps swung through the streets of Petersburg or Richmond or Norfolk, the spectators cheered us to the echo, and that the old soldiers among these spectators who watched us critically as we 'broke into fours' or marched 'company front' and 'broke back into twos' and performed other evolutions with the precision of trained soldiers, would cry out enthusiastically: 'Look! Those old fellows are the real thing!'

"Of the great work done by this Camp in succoring steadily through long years its less fortunate members broken by disease or wounds, who have justly regarded it as no charity to accept help from their loyal old comrades, it is not necessary for me to write, as it is set down elsewhere in the 'Reports' of your 'Relief Committee'.

"But 'A. P. Hill' and like organizations of older date have performed a greater service still to their State and to their section which this commercial age scarcely pauses to recognize or at least fails to recognize fully.

"They have served in no mean measure to keep inviolate the 'moral fibre' of what many people are wont now to call 'the Old South'. For twenty years and more, through all the dark days of 'Reconstruction' and the humiliations sought to be imposed upon us, they set the example (to use a homely phrase) of 'keeping a stiff upper-lip.' They steadily refused to admit for one moment the unrighteousness of our great contention, holding fast to their ancient creed that mere success is no true measure of the worth and sanctity of righteous conviction, but that patriotism is patriotism and that principle is principle, whether glorified by victory or shrouded in defeat.

"That we did keep this 'stiff upper-lip' is now a matter of congratulation even to our former foemen, now our fellow-citizens of a common country.

"It is not too much to say that this stern maintenance in fair weather and foul of our own self-respect and manhood has been the chief factor in the wonderful recuperation from economic disaster and in the upbuilding of material prosperity throughout the borders of the old 'Confederacy'.

"And what a splendid object-lesson it has been to our children, who, had our 'moral-fibre' become relaxed in those dark and trying times, would inevitably have inherited a legacy of shame, whereas now they are proudly conscious that theirs is a priceless heritage of untarnished glory.

"In a few years at most the bugles will sound 'Lights Out' for the lingering few who wore with honor their country's gray, but we need have no misgivings as to our stalwart 'sons' jealously guarding from any breath of obloquy the wondrous record of antique valor, of incorruptible patriotism and passionate devotion to principle bequeathed them by their fathers."

Under the organization of the Grand Camp of United Confederate Veterans the Commander of each local Camp had the military title of Colonel; and by this title McCabe, who was twice its Commander, from 1887 to 1890 and again from 1892 to 1894, came to be generally known. It was a title in which he took pardonable pride; but he liked best the old familiar one of "Captain", which he had won as a stripling on the stricken field of battle.

Of the many "public occasions" of Reunions of the Grand Camp, the dedication of monuments and the annual celebrations of "Memorial Day" in which the Camps participated, there were few in Virginia in which he was not invited to take a prominent part as aide or committeeman or orator; and to these invitations he seldom failed, save under compelling circumstances, to respond eagerly and enthusiastically.

Usually on such occasions there was a march of the Veterans through the streets of the city in which the ceremonies were held; and the procession was commanded by some distinguished Confederate General. On October 26th, 1875, occurred the unveiling of Foley's bronze statue of "Stonewall" Jackson in the Capitol Square at Richmond, which had been presented to the State by a number of Jackson's admirers in England. General James L. Kemper, who had fallen desperately wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, was then Governor of Virginia. To Major General Harry Heth, of A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V., was awarded by Governor Kemper the honor of acting as First Deputy Chief Marshal of the occasion in the following letter:

"Commonwealth of Virginia
Governor's Office
Richmond, October 4, 1875.

"General Harry Heth:

"General: The first position, being that of Marshal-in-Chief in the direction of the Ceremonies of Inaugurating the Statue of Jackson on the 26th. inst. has been tendered to General Joseph E. Johnston.

"Should he accept, you are expected to act as First Deputy Marshal-in-Chief. In the meantime, and during his absence, you are authorized and requested, as Acting Marshal-in-Chief, to perform all the duties of that Office: to organize and carry into effect the Programme of Ceremonies prescribed for the Inauguration and to make such preparation and take such action as may be needful and appropriate in the premises.

"In discharging these duties you shall have, so far as may be desirable to yourself, my hearty co-operation and assistance.

"I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, etc.

James L. Kemper."

Heth at once appointed McCabe his aide, and wrote him as follows two days later:

"Richmond, Oct. 7th, 1875.

"Dear Gordon:

"It would entail too much expense by far to require aids to be in uniform. Sashes, batons, etc., will be furnished at the expense of the City of Richmond. I have already been actively looking into the horse question. Can only hire a limited number in the City, and I expect to call on the citizens who have horses to lend them to me on this occasion. I anticipate more trouble on the horse question than any other. If John Young and yourself could secure good horses in Petersburg, the expense of hiring them and caring for them until returned to Petersburg would be met by myself or rather by the City.

Yours truly,

H. Heth.

"Let me hear from you on this point. It has been suggested that we may have to go to Petersburg for horses. Make some inquiries about this, and let me hear from you.

Yours,

H. H."

A crowd of forty thousand people witnessed the procession and the unveiling of the statue, and among the participants in the ceremonies were Generals Joseph E. Johnston, Bradley T. Johnson, D. H. Hill, Jubal A. Early, Harry Heth, William B. Taliaferro, M. W. Ransom and Lindsay Walker.

"October 26th", writes the historian of the occasion, "was fixed as the day of the unveiling, and it proved to be the greatest day of its kind since the unveiling of the Washington monument. Richmond had never welcomed a larger crowd. For several days before the time the trains, boats, wagons and buggies were bringing in visitors and soldiers to honor the great hero. All the hotels were filled, private houses had as many guests as they could entertain, and many large buildings were fitted up for sleeping apartments."*

His interest in the erection of commemorative Confederate monuments and statues was constant; and there were few movements in that direction in which he was not in the forefront. Again, in 1891, Heth extended him a similar invitation in connection with the A. P. Hill monument in Richmond.

"Washington, D. C.

April 21, 1891.

"My dear Gordon:

"If agreeable, will you do me the favor to be one of my aides on the 30th of May on the occasion of the unveiling of the A. P. Hill monument? Hoping this may find you and yours well,

Believe me, as ever,

Your friend,

H. Heth."

On the back of this letter, preserved among his papers, is written in McCabe's handwriting "Had to decline it, as I was obliged to command my own men, 'A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans' of Petersburg, of which I am Commander."

From 1910 to 1917 when the monument was unveiled he served as a member of the "Virginia Gettysburg Monument Commission", and in that service rendered great aid to the sculptor, Sievers, especially in ensuring the historical accuracy of the uni-

* Christian: *Richmond Past and Present*, page 347.

form in which the figure of General Lee mounted on Traveller appears.

Of this monument which overlooks the battlefield of Gettysburg from the point where Lee surveyed the second day's battle, McCabe wrote to the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* a letter which was published October 24th, 1915:

"In response to your courteous request that I should express my opinion as to the merits of Sievers's equestrian statue of Lee, I shall first state briefly that his Excellency, Governor Stuart and myself (the only two members of the 'Gettysburg Commission' resident in Richmond), drove out this morning to Mr. Sievers's studio at Forest Hill and made a prolonged and careful study of the statue as it now stands modeled in clay.

"It would be idle for me to attempt any technical criticism of the work in detail even if I possessed the requisite knowledge to do so, which I do not for one moment pretend to.

"I only know when a statue or any other work of art impresses me favorably and when it does not, and I only venture with diffidence to set down my opinion in this case to the end that my old comrades at a distance and Virginians of a younger generation may know how the work of the sculptor has impressed one of Lee's old soldiers.

"Briefly, it is, to my mind (and to my heart as well), one of the noblest statues I have ever looked upon, and I may add without impertinence that I have seen the best and the most famous both in Europe and in this country.

"As I gazed upon it long and searchingly the years seemed to roll away and I saw once more our great captain seated in easy majesty on 'Traveller', to the very life as we (now the lingering few) saw him more than half a century ago watching the shifting chances of the fray: the well-knit, martial figure instinct with vigor; the graceful port and carriage, the fine poise of the 'good gray head', the easy mastery of the thorough horseman—the perfect embodiment of a people's hope—the noble face stamped by the 'God of Battles' with the rank that He alone can give.

"Scarcely less in the fashioning of the horse has the sculptor proved his mastery of his 'cunning art'. Not a touch of the theatrical—just the 'Traveller' that we knew so well—only (by reason of the dimensions of the great statue) an heroic 'Traveller' that seems proudly conscious that he bears upon his back the weight of a nation.

"I know not how it may strike more critical eyes, but I repeat that to the eyes of one of Lee's veterans 'tis a wondrous 'counterfeit presentment' of the immortal rider and his matchless steed, whose appearance in the long ago ('in the land where we were dreaming') always evoked a storm of hoarse cheering as the great captain rode among the blackened guns, whose thunderous plaudits were ever the welcome closest to his soldier's heart.

"The pecuniary emolument to the sculptor in this case must of necessity be small, but by this statue he has won what money can never buy—a great name for himself and the abiding admiration of a grateful people."

For the equestrian statue of Lee, made by the French sculptor Jean Antoine Mercie, which stands on Monument Avenue in Richmond, the noble embodiment of soldierly calm and self-restraint and bearing the simple inscription: 'Lee', he had an admiration that was hardly less than for that of Sievers. It had been unveiled October 27, 1887, in the presence of a tremendous gathering of Confederate soldiers from all parts of the South, whose marching columns were led again by Joseph E. Johnston, Fitzhugh Lee, Jubal A. Early, W. H. F. Lee, John R. Cooke, and others of their old generals; and in the exercises McCabe, as was usual on such occasions, bore a prominent part. His old friend, James Barron Hope, who had been invited to write the ode for the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the monument, died on the 15th of September, 1887. Shortly thereafter McCabe received from Fitzhugh Lee, then Governor of the state, the following letter:

"Governor's Office,
Richmond, Va., Oct. 12th, 1887.

"Mr. W. Gordon McCabe:
Petersburg, Virginia.

"My dear Sir:

"I have the honor to inform you that the Lee Monument Association heartily unite in the wish expressed by the family of the late James Barron Hope, that you should read the poem prepared by him in honor of the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of a monument to be erected in this City to the memory of General Lee.

I am yours very truly,

Fitzhugh Lee".

There were few occasions in Virginia when the survivors of that army of "tattered uniforms and bright muskets" "which for four years carried the Revolt on its bayonets" gathered together in memory of the War and of the Confederacy, in which he was not offered and did not accept some position that bore witness to the esteem and affection of his old comrades; and so, when the United Confederate Veterans held their sixth annual Reunion in Richmond in July, 1896, he received this invitation:

"Richmond, Va., June 16th, 1896.

"Capt. W. Gordon McCabe,
City.

"Captain:

"I have appointed you an aide on my staff for the parade of the U. C. V. on July 2nd, 1896, and you are requested to report mounted to Major N. V. Randolph, Assistant Adjutant General, at the Franklin Street entrance of the Jefferson Hotel in this city at 12 o'clock noon of that day.

Very respectfully,

John B. Gordon,
Chief Marshal."

This was one of the many of a similar character, which continued to come to him as long as he lived and in which he had an abiding pride and pleasure.

II.

From a time preceding the erection of the Mercie statue of Lee in an undeveloped part of the city on an unimproved avenue extending westward beyond the city limits, he carried in his mind a scheme for making the street what it has since in a measure become,—a great thoroughfare adorned with statues of the Confederate chieftains, and he outlined this scheme twenty years later in a letter written to Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel, a sister of his second wife who had asked him, as a member of one of the Richmond Confederate Societies, for the military records of himself and of a former comrade-in-arms, her uncle, Captain Gill Armistead Cary, Jr., for the files of the Society.

“Richmond, Virginia
March 21st, 1904.

“Dear Lizzie:

“I send you Gill’s record as near as I can get at it. He had hard luck, for he would have loved to have seen more active service.

“As regards my own record I send you a memorandum, for some one else (say, Cutshaw) to fill up.

“It is certainly a very modest record, but the fact remains that I was in sixteen big battles and in countless ‘affairs’—not ‘countless’ but over fifty,—and while I never did anything that was specially brilliant or dashing, I at least didn’t run away.

“I was made a Captain in March, 1865, at Col. Pegram’s urgent personal instance, he riding to Army Hd, Qrs. to press the matter. He had repeatedly mentioned me for ‘skill and gallantry’ in his Reports to the Chief of Art’y of the 3rd. Corps, but no promotion came, so he went to see about it himself.

“I want to come around very soon and enlist your support and Gillie’s for my ‘same old’ Monument scheme that I advocated twenty years ago. Fitz Lee is now enthusiastic about it, and Bob Hunter and Col. Tom Smith of Warrenton; and they all agree that, if carried out it will be the grandest ‘Valhalla of Heroes’ in the Western World. But twenty years ago it was deemed ‘impracticable’ and ‘visionary’, and was dropped. Here it is in brief:

West	LEE O	Franklin St.	STUART O	turf	DAVIS O
	MONUMENT		MONUMENT		MONUMENT
O EWELE	O EARLY	O PELHAM	O RAMSEUR	O A. S. JOHNSTON	O SEMMES
O JOE JOHNSTON	O A. P. HILL	O PEGRAM	O WADE HAMPTON	O GORDON	O BUCHANAN

"That is, the Davis monument to go at the intersection of Franklin St. and Reservoir Boulevard, and at intervals of about 300 yards (down the magnificent drive of a mile or more) on granite pedestals statues in bronze of heroic size of all the great fighters of the A. N. V. and of the Navy, each state to have the privilege of one place,—Virginia to fill all the rest. It can't be done in our time, but if we start it posterity will see that the work is done, and there'll be nothing like it in the world except Westminster Abbey."

In the preparation of his "Defense of Petersburg" he left no stone unturned in his efforts to secure accurate and authoritative accounts of every event which he described down to the minutest detail; and he corresponded with many Confederate and Union Generals in his search for information. When the address was completed he felt great confidence in its correctness of statement; and after its publication he was always prepared to defend any controverted assertion with citations of the authorities which he had been at so much pains to obtain. An instance of this occurs in a letter of his to a friend, who had informed him that an officer who was on the field at the Battle of the Crater and in a position to know of a certain occurrence at the time, questioned a statement in the address in connection with Mahone's charge on July 30, 1864.

"Petersburg, Virginia,
Dec. 12th, 1876.

"Leroy S. Edwards, Esq.,
Richmond, Virginia

"My dear Sir: Your kind letter reached me today, and I hasten to reply. I shall be very glad to hear any statement that Capt. Laughton has to make in regard to the Crater fight, but I fancy I know already the point he desires to make. So far as I have heard, in the lengthy account which I have given of that fight (the only elaborate narrative yet attempted on either side, so far as I know), the only point of criticism *as to fact* is as to who gave the command to 'forward' to the Virginia brigade. In the preparation of my address I used the greatest diligence to secure authentic information on the minutest points,—and did receive a vast mass of data from the officers on both sides; and though this particular point did not strike me as of overshadowing importance I will give you my reason for believing

my version to be strictly accurate. In the first place, Gen'l Weisiger in his written Report of the action gives his brief conversation with Girardy (when he saw the enemy preparing to charge), and claims emphatically that he suggested the charge and did give the command to charge. Four years ago he made a Report of the Crater fight to Gen'l Mahone at the latter's request, and in that Report (which I read before I made my address) he distinctly says that he gave the order, and, so far as I know—indeed, I may say positively—no correction was suggested. In the next place, an officer of the highest character for courage and integrity (whose name I withhold for the present) tells me that he heard Weisiger say to Girardy that he should make the charge, and distinctly heard him give the order to charge. Again, in letters written *at the time* by members of the brigade and printed in the newspapers it is stated distinctly that Weisiger gave the order: (files of two of these I have). Another of these glorious 'foot-cavalry' says: 'The quick eye of Gen'l Weisiger told him that now was the time to strike (the enemy forming for a charge), and without waiting for the Georgians to get into line, gave the signal for a charge', etc.

"Another circumstance of weight: From the relative positions of Mahone, Girardy and Weisiger it would have been impossible, to my mind, for Girardy to have communicated with Mahone, or *vice-versa*, in time to have made the counter-charge as effective and quick as it was. And finally on general military principles I scarcely think a staff-officer would, in the presence of the brigade commander, have given the order when the brigade commander was present to do so.

"I was present at the Crater, as in every action around Petersburg save one, but was in the artillery and am, of course, utterly unbiassed in regard to the matter. I think Mahone unquestionably the hero of the fight; and my narrative, I think, makes this plain enough without my saying so downright. Indeed, by the strong advice of a warm friend of Mahone's I avoided coupling his name with complimentary phrases, for his actions spoke more eloquently than any words of mine. That I had no bias against the gallant and lamented Girardy I think my hearty tribute to his skill and courage proves. Nor was there any reason in the world for my ascribing to Weisiger any more credit than seemed justly his due. I thought not much of the matter further than in a general and painstaking endeavor to be accurate. It seemed to me a proper and simple thing for him to do; and the mooted of such a question simply brings it to a point between the statements of gallant gentlemen, always deplorable in my eyes. In no case does it affect (no matter who gave the order) the honor, conduct

or courage of the glorious brigade, and I trust I have done my humble share to hold up to the admiration of all their superb service on that day.

"* * * If in any other point save this single one Capt. Laughton has any criticism to make, I shall be happy to hear him. I only want truth and have not a particle of bias. But I think that, with these facts before me, as a candid historian I had no other choice than to state it as it was remembered by those most likely to be conversant with the actual facts. I expect to be in Richmond on Saturday, when I will see Capt. L. If I do not come, I will be happy to hear from him. At present I see no reason for changing my narrative as it now stands. Thanking you for your letter, believe me," etc.

He received letters, either before or after the "Address", giving him information, or commending the finished paper, from Generals Mahone, Weisiger, Cadmus M. Wilcox, J. M. St. John, G. T. Beauregard, Wade Hampton, John B. Gordon, Fitzhugh Lee and others of the Confederate Army, and from Generals W. S. Hancock, Burnside, G. K. Warren and others of the Union Army. The story of the "Defense of Petersburg" aroused much interest on the part of both besiegers and besieged in that last episode preceding "the sunset of the Confederacy", and out of it grew for him some pleasant and lasting friendships. Among the letters of this period are the following:

(From Gen. G. T. Beauregard)

"New Orleans, Feb. 28, 1876.

"Dear Sir:

"Your favor of the 24th. inst. has just been received. I am glad to hear of your appointment to deliver the next address before the Va. Division of the Society of the Army of Northern Virginia. A more judicious selection could not have been made.

"I will furnish you with pleasure some notes relative to the defense of Petersburg from the 14th. to the 18th. of June 1864, and at the time of the mine explosion which was 'to have ended the Confederacy', but it may be sometime before I can do so, for my papers (most important) are now in New York and my leisure moments are 'few and far between'.

"I may be able to extend my notes from my arrival at Petersburg (from Charleston) in May, just before the battle of Drury's Bluff, to the mine explosion. I have been intending for a long time to write out in full such a paper, but my two Major Gen'ls,

Hoke and Bush. Johnson, having failed to furnish me with copies of their 'Reports', often called for by me, I have been unable to carry out my intention. That campaign was the most active, difficult and dangerous of my military operations during the war.

"My daughter desires to be kindly remembered to you.

"I remain, Yours very truly,

G. T. Beauregard.

"Capt. W. G. McCabe,

Petersburg, Va.

"P. S. I think that Gen'l C. M. Wilcox, now in Baltimore, could give you much information relative to the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia, especially around Petersburg.

G. T. B."

(From Gen. Wade Hampton)

"Columbia, July 5th, 1876.

"My dear Sir:

"Your polite letter by some accident was mislaid, and this has caused the delay in answering it. On my return to this place after some months absence it turns up, and I now give you with great pleasure the information you seek.

"At Gen. Lee's request I prepared the 'Report' of the operations of the cavalry during the last campaign, and Col. Marshall has had this document in writing his life of Gen. Lee. It has been my intention to publish it in order that justice may be done to that arm of the service, but I will cheerfully put it at your disposal, so that you can use such facts as you may choose and I only beg you to be careful of it.

"Col. Wharton J. Green of Warrenton, N. C., has the MS. now, if he has not returned it to Col. Marshall, and you can ask him to send it to you by express. You will find also in my address on Gen. Lee, delivered in Balto., a letter from the General in which he says that 'had I been at Five Forks with all my cavalry, the result would have been different', or words to that effect. Should you not find as full information in the Report as you desire, it will give me pleasure to explain any parts of it; but as it was made at Gen. Lee's request very minute and from official papers, I think you will require nothing else.

"Like yourself I take pride in the glory won by all arms of our service, and I have felt jealousy for none. I desire that justice shall be done to all, and this I am sure you will do. Thanking you for your kind expressions, and with my good wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,

Wade Hampton.

"Capt. McCabe.

"My address will be Walhalla, S. C."

(From Dr. Albert Fairfax for Gen. W. H. F. Lee)

"Burke's Station P. O.
Fairfax Co. Va.,
Nov. 3, 1876.

"Capt. W. Gordon McCabe:
Petersburg, Va.

"My dear Sir:

Gen'l W. H. F. Lee, being confined to his bed with a severe attack of rheumatism, begs me to write you and congratulate you on your great success before the Soldiers' Meeting, which is apparent to him from the report which he has of your oration as given in the *Dispatch* of the 2nd. inst.

"He hopes you will send him the most extended account, containing your address; also proceedings of the supper, and regrets very much his inability to have been with you on that occasion.

"With high respect, I am,

Truly yours,

Albert Fairfax, M. D."

The interest which the "Defense of Petersburg" excited among its author's former comrades-in-arms excelled only in degree that which it aroused among many of those "on the other side", who chanced to learn of it. Among the letters of those who wrote to him about it, either to give information or to express the wish to see the published paper, are the following.

(From Gen. W. S. Hancock.)

"New York,
Feb'y 14th, 1876.

"My dear Sir:

"Yours of January 12th. came duly to hand. It would afford me pleasure to give you access to my reports of the operations of my command in front of Petersburg for the purposes you mention, were it practicable for me to do so. The Reports are, however, not in my possession but on file in the War Office, where upon application you would doubtless be permitted to examine them. My retained copies are in the hands of a friend at a distance, who is not prepared to part with them.

"As far as my own operations extended, they are described in my reports in considerable detail, and cover the time from my

arrival in front of Petersburg on the evening of June 15th, 1864 until November 26th of that year.

"I have never yet been able to understand how the Confederates managed to hold on to Petersburg before the arrival of Lee. The defense of the place must have been admirably managed at that time, for we certainly seemed to have had troops enough then in front of the town to have carried the lines. Still, we did not carry them, and it has been an interesting source of discussion with us ever since 'why Petersburg was not taken at that time'.

"After Lee's arrival it was, of course, another matter.

"Indisposition has been the cause of the delay in my reply.

"I am, very truly yours,

Winf'd S. Hancock.

"To

Capt. W. Gordon McCabe,
Petersburg, Va."

(From Gen. A. E. Burnside)

"Senate Chamber,

Washington,

January 18, 1880.

"My dear Sir:

"I am informed by Judge Case of Providence that you and he have exchanged articles written upon the same subject, 'The Mine' in front of Petersburg. Will you kindly send me a copy of your article?

Faithfully yours,

A. E. Burnside.

"Capt. W. G. McCabe."

Among the many letters on this subject was one from "Ham" Chamberlayne, whose praise he especially valued as that of a competent critic and a brave and accomplished artilleryman.

Richmond, 16 Jan'y 1877.

"Dear Gordon:

"I bestow a postage stamp upon myself for the pleasure of telling you that after three readings of your Address I am more than ever persuaded that it is an oration of the first order, worthy to be ranked with any.

"Your notes have greatly enriched it and give it the stamp of authority. I have known of no man in my day who was to

be more justly congratulated than is yourself on this production, where labor gained the facts and a noble art gave them their setting. If men criticise it, be content. Criticism will never deny its excellence, however it may find spots or flaws according as the criticism is partial or purblind. You have made an oration serve as the basis of a history. Criticism can rarely acknowledge so large a fact. That's all.

Yours as always,

Jno. Hampden Chamberlayne."

Scarcely less pleasure came to him in a letter from the gallant Lt. Colonel John C. Haskell, whom he had described in the "Address" as "a glorious young battalion commander, whose name will be forever associated with the Artillery Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia".

"Duncousby,
Issaqueena Co. Miss.,
Feb. 1st, 1877.

"My dear McCabe:

"Your letter of Nov. 3rd has just reached me out here on my plantation, and I need not assure you how much pleasure it has given me, and with what pride I have sent it to my wife who is in Columbia, South Carolina. To find that I am still pleasantly remembered by our old comrades is a greater gratification than any I have felt for a long time, and it adds no little to it that you should have taken such interest as to write me of it.

"I have not received the copy of the speech to which you allude, but suppose from what you say that I have to thank you for some flattering allusion to me, which however little deserved will be very pleasant from the friend and associate of Pegram, the very flower of our arm of the service.

"I hope you will send me a copy of the speech. I should greatly like to see it, as I have seen the handsomest notices of it in the press.

"* * * I hope, if nothing prevents, to be present at the next reunion of the Army of Northern Virginia. I have never seen Richmond since the night we evacuated, and your letter has made me long to renew old acquaintances and associations.

"Thanking you most heartily for your kind letter, I am, my dear McCabe,

Sincerely yours,

Jno. C. Haskell.

"P. S. Remember me most heartily to Ham Chamberlayne when you see him."

III.

He was a constant contributor to the press of articles and papers on Confederate topics. His disposition was not controversial; but when occasion demanded that he engage in Confederate polemics, his opponent usually found him an adversary who was at once well-informed, resourceful and dangerous.

An instance of his skill in this kind of dialectics occurred in an article contributed by him to the *Saturday Review* of April 13, 1912, in which he replied to one Major John C. White, U. S. A. "retired", who had written to that journal controverting McCabe's assertion in a review of Formby's "Civil War in America" that both Thomas and Farragut were "rampant secessionists" until the very hour that Virginia seceded. The length of this "Rejoinder" precludes its reproduction here in its entirety, but its concluding paragraphs will serve to illustrate his style as a controversialist:

"For more than thirty years England has been my second home, and it is my good fortune to know English officers by the score, from field marshals to captains in marching regiments, and I put the question to these old friends as to what would be thought of any officer who thus practically suppresses in a discussion a letter which is the very 'core of the matter', and contents himself with calling it 'stern', when there is not a scintilla of sternness in it?*" When I was in the Army of Northern Virginia, it would have been adjudged (in the language of the 'Army Regulations') certainly in the mess, if not by court-martial, 'conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman'. Thomas was reared in the strict 'States-rights school', favored slavery, (which Lee did not), and even his biographer, Van Horne, allows that he was 'more decidedly Southern in his sentiments than Lee' (p. 31). Both his brothers served in the Confederate Army, and so did all his near kinsmen, both on his father's and mother's side. Neither of his sisters, who were greatly devoted to him, ever spoke to him again after he turned his back on his State, and only one of his brothers.

"As for General Fitzhugh Lee's letter, I speak 'by the card' when I say that he published it reluctantly. I knew him inti-

*Letter of Major George H. Thomas, U. S. A. to Governor John Letcher, dated 12 March, 1861, in reference to the position of Chief of Ordnance of Virginia.

mately for many years, and a more high-minded, sweet-tempered, truthful and valiant gentleman never breathed. As a dashing youngster (second lieutenant in Second Cavalry) he had greatly distinguished himself in the campaigns of '59 and '60 against the Indians, and his troop rent the very heavens with their wild cheers when he slew in single combat the 'big chief' of the fierce Comanches in the sharp melee near Camp Colorado, Texas, in 1860. In the Confederate army he was the ideal *beau sabreur*,—Stuart's 'right bower', as he used to call him,—and rose to be Major-General before he was twenty-eight, not because he was 'the nephew of his uncle' (Robert E. Lee), but because of sheer skill and valor on the field of battle. After the war he was made Governor of Virginia. 'In regard to the letter of Thomas's former subordinate, Fitzhugh Lee, in the 'Virginia Dispatch' (no such paper) of 23 April, 1870, Piatt (pp. 85 *et seq.*) gives the emphatic statement of General Thomas, "that (the letter) is an entire fabrication, not having an atom of foundation", etc. Thus the poor muddle-headed major! How could Thomas, who died on 28 March, 1870, pronounce as 'an entire fabrication' a letter that did not appear until nearly a month after he died? If the major is going to bring in 'spooks', the 'wee acid of truth' is useless. General Lee was, as I say, reluctant to publish his letter, but the Northern papers were loudly asserting that Thomas had 'never faltered' when the crucial test came in '61, and some few of his intimates urged him to put on record publicly what he knew to be the truth. Here is what Fitzhugh Lee wrote in the Richmond *Dispatch* of 23rd April 1870: 'I knew General Thomas well—was a lieutenant in the cavalry regiment of which he was major before the war and stationed at the same post in Texas with him. He was an excellent artillery officer, (served in that arm in Mexico),—an indifferent cavalry officer,—too heavy, too slow. The New York *Tribune*, however, and all the Northern encomiums that I have read upon his name and fame lay stress on his being a Virginian who never faltered. But they would better have left that part of the record out. It is a fact that when war threatened between the two sections General Thomas's feelings were Southern to an almost bellicose degree. It is a fact that he told me in New York City in 1861, as I was on my way from West Point to Washington to resign my commission as an officer of the United States Army, that he too intended to resign. It is a fact that about this time he wrote a letter to John Letcher, the Governor of Virginia, and tendered his services to the State (which letter the Governor may have now). He was an upright man and fought well, though against us. Let him rest in peace.'

"As to Mrs. Thomas's letter, which the major copies from Professor Coppee's 'General Thomas', I have no desire to make any comment. She too is dead, and was no doubt a very masterful woman. Years ago, sitting at luncheon next to Major General Keyes, U. S. A. in a charming Northern country-house, I ventured to ask him, as he was very gracious and a life-long friend of Thomas, whether it was true that the latter was known as one of the most pronounced 'States-rights' men in the army? 'Undoubtedly', he replied. 'He served under me two years, and was most violent in his denunciation of the North'. 'Well', quoth I, 'to what do you attribute his going over to your side?' Then that wicked, wicked old warrior whispered with a wink: 'You see, my dear fellow, 'twas simply another case of the gray mare's being the better horse'. A few years later, he published his 'Fifty Years' Observation of Men and Events' (1884), in which, after paying a noble tribute to Thomas, he says: 'His wife was a noble Northern woman and his deference for her was great; and it is my opinion that it was her influence more than any other consideration that determined him to cast his fortunes with us. Had he followed his own inclinations he would have joined the Confederates and fought against the North with the same ability and valor that he displayed in our cause'. (p. 168).

"Mrs. Thomas says in her letter that this is 'decidedly a mistake', and adds that she does not 'think that they (Keyes and Thomas) met from the time that General Thomas went to Kentucky to join that army until they met in San Francisco'. Here is the same confusion of minds as to the point at issue. We are not discussing what General Thomas's attitude was after he had joined the enemies of his native State, but his declared sympathies and purpose before he turned his back on Virginia in her hour of sorest need. * * *

But with controversy out of mind, he loved best to write or talk of his comrades who had won their spurs on the battlefield; and the sketches which he wrote of the artillerymen are embroidered with his enthusiasms and his admirations. Thus of Pelham, whom Lee called "the gallant Pelham":

"It was at 'Fredericksburg' that he drew to him the heart of the whole army, and won from the commanding General that epithet by which he will go down to history. What a sight it was! As the sun came bursting through the mist on that glorious morning, the army from its position looked down upon a scene

which stirred the heart of conscript and veteran alike. Countless batteries, supported by serried masses of infantry, were moving in all the pride and circumstance of war across the plain, sworn to wrest victory from the perch to which she so obstinately clung,—the tattered battle-flag of 'Rebellion'. Pelham 'opened the ball'. Far on the right, as the steady-marching columns passed the 'River Road' and began to debouch, this youthful Paladin, his cap bright with ribbons which some Virginia girls had put there at a little 'party' a few nights before, dashed to the front with a section of Napoleons, and though exposed to the convergent fire of four six-gun batteries, manoeuvred his two guns with such superb skill and daring (changing position with lightning-like precision), now dashing up to within 'canister range' and anon limbering up and retiring at a gallop to 'come into battery again' for shrapnel and shell, that a mighty shout burst from the men on the right, while the looming masses of the enemy staggered and swayed under his fire as if lost in wonder at such stupendous rashness. But it was nothing of the sort—only the nice-adjusted skill of a daring spirit. Lee says (dispatch to Secretary of War, Dec. 14, 1862) in his quiet fashion: 'General Stuart, with two brigades of cavalry, was posted in the extensive plain on our extreme right. As soon as the advance of the enemy was discovered through the fog, General Stuart, with his accustomed promptness, moved up a section of his Horse-Artillery, which opened with effect upon his flank and drew upon the gallant Pelham a heavy fire which he sustained unflinchingly for about two hours.' In his report of the battle of Fredericksburg (April 10, 1863), Lee says: 'As they advanced, Major Pelham, of Stuart's Horse Artillery, who was stationed near the Port Royal Road with one section, opened a rapid and well-directed enfilade fire, which arrested their progress. Four batteries immediately turned upon him, but he sustained their heavy fire with the unflinching courage that ever distinguished him'. Lee was chary of his praise and to be thus mentioned by him was like being 'knighted on the field' by the King himself. Yet fate willed that Pelham's career should be brief.

"He yielded up his brave young life in the cavalry battle at Kelly's Ford (known as Kellysville) March 17, 1863, where Fitz Lee's brigade, eight hundred strong, drove across the Rapahannock Stoneman's three thousand sabres, who put up 'a mighty fine fight'."

On many of the time-stained rough envelopes enclosing letters from his old comrades is written in his hand-writing

some brief memorial of the man who had penned the faded letter, as "the bravest of the brave", "one of the most daring officers in the Army of Northern Virginia, "a desperate dare-devil,—J. E. B. Stuart's pet", "one of the most daring young officers in Lee's army", "Col. in Longstreets Corps, A. N. V., one of the bravest officers in that army".

As long as he lived the stories and legends which succeeded the war interested him; and whenever a new one came to his knowledge, the authenticity of which he had reason to suspect, it was a veritable joy to him to run it down to its conclusion and, if possible, refute it or verify it.

Such a story was that which obtained circulation in the North of General Lewis Armistead, who was killed at Gettysburg, having expressed in his last moments to General Hancock regret for having espoused the Southern cause. Knowing that Dr Rawley W. Martin, with whom he had served on the Board of Visitors at the University of Virginia, was near Armistead when he died, McCabe wrote to him about this story. On the envelope of the letter in which Martin's reply was preserved is inscribed by him: "From Col. Rawley W. Martin, Col. of the 53rd Va. Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Div., to whom belongs the immortal glory of having leaped first over the stone-wall on 'Cemetery Hill' at Gettysburg, July 3rd, 1863. He fell desperately wounded alongside of Armistead."

(From Dr. Rawley W. Martin)

"Lynchburg, Va.,

Feb. 21st, 1910.

"My dear McCabe:

"In reply to your letter just received, I would say I will give you the story of the meetings of Generals Hancock and Armistead as told to me a short time after the occurrence. After the Federal lines were re-established, a brave and generous foe, Col. Hess of the 72 Penn., found me lying behind his lines, and came to render what assistance he could. He commanded the brigade. After administering to my wants as far as he could, he had me sent a few hundred yards to the rear to a field hospital. As I lay there surrounded by a number of Federal soldiers, anxious to do all they could to alleviate my suffering, a

mounted officer rode up and seeing the crowd around me said: 'Who have you there?' 'A desperately wounded Johnny Reb, Colonel; he seems about to die.' The officer dismounted, came to see me and ordered the men away that I might have more air, and commenced a conversation with me. Ascertaining that I belonged to Armistead's Brigade, he said: 'Armistead? Armistead? I have just left him; he is mortally wounded. As he was borne from the field, he recognized Gen'l Hancock hurrying to the front, and hailed him. Gen'l Hancock recognized him, at once dismounted, clasped his hand and expressed sorrow at his being wounded, and told him he hoped he would soon be well. Armistead assured him that his wounds were mortal, and asked him to take his watch and some other trinkets he had about his person, and to see that they were sent to his family in Virginia. Gen'l Hancock assured him that he would, and excused himself because he was compelled to hasten to the front.' This is the story as told me—a little while after the touching incident—by this officer, a member of Gen'l Hancock's staff, who was much touched while relating it; but never a word did he say about General Armistead regretting his course and being sorry that he had left the Union Army, although he persisted in the assertion that he was bound to die.

"I believe this is the whole story, because I remember the words of Gen'l Hancock's staff-officer, and am sure that had General Armistead uttered the words attributed to him this officer would have told me, for he remained with me a long time. When a train of ambulances came up, he had the first one turned around and had me placed in it and put a slightly wounded Federal soldier in with me to care for me. Twelve or more years ago Rev. J. Wm. Jones heard of this story and wrote me about it. I told him what I knew. I have since that time seen Dr. Jones's vindication of Gen'l Armistead. I have the article, but can not put my hand on it now. Possibly Rev. Mr. Poindexter can tell you where you can find it.

"It is impossible for those who knew Gen'l Armistead to believe that he could, under any circumstances, have given utterance to the sentiments attributed to him; for a truer man, a better soldier and a more devoted Confederate did not belong to the Southern army. The scene pictured by Col. Haskell could not possibly have taken place. Gen'l Armistead could not have handed his watch to Lt. Mitchell, as his rank was recognized and he was hurriedly borne from the field. This I know, because when I was taken from the field Gen'l Armistead had been some time before carried away. He could not have asked that the things he gave

Gen'l Hancock be sent to his wife, because he had no wife—he had been a widower for years.

"I have never written anything about the war for publication, though often urged to do so. I have been satisfied to leave matters to others much more capable and more fully informed; but, my dear McCabe, I often see things in print that I wish could be corrected.

"I thank you for your letter,—for your cordiality and kindly spirit so evident in your letter. You have done me good. I live on the esteem and good feeling of my friends, particularly those whose esteem is worth so much.

"If I could be of further service call on me. Pardon a typewritten letter. At present I have a lame hand.

"With highest regards,

Sincerely yours,

R. W. Martin."

IV.

Yet not all of his energies, beyond the conduct of his school and his voluminous writings, were expended in his association with Confederate occasions and activities. He came in time to be the exponent of "reconciliation", though always without recantation.

In December 1899 he delivered before the New England Society of New York city a speech of which *The Sun* of December 26th said:

"Everybody who attended the New England dinner on Friday night came away from the banquet hall commenting on the speech of William Gordon McCabe of Richmond, which was the hit of the evening. It reminded the older members of the Society of the speech delivered by the late Henry W. Grady at the New England dinner in New York several years ago. There were many who said that Mr. McCabe's speech excelled the eloquence and surely the wit of Grady. He conducts a school in Richmond, and it is known as the best college preparatory school in the South. Wherever he is known, Mr. McCabe is in great demand as an after-dinner speaker, particularly in Boston; but it is not often that he can be brought up from the South to deliver a speech. It was only because of his personal regard for Judge Howland, President of the New England Society, that he consented to come to this year's New England dinner."

The press of New York and New England was full of like commendation; and an editorial in the *New York Ledger* (monthly) characterized the speech as "the best-matured and wisest summing-up of the present relations of the two great sections into which the Civil War divided our country that has ever come from the lips of a representative Southern man". An enthusiastic auditor, believing that he was discharging a patriotic duty in giving the address wide circulation, caused to be printed and distributed at his own expense sixty thousand copies of the stenographic report of it, made by the Society's official stenographers.

He was presented to his audience by Judge Howland as "a scholar who backed his opinions with the shot and shell of his Virginia battery for four bloody years, a war-college course which graduated him a hero with a reputation in both armies which justified the term".

The last part of the speech, all of which is punctuated in the stenographer's report with "great laughter", "applause and cheers", on the part of the delighted and enthusiastic audience, evidences the spirit of the whole.

"As an old Confederate soldier who for four years backed his honest convictions with his sword, I want to tell you men of Puritan blood why we Southern men (and our children after us) must always have an especially soft place in our hearts for New England.

"We fought, as ever fights the freeman of Anglo-Saxon strain, and in good faith, the faith of brave and honorable men, accepted the stern arbitrament of the sword, the pitiless logic of the heavy battalions, as settling at once and forever the practical interpretation of the Constitution.

"But for years after the war, (let us speak frankly) those dreadful years of 'Reconstruction', when all our Southern land that for four long years had been girdled with steel and fire still lay prostrate in what old Isaiah fitly terms the 'dimness of anguish', press, pulpit and political rostrum, North and West, persistently demanded of us a thing impossible to men in whose veins coursed the blood of the old champions of freedom, and who had been nurtured in those principles that since the days of Runnymede have been the common heritage of all English-speaking people: that we must prove the sincerity of our acceptance

by confessing the unrighteousness of our contention and by expressing humble contrition for our misdeeds.

"This the South steadily refused to do with an unshaken resolution worthy to touch a responsive chord in the breast of the sturdiest Puritan ever born under the shadow of Plymouth Rock.

"It did touch such a chord in the hearts of some of your bravest and best, who in those dark days of doubt and suspicion when it required no mean courage to do so, and with that antique Puritan fearlessness that has ever scorned 'to sell the truth to serve the hour', proclaimed their belief that the word of brave men of their own blood should be trusted fully by the nation.

"The first plea for genuine reconciliation, the first expression of absolute confidence in our plighted word, came from New England: fitly enough, from Lexington, on the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the nation, and fell from the lips of a Puritan of the Puritans, yet withal as knightly in his gentle courtesy and splendid daring as any cavalier who ever rode at the bridle-rein of Rupert of the Rhine—Francis Bartlett of Massachusetts, who never forgot that disastrous day to the Federal arms at Port Hudson when riding in at the head of his men—he the only mounted officer in the assaulting column—he distinctly heard the Confederate officer commanding in his immediate front, touched with generous admiration of his foeman's reckless daring, shouting to his men, 'For God's sake, men, don't shoot as brave a chap as that!' and so for a time this Puritan-Cavalier rode unharmed into that hell of fire.

"Only a few years after, at Keene, New Hampshire, on Memorial Day, another valiant soldier and accomplished scholar,—one who worthily bears a name honored wherever the English tongue is spoken,—one whom I am proud to reckon among my closest friends, the present Chief Justice of Massachusetts, once 'Captain' Oliver Wendell Holmes,—speaking to a great concourse of New England folk, his own honorable wounds lending emphasis to his generous words, said: 'We believed that it was most desirable that the North should win; we believed in the principle that the Union is indissoluble; but we equally believed that those who stood against us held just as sacred convictions that are the opposite of ours, and we respected them as every man with a heart must respect those who give all for their belief'.

"That, gentlemen, is the reason why we old Confederate soldiers love and honor New England, who believed in us and in our sincerity when so large a part of the rest of the nation professed to doubt and to distrust.

"But it needed, I think, the splendid object-lessons given by Southern men in this Spanish war to silence forever the cavils and doubtings of many austere patriots, who for thirty years and more had proved themselves 'as invincible in peace as they had been invisible in war'.

"Above the fierce mutterings of the coming storm rose high and clear, yonder at Havana, the voice of Fitzhugh Lee, grandson of 'Light-Horse Harry', once the *beau sabreur* of the Army of Northern Virginia, demanding with soldierly directness prompt Spanish recognition of the sanctity of American citizenship.

"Then, when the die was cast and the *Olympia* on that memorable May morning stood into Manila Bay, 'on the bridge' close alongside George Dewey of Vermont stood George Brumbey of Georgia—God rest his noble soul!—and so, when the American flag was first unfurled to the breeze over the first American possession in the Eastern world, the son of an old Confederate colonel stood at the halliards.

"Ten days later at Cardenas the first crimson libation of the war was poured out on the altar of Cuban liberty, and the brave young blood of that gallant lad, Worth Bagley of the 'Old North State', son, too, of an old Confederate soldier, cemented forever the reconciliation between North and South.

"And as in quick succession the names of Hobson and Blue and 'Fighting Joe Wheeler' blazed in official dispatches the thunderous shouts of a reunited people drowned even the 'iron-throated plaudits of the guns'.

"As Marshal Ney said when he saw the beardless young French conscripts rushing in all the joyous valor of their youth upon the Russian guns of Weissenfels: '*C'est dans le sang! C'est dans le sang!*'—'It's in the blood! It's in the blood!'

"Many of you, doubtless, traversing that noble hall of William Rufus, have entered the corridors of St. Stephen's and there, glancing down the long line of gleaming statues, have paused to look upon the calm, majestic features of John Hampden, the most able and resolute man in the Kingdom, who fell on the Parliamentary side at Chalgrave Field—and, immediately opposite, upon the grave, romantic face of Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, 'that incomparable young man', as Clarendon calls him, who in the very flower of his young manhood gave his life for his King in that unhappy civil strife.

"It may well be, when this generation shall have passed away and the motives and convictions of men shall be apprehended without passion, that the young American treading some one of those stately avenues that lead to our national Capitol shall pause

opposite 'the presentment' in bronze of Grant and of Sherman to gaze upon the heroic figures of Lee and of Jackson.

"God forbid that war, civil or foreign, should come again in this our time. He who has once seen the suffering and sorrow and desolation that it brings to happy homes can never wish to see it again.

"But should it come, men of the North and of the East and of the West—I speak for my people—that people who never yet faltered in half-way defiance to a foe or in half-way welcome to a friend—I speak for my people—ere the first call to arms of our common country shall have died upon the breeze, you shall hear the tramp of our legions as they wheel into line to touch elbows with the stalwart sons of New England, eager to keep time with cadenced step to the music of the Union—aye, and to hedge round with stubborn steel that 'starry banner' that symbols once more to us, as to you, the majesty of American citizenship and the indestructibility of Republican institutions."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRIENDS AT HOME.

I.

THE much asserted and generally credited statement that men after early life do not often make friends who are disinterested and genuine find its refutation in the story of McCabe's almost innumerable friendships, both at home and abroad. Whenever he went to England, he returned with the trophy of some recent fellowship and a new correspondent on his long list of those who kept in touch with him by letters. He was a voluminous and indefatigable letter-writer; and his correspondents in America as well as in England included many of the foremost men and women of his day in various provinces of distinction. The topics of their letters were varied and manifold; and with many of those whose sense of humor commended them to his own humorous fancy he was, as Gosse says of Swinburne and some of his friends, "on terms of high facetious familiarity".*

Life in all its movement interested him; and he wrote with equal enthusiasm about books and people and events. The range of his correspondence embraced the Confederacy, education, literature, society, travel, oratory, politics, pedigrees and a nameless variety of subjects. From the earlier and lasting intimacies with John R. Thompson and Joseph W. Harper and Dr. Bagby and Ham Chamberlayne and James Barron Hope and his war-comrades his friendly relations at home extended and increased in various directions, until they included many prominent and distinguished people in America in the world of letters, art and military experience. He was intensely interested in manuscripts, both old and new; and when Lady Ritchie gave him a leaf from one of Thackeray's books, or he found an unpublished poem in the chirography of Poe, or Mrs J. R. Green sent him some pages of her husband's "History", his pleasure was immense. Hand-writing seemed to possess a strange fascination for him, and his

* Gosse: *Life of Swinburne*, p. 75.

enthusiasm about the letters he received and the manuscripts he gathered was like that of Walter Pater who once wrote to William Sharp:

"If it were practicable, I would read all poetry for the first time in the handwriting of the poet. There is always, to me, an added charm when I can do so—an atmosphere. The poem gains, and my insight is swifter and surer. I am conscious of this also in prose, though perhaps not so keenly and certainly not so frequently. Of course there is one exception—every one, surely, must feel the same here; that is the instance of letters. Imagine the pleasure of reading the intimate letters of Michaelangelo, of Giorgione, of Leonardo, of Dante, of Spencer, of Shakespeare, of Goethe, in the originals! It would be like looking on a landscape of clear sunlight or moonlight after having viewed it only through mist or haze."*

His letters from friends in Virginia, and later, in other parts of the United States, beginning with those of Thompson, flowed on uninterruptedly and with an ever increasing current, down to his last days. Many of the writers had visited him in his home, and he had visited many of them in theirs. In the literary world of America the list includes, among others, for whom there is no room here—even for a single specimen,—Mrs Margaret J. Preston, the Virginia poet who wrote "Beechenbrook", "Cartoons", and "Colonial Ballads"; John Esten Cooke, novelist, poet and historian; Sarah Barnwell Elliott, novelist, whose stories "Jerry", "John Paget", and "The Felmeres" had a vogue in the later decades of the nineteenth century; John Randolph Tucker, statesman and writer on constitutional topics; Mrs Burton Harrison, who was before her marriage to Jefferson Davis's private secretary, Constance Cary, and was a great traveler and resident in European capitals and a writer with a number of novels to her credit; William Cullen Bryant, poet and editor of *The Evening Post*, whom he knew while Thompson was on the staff of that paper; Dr Weir Mitchell, famous neurologist, poet and novelist; Innes Randolph, the Virginian writer of verse; John Fox, Jr., whose stories of the Cumberland mountains won him

* Atlantic Monthly: December 1894; Wright's *Life of Pater*, vol. I, p. 216.

many friends among American readers of fiction; Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel" and other popular novels; John Kendrick Bangs, humorist, one-time writer on the staff of *Harper's Magazine*, and author of "A House Boat on the Styx" and "The Idiot"; E. W. Townsend, who delineated "Chimmie Fadden"; Dr Henry Van Dyke, writer of many books; James Whitcomb Riley; Thomas Nelson Page; Henry Sydnor Harrison, who wrote "Queed" and "V. V's Eyes"; James Branch Cabell, Virginian writer of mediaeval tales, poet and novelist; Owen Wister, grandson of Fanny Kemble and author of "The Virginian"; Amélie Rives, Princess Troubetskoy, novelist and poet; Edmund Clarence Stedman; John C. Ropes, the historian; Charles Francis Adams; Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes; Dr B. L. Gilderleeve; Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale; Worthington C. Ford, editor and author; ex-president and now Chief-Justice Taft, who wrote of him after his death as "one of my warmest friends",—the roll seems almost interminable.

Mrs Preston wrote to him in the Thompson times:

"Lexington, Va.

Dec. 28th, '70.

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"Accept my thanks for the graceful and hearty critique contained in the recent No. of *The Index*. Col. Preston, who is specially alive to compliments paid to his wife, was extremely gratified by it and booked the writer at once amongst his dearest friends.

"The notice in *The Saturday Review*, to which you make skilful allusion, had met my eye; and I own to a little honest pride in being able to trip up so stalwart a critic. He accuses me of being indebted for the suggestion of my 'Greek stories' to Lowell's 'Rhacus' and Lord Lytton's 'Tales of Miletus'. In my ignorance I never knew till thus informed that Lowell had written a poem called 'Rhacus'; and as for 'The Tales of Miletus', a portion of mine were written first, some of them dating back sixteen years ago. However I accept with all fortitude the comparison with such writers as Bryant, Whittier and Lowell, tho' (being a very spare reader on account of a weak optic nerve) I have never read Whittier or even Lowell much. 'The Cathedral' of the latter is delicious, but his earlier works I am ignorant of.

"With thanks for your kindness, believe me, my dear Mr. McCabe,

Most faithfully yours,

Margaret J. Preston.

"May I ask for a copy or two of the criticism that I may send it to some literary friends?"

In 1879 Mr Harper, whose son was a pupil at the University School in Petersburg, was busily writing to the Head-master about the Latin Dictionary, of which Harper & Brothers were then getting out a new edition under the editorship of Mr Charlton G. Lewis.

(From Joseph W. Harper, Jr.)

"Jan. 13, 1879.

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"We have finished the composition and electrotyping of our new Latin Dictionary, over 2000 pp., and hope to publish in the U. S. in April or May. The work will be printed in Oxford from duplicates of our plates and published simultaneously with the American edition.

"Will you prepare for us, for fifty dollars, an extended review of the work? Could you have it ready by April? And shall we send you sheets?

Yours truly,

J. W. Harper, Jr."

Those were days when although the school was steadily growing he was not averse to turning a penny with his pen, and the proposition of fifty dollars for the review of the Dictionary was welcome, as was the check for the work which he had recently done in the little volume of martial verse for "Harper's Half Hour Series", entitled "Ballads of Battle and Bravery", which accompanied Mr. Harper's letter in one from the publishing house:

(From Harper & Brothers)

"Franklin Square,
New York, Jan. 10, 1879.

"Dear Sir:

We enclose herewith our cheque for fifty dollars in payment for collecting and editing 'Ballads of Battle and Bravery'. Please to advise us of the receipt of the cheque.

Respectfully,

Harper & Brothers."

The book, the contents of which begin with Burns' "Bannockburn" and end with Austin Dobson's "A Ballad of Heroes", appeared the same year and is prefaced by the editor's "Note":

"The scope of this 'half-hour' with the heroes in song allows but a single poem from each author. Readers who may miss favorite ballads,—such as Scott's 'Bonny Dundee' or the stirring Cavalier ballads of Browning—must bear this in mind. Under this restriction the question of choice has not been without difficulty in more than one case. The arrangement has been mainly guided by the chronology of the events which form the subject of the poems."

Latin dictionaries and heroic ballads were both "in his line", and while the small "honorarium" in each case was agreeable he derived his chief pleasure in both review and little book from the congenial work which they afforded.

Again Mr Harper wrote about the Latin dictionary.

(From Jos. W. Harper, Jr.)

"Franklin Square,
New York, Feb. 7, 1879.

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"Many thanks for your excellent letter of the 5th, inst. Lewis is too good a scholar not to be grateful for competent criticism. I wish you would let me show him what you have written. I think it would please him. And you speak of him very kindly and respectfully, I am sure. He is under many obligations to Lane for corrections and suggestions and isn't afraid to incur them to any good scholar.

"I was strenuous about having the plate-proofs carefully read before we sent them to Oxford. We have shipped only to *commutabilis*, and Collard is now reading, and we are getting through at the rate of about a sheet (16 pp.) a day. Love to Will.

Faithfully, your obliged friend,

J. W. Harper, Jr."

After the publication of his "Defense of Petersburg" he met Mr John C. Ropes, who had been much interested in the address as a historian of the Civil War period. In 1880, while

on a trip to Boston, he wrote to his wife about a visit which he then made to Mr Ropes.

(To Mrs. McCabe)

“Union Club, Boston,
8 Park Street,
Sept. 10th, 1880.

“* * * I have been in the ‘Hub of the Universe’ but little more than an hour, but here I am writing to you.

“I left New York yesterday evening at 3½ o’clock in the ‘Bristol’ and was due here at 7 A. M., but owing to the strong head-wind, I was three or four hours behind time and reached Boston in a storm of wind and rain. Mr. Ropes’ white servant, James, met me at the station in a closed carriage, and we drove at once to Mr. Ropes’ house in Temple Street. Mr. R. had expected me at 7, and had invited Capt. Robins to breakfast with me at the club, but after long waiting gave it up and went to his office. I found a nice room all ready for me, a bath all prepared and servant to wait on me, who handed me three keys—one to Mr. Ropes’ library, night-latch key and key to the wine-closet. He said Mr. Ropes’ orders were that he should notify him at once of my arrival. He also handed me an invitation to the freedom of this Club for a month. Mr. R. soon came in and welcomed me most cordially, inquired after you and the children and particularly after ‘the Colonel’. We then came here, where he had a delicious breakfast ready for me, everything beautifully served. He has invited five or six gentlemen to meet me at dinner this evening at 6 o’clock, and Capt. Robins is to breakfast with us tomorrow morning. The outlook is certainly promising, and I do trust that my visit will be a pleasant one to him and me. I got a letter from Joe Harper this morning, forwarded from the White Sulphur. He wrote from Saratoga, but said he was about to start for Lake George and perhaps the White Mountains. He said Will was fishing and hunting on the Canadian frontier, but nothing more. If he does not return to New York, I shall stay there but a few days. Mr. R. says that I must stay a week with him, as he wants me to see everything.* * *”

His friendship for Ropes, for whom he entertained great admiration as a historian of accurate knowledge and dispassionate fairness in his treatment of the War, resulted in a frequent interchange of visits in which secession, and the campaigns of the

armies of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia in their various details were subjects of interested discussion; and until the death of Ropes in 1899, there was none of his intimate friends whom he regarded with a warmer affection than the author of "The Army under Pope" and of "The First Napoleon" and "The Campaign of Waterloo".

One of Ropes' earlier letters indicates the spirit of generosity and consideration in which their discussions of the War were conducted,—an attitude which increased the respect of each for the other and intensified their intimacy.

(From John C. Ropes)

"50 State Street,
Boston, Mass.
June 21st, 1887.

"My dear Captain:

"It is a very great pleasure to me to find you so pleased with my article on Secession. I think you have more than done me justice in what you say in regard to the temper and spirit in which I wrote it. It is certainly a very great thing gained if we can remove the controversy from the region of theory to the region of fact; and there, I think, is where we have really landed it.

"It is now nothing but a question of fact whether the thirteen states were or were not, prior to and at the time of their adoption of the constitution, thirteen independent nations. I am not in the least surprised at your differing from me on this question, and, in fact, I find comparatively few people who agree with me. Almost all the recognized authorities of the Northern side of the question fail to see the question as I see it, and the balance of opinion is undoubtedly in favor of the theory that the thirteen states were at the outset thirteen independent nations.

"At the same time I think the question has never been properly examined. The independence of each state from the control of the other states has, inadvertently, led our authorities, North as well as South, into the assumption that each state was a nation. According to my theory each state was independent and each state was sovereign; each state was distinct from all others; but together they constituted but one nation. But anyone can see how perfectly easy it is for the writer who assumes the several independence and sovereignty of each of the states to assume that each state was that political unity known to public law as a nation. Now this may have been the case, or it

may not have been the case; but, to my thinking, the history of the times has never been properly investigated with reference to the solution of this question.

"In the first place, the investigation should be conducted with entire dispassionateness. Whether Massachusetts was or was not, on the 5th of July 1776, a nation, is as much a question of fact as the question whether or not I am today a married man. It is a mere question of status. If the subject of inquiry were whether or not I was a married man on the 21st of June 1877, ten years ago today, it would be very absurd for me to talk about my right to get married having anything to do with the question. So, if the question were in regard to the status in 1860 of a negro man in the State of Virginia, whether or not he was a slave, that question should be considered entirely apart from his natural right to freedom, and, *a fortiori*, apart from his natural right to claim and assert his freedom against those who were controlling him.

"Now every civilized community must, in the nature of the case, be at any moment of time either a nation or a part of a nation. On the 3rd of July, 1776, Massachusetts was a part of a nation; what was she on the 5th of July, 1776? That is the question. I will not tire you by pursuing the matter further, except to say that I do not regard the opinion of individuals, even of such eminent individuals as Mr. Madison or Mr. Webster, as of any great weight in this discussion. The question, to my thinking, is what *was* the fact, not what people *thought* was the fact. Neither do I regard the mention of the different states by name in the treaty of 1783 as particularly material. The treaty was made between the thirteen states as a unit, and Great Britain. Great Britain had her agents and plenipotentiaries, and the thirteen states, as a unit, had theirs. The treaty was not signed by representatives from the thirteen states separately, but by representatives from the thirteen states as a unit.

"Nor do I consider the attitude of Rhode Island and North Carolina from 1787 to 1789 as having any material bearing on this question. What they were at the time when the convention met to frame the constitution of the United States, that,—and nothing but that, they were, during the time which they took to consider whether or not they would adopt the constitution. I am very far from saying that if Rhode Island had refused to adopt the Constitution, and had taken upon herself to exercise, for a sufficient length of time and in a sufficiently public and self-assertive manner, the powers and duties of a nation, and had been allowed to do so, she would not have become a nation; but, as a matter of fact she did not do all this.

"In conclusion let me ask you one question: if your people had succeeded in the late war, how many nations would have been added to the family of nations?

"I have sent you another copy of the *Monthly*.

"Wishing you a safe and prosperous journey, and with renewed thanks for your kind reception of my Secession article, I am always,

Affectionately yours,

J. C. Ropes.

"Love to Madame and the boys."

In a less serious vein is one of Ropes' latest letters.

"99 Mount Vernon Street,
Boston, 1 November, 1898.

"Dear Gordon:

"I have had a pretty steady influx of evening work ever since I left York, connected with putting my book through the press. What with the MSS. and the galley-proof and the plate-proof,—and, last but not least,—the 13 maps—I have had a lot of steady work, and as soon as it is all over I purpose taking some recreation.

"Now, would it be entirely convenient to Mrs. McCabe and you for me to run down to Richmond and stay a few days with you in the last half of this month? Of course, you will be perfectly frank with me; and don't have me unless it is perfectly convenient.

"With my love to Mrs. McCabe and the boys, and wanting very much to see you and them again, believe me always,

Affectionately yours,

John C. Ropes."

II.

An earlier acquaintanceship which, however, never grew into intimacy was that of R. H. Stoddard, whom John R. Thompson had made his literary executor. Thompson's poems were never published in book form during his life, nor did they appear in any collected shape until their publication, edited with a biographical introduction, by Mr John S. Patton, Librarian of the University of Virginia, in 1920. In this introduction Mr Patton says:

"I know, of my personal knowledge', Colonel McCabe avers in a letter to the writer, 'that he left complete copies, exquisitely done, of his poems, looking to their eventual publication. I saw

them, carefully done up in numerous packages, four years before Thompson died, all endorsed in his beautiful handwriting'. And Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard relates—confirming the statements of *The Home Journal*—that on the day of his death he sent for her husband, R. H. Stoddard, 'whom he made his executor, with full liberty to act according to his judgment in regard to the disposition of effects'. (*Lippincott's Magazine*, November, 1888).

"It is known that Mr. Stoddard delivered Thompson's library to Bangs, Merwin & Co., 656 Broadway, New York, who printed a catalogue of the books and autographs and offered these effects for sale on July 19 and 20, 1873. These the family directly and others acting for it later sought to recover, but Stoddard did not remember having received any. The testimony of *The Journal* and of Mrs. Stoddard seems to indicate that his memory was not good".*

Stoddard wrote McCabe the following letters during the month succeeding Thompson's death:

"Department of Docks,
346 & 348 Broadway,
New York, May 15th, 1873.

"My dear Sir:

"Our common friend the late John R. Thompson sent for me in the forenoon of the day he died, and made known to me, with the greatest difficulty, the disposition he wished to be made of his books. What troubled him most of all was the disposition of Thackeray's own copy of 'Henry Esmond' in three volumes. He dwelt upon it two or three times, as his mind sank and his breath weakened, but I succeeded in satisfying him that he was understood and that you should have it. He appointed me, *in articulo mortis*, his literary executor and dictated to me the paragraph: 'Among my books there is a copy of Henry Esmond (3 vols.) which I hereby give to Wm. Gordon McCabe, Petersburg, Virginia, with a request that he will write to Miss Annie Thackeray a long account of my last illness, and give her my love.' He added the last five words at my suggestion.

"Not to make a long story of it (it certainly is a painful one) I have your 'Henry Esmond' and await your order for it. Drop me a line and say if I shall send by express to your address. I don't like to send to Petersburg simply. When it reaches you, you would do me a favor, if you would have a photographic copy made of the author in his library, which serves as a sort of book-

* Patton: *Poems of John R. Thompson*, p. lx.

plate in the first volume, that is, if it could be made *distinct*. I wouldn't care to have it fainter than the original.

"Excuse haste and crooked English. I am busy with a thousand things. I shall let you know about the dead man's books soon. God rest him!

Sincerely yours,

R. H. Stoddard."

(From R. H. Stoddard)

"Dept. of Docks,
346-348 Broadway,
New York, May 23rd, '73.

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"I make time to say that you ought to receive 'Henry Esmond' by Monday. It goes to you today, *carefully packed*. You ought also to receive a note from the confidential clerk of James Miller, publisher, of this city, enclosing one of two duplicate receipts (as if there could be *three* duplicates!), and a line or two stating that it is sent at my request. I have taken all proper precautions to have it reach you safely. Please let me know when it reaches you, as I am naturally nervous about it, it was so dear to John and will be to you. I didn't have the study copied, for when I came to look at the face of W. M. T. with a microscope it seemed to be struck with death.

"More when J. R. T.'s books are catalogued: they are progressing in that direction.

Hastily yours,

R. H. S."

A more enlivening relationship developed in the next decade between McCabe and another New York poet, Edmund Clarence Stedman, which continued until the latter's death in 1908. Stedman was not only a poet and prose-writer of grace and distinction, but he excelled, as is illustrated in his correspondence with McCabe, in the rarer art of letter-writing.

(From E. C. Stedman)

"45 East 30th St.,
New York, Jan. 1st, 1885.

"My dear Sir:

"The poem of which I spoke to you last evening is said to have appeared in the Fredericksburg (Va.) *Gazette*, in the year 1784.

"It consists of five stanzas, musings in the graveyard where 'Edward Heldon', one of Shakespeare's pall-bearers, lies buried.

"Can you obtain for me answers to the following questions?

1. Was the poem contributed *originally* to the *Gazette*,—or copied by that paper?

2. Is it known who wrote it?

3. What general facts can be obtained as to its authorship, appearance, etc., and can I get the original and authentic text of the poem?

"One stanza (the only one I have seen) begins:

'For in the churchyard at Fredericksburg

Juliet seemed to love,

Hamlet mused, and old Lear fell,

Beatrice laughed, and Ariel,' etc. etc.

"Always with high regard,

Very sincerely yours,

E. C. Stedman."

(From E. C. Stedman)

"45 E. 30th St.,

New York, Jan'y 12th, 1885.

"My dear Prof. McCabe:

"Owing to various letters which reach me daily,—so many of them from goslings and amateurs,—it is such a pleasure to receive one so scholarly and professional as yours that I shall not delay my acknowledgment and thanks a single hour. But, in sooth, I am somewhat dismayed at the labors into which I have seduced you, so that I shall not have a clear conscience until you shall have given me a chance to render you an equivalent in kind—or out of kind, though a kind one it shall be!

"Having got into epistolary connection with a Mr. Eddy, who wrote the *Times* letter which has started us upon a fox-chase after what may prove to be an anise-seed bag, I soon discovered that *he* had been rushing newspaper copy with a most exemplary contempt for the law of evidence. Both instinct and experience assured me that the poem he cited was modern in measure, feeling and general treatment. So I was not surprised to alight upon it in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1870. It was composed by that clever writer, F. W. Loring; but the text in Eddy's letter is changed from the original, and in some respects really bettered. In either version it is a lovely and impressive poem.

"Therefore, you see, the lyric is of no use for the purpose in my mind—that of reprinting it, as of 1784, in the 'Library

of Am. Literature'. But I *shall* insert it, under 'Loring', in a much later volume of the series.*

"I incline, however, to the belief that the Heldon tombstone is a reality; that it actually may be found in either the St. George's yard or the 'Masonic Yard' at Fredericksburg. If so, the fact is most interesting and the relic valuable beyond price. I shall be vastly curious to hear of Mr. Fitzhugh's final report.

"My heart's desire, and my bodily longing for a recreation, would lead me to accept your hearty invitation, even if a pilgrimage to Petersburg were not undertaken by me, as you suggest, 'for conscience' sake'. But not even under the delightfully specious plea of duty can I desert my post here *this* winter. Should I get through this year and my book successfully, thereafter I shall be a free man, and verily I can think of no trip that would give me more pleasure than the very one you hospitably urge me to make.

"You confabulated with Tennyson? Few Americans have had that experience. At *vingt-ans* I would have gone on hand and knees to see him. And he is still to me the first of the Victorian Poets,—notwithstanding 'Becket' and the critics. But I have only room to say that I am

Gratefully and faithfully yours,
Edmund C. Stedman."

(From E. C. Stedman)

"45 East 30th St.,
New York, Feb. 10th, 1885.

"My dear Prof. McCabe:

"On two accounts I have not acknowledged hitherto your charming letter of 23rd ult.: 1. I have been trying to learn something of the genesis of Loring's poem; 2. Some guests have absorbed my time; to my personal pleasure, but greatly to the detriment of my literary and monetary interests.

"I wrote a long letter to F. W. Loring, asking him to tell me whether he had any 'basis of fact' for his lyric,—other than that best of all facts, 'the airy nothing' to which the poet gives a 'local habitation' (grave at Fredericksburg) and a 'name' (Heldon).

"The letter finished, I discovered (what, in fact, I once knew) that poor Loring had been dead for 13 years. Perforce, then, I addressed the letter to *Hades*, and enclosed it to Ben Ticknor, asking him to see some of the Boston Lorings and see

* For the poem referred to, which is entitled "In the Old Churchyard at Fredericksburg", see Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature*, vol. 10, p. 472.

if their advices from that region would throw any light on the subject. I suppose the mails must be retarded by the snow-blockade, for I have as yet received no answer,—and I will no longer postpone my thanks for your second letter with its enclosures.

“The *latter*, with your consent, I will retain for a while, as I yet may have a final word to say in print *in re* the Heldon hoax.

“Do you know that your penmanship, etc. singularly call to mind the letters I still cherish of the late Prof. Hadley, that calm, chaste scholar—that gentleman *sans peur et sans reproche*? You Grecians always have a minute and correct beauty in your written presentments.

“For the ensuing half-year, as I wrote you, I shall be engaged in a most absorbing campaign; trying painfully to finish a prose-work, and also to struggle out of a financial slough. If I live through it and become a free man, we can then talk about junkets at Petersburg or—Moro Castle. The loss of Conant still casts a gloom over your wonted resorts here. With renewed thanks,

Faithfully yours,

Edmund C. Stedman.”

(From E. C. Stedman)

“66 Broadway, New York,

April 2nd, 1885.

“My dear McCabe:

“I have had some trouble (‘many dogs there be’ who have troubles nowadays) since your note of February arrived, and haven’t had the heart to look after my correspondence. But certainly I should long ago, by every rule of friendship and courtesy, have enclosed you Mrs. Loring’s letter, which, as you see, gives the *coup de grace* to the moribund Fredericksburg hoax. It is plain that the whole myth grew out of Loring’s fanciful and melodious lyric.

“No: I do not believe that any one before you has pointed out the charming likeness between the passage in Euripides and the stanza you cite from Waller’s deathless song: ‘Go, lovely Rose’. Plainly the courtly and classical flatterer of princes and celebrant of Sacharissa was mindful of his Euripides. The coincidence between Waller’s and Gray’s verses is one that very likely has been noted a hundred times, but I don’t remember any printed reference to it.

“But, really, I never have had any aptness for following the ‘curious’ trails of literature. For the obligations of Tennyson

to the Sicilian idyls I made a special study—for specific use—but have had little time or fancy for persistent works of that kind.

“Under the influence of the malign genii, who are subjecting us here to death and disaster in every form, it seems as if ‘the whole Round Table were dissolved’. Trusting that things go better with you, who at least have the shade and sunshine, I am,

Faithfully yours,

Edmund C. Stedman.”

(From E. C. Stedman)

“66 Broadway, New York,

June 2, 1885.

“My dear Professor:

“Thanks for the return of the Loring letter. I ran across Clarence King the other day, and at once propounded to him your question, ‘who wrote “London Society”?’ He scouts the idea of its being Smalley or Herbert, and don’t think ’tis Jennings. Says it betrays woeful ignorance of many things. That the author certainly is not familiar with the best society, moral or depraved. Thinks it must be Escott, editor of the ————. I forget the name of the magazine, but of course you know. ‘Pour moi’, I’ve not read the book, but may do so in time.

“No: I am going nowhere this summer—shall stay right here and run my ‘Poetry of America’, now nearly finished, through Houghton’s press. In fact we have been compelled to rent our lovely country home, near Portsmouth, since no one will hire my city house.

“Farewell: you are about the only interesting school-master of my acquaintance; and I am,

Ever sincerely yours,

E. C. Stedman.”

(From E. C. Stedman)

“Office of E. C. Stedman,

No. 66 Broadway,

New York, Nov. 28th, 1885.

“My dearest McCabe:

“The superlative, of which according to Emerson, we should usually beware, is expressive in the present case of my gratitude for the autographic copy of your poem, and of my intensified affection for its author.

"'Thou indolent old man! Sing us again the songs of thy youth!' or, what is better, add a-many to them, and thou shalt have a supplementary chapter in a new edition of the 'Poets of America'.

"This romantic lyric, that is so really the feeling of our springtime (how old we felt then!), I have seen before. Where? The autographic text shall go into my private collection,—the printed counterpart, with your leave, into the 'Library of Am. Literature'.

"I said to the *Author's Club* committee substantially what you now write to me. I added that you soon would collect your best poems and sketches, etc. into a volume. It would not be right for you to 'let your backer tell a lie'. (*Vide* Moore's 'Your mother says, my little Venus', etc.) Mrs. Nelly says she soon will have the photo. for you of little Laura. All send warm regards. The sketch of your school in the *Atlantic* has made a marked sensation in scholarly and professional circles.

Faithfully y'rs,

Edmund C. Stedman."

(From E. C. Stedman)

"Office of E. C. Stedman,

Broker,

No. 66 Broadway,

New York, Jan. 6th, 1887.

"My dear McCabe:

"So busy are we, in the social duties of this season, that I really have to answer my private correspondence at my office or not at all,—and today this is the only paper at hand.

"I am honestly gratified to learn that there is even a chance of adding your able-bodied and able-minded personality, as a resident, to our increasing army of writers and scholars in New York. And to have you as daily comrade and confabulator would brighten *me* in spirit and action.

"If in any way I can lend a hand, as you suggest, be sure that I shall do so. Columbia can find no better Latinist, and no other Latinist whom I know of with half your taste and mastery of *belles-lettres*.

"I must tell you, however, something of my own limitations. It is surprising to find how few 'respectable' and influential New Yorkers I have the privilege of personally knowing. My haunts have been, I fear, rather Bohemian and Arcadian than Belgravian! Of all the Trustees you name I knew fairly well

only President Barnard, S. P. Nash, J. W. Harper, Jr., Geo. L. Rives. I used to know Dr. Agnew but haven't met him for years.

"However, I shall keep my ears open and speak a word in season if the slightest opportunity occurs.

"As you are eminently fitted for this position, nothing could please me better. If one of my own playmates were a candidate, of course I should, by that fact, if he were equally competent, view the matter from another point. I shall deliver your greetings to the household, with whom you are, as everywhere, a prime favorite.

Ever faithfully y'rs,

E. C. Stedman.

"This letter was written in the midst of men and affairs, but 'I mean well'."

(From E. C. Stedman)

"64 Broadway,
New York, March 11th, ('8?)

"My dear McCabe:

"Awfully good of you to give my P. of A. so nice a notice,—compactly and forcibly done: 'infinite riches in a little room'. Speaking of a little room reminds me that tonight is the *Author's Club* Fortnightly, and I wish you were to be there. Ben Ticknor is in town, and I take him there this evening. We are giving Conway a welcome-home in the shape of an open letter signed by various figure-heads, inviting him to deliver some lectures on London, England, Disestablishment, etc. etc. He will deliver four, early in April. I have lots of poetry in my head, but sorrow in my heart because I am too poor and busy to write it. And so my thanks again, and may the Lord be with you and yours. By the way, I was at Miss Pryor's wedding t'other day, and 'twas like being in Virginia!

Faithfully yours,

Edmund C. Stedman."

(From E. C. Stedman)

"44 East 26th St.,
New York, Oct. 23rd, 1888.

"My dear Pantagruel:

"Will you never realize that I can't get over to Brooklyn, except to an enemy's funeral at Greenwood, and am simply a gambler (and no fit companion for a gentleman and scholar)

when on 'Change'. That you should come up to *this house*, and see Stedman the Scribe, when you make your trips to New York. Here are swipes and tobacco, and

Here shall *you* see

No enemy;

not even in 'Winter and rough weather'.

"I have obtained a letter by Maria Clemm. What I want now is something autographic by the late Mr. John Allan, of Richmond, Poe's foster-father, and especially a letter of Virginia Clemm Poe—his poor little wife. On Sunday I saw in the Fordham cottage the narrow little room in which she died. I have recently got a big prize, a MS. poem by the redoubtable Chivers! Well, help me if you can, and come and see us at all events.

Faithfully yrs,

E. C. Stedman."

(From E. C. Stedman)

"66 Broadway,
New York, Dec. 14th, 1888.

"My dear McCabe:

"In view of my postman's daily fusillade, the only letters I really am glad to welcome are the few which come from such Arcadians as the Master of Petersburg. *Can't* I sympathize with you in the overslaughting of your *belles-lettres* 'diversions' by the routine of daily obligations! If not I, who then? While planning at least one work (such as your ideal and suggested *Life of Poe*) before rising from bed each day, I have performed exactly 37 lines of verse—one little poem—since last May. Meantime I have given nearly 300 free 'consultations', have nearly kept up with my correspondents, and have brought out six vols. of the *Lib. Am. Lit.*,—have had scarcely any income, and have lived the Lord knows how. No: I am Casaubon, and always in the *middle march*. *Voila!* Your letter causes me remorse, for I, last of all, should add to the handicap of a brother scholar. I certainly never dreamed of moving you to make an Anabasis to Richmond for Allan's autograph—but thought it best to remind you of my needs, so that any time when you might chance upon the presence of an Allan letter, or by some divine chance, of one of Virginia Clemm's notes, you might plead or steal or purchase in my behalf. We were going to run away a few days over Christmas, but probably shall be here, after all, to welcome you, as we have received notice that some friends are coming to visit us. I suspect there is something more than Anglomania in the

Yule-tide skedaddle of the New Yorkers. It is their one chance for a rest during the 'season'—of which latter the wear and tear has become almost intolerable. All the world comes to New York, and the pressure is greater each year—as the country grows. So the New Yorkers try to steal their holiday, d'ye see? But, whenever *you* come along, one is glad he has to stay in town.

"Hoping, then, speedily to greet you, I am,
Faithfully y'rs,

E. C. Stedman.

"I hope you'll get that colonial essay out soon, as I wish to examine it. We are nearing your date in the L. A. L. Do read my Buccaneer poem in Dec. *Harper's*, and see Pyle's fine picture."

(From E. C. Stedman)

"44 East 26th, St.,
N. Y., Saturday Ev'g.
Jan. 11th, '90.

"My dear Gordon McCabe:

"I am glad indeed that one of my Gryphon-mounted friends is riding into Life instead of Death. Funeral after funeral has summoned me of late. I know the burial-service by heart. It is good to know that you, like poor Hood, now

'Smell the rose above the mould!'

"But I can't go to see you. My wife has bronchial fever. I have engaged to be at home to Prof. Hardy, Paul Blouët and Miss Kimball tomorrow. Monday I must be at the dentist's, and—I am ill myself. And I have overdue engagements next week, and must work all night to catch up with our printers. If you were *in extremis*, I should go to you. Don't think hard of me. I am *in extremis rebus*—or *in rebus extremis*—myself.

Affectionately y'rs,

E. C. Stedman."

(From E. C. Stedman)

"137 West 78th St.,
New York, March 2nd, 1892.

"Dear Gordon McCabe:

"That was a large order you gave me, d'ye see? and I well know that if I do wait until next summer, 'twill never be filled at all. All that I have is thine; ask of me what thou wilt, even to the half of my kingdom. Moreover, am I not proud to have you care for my Old Admiral? Copying it for you, last night I read it for the first time in years, and decided that the young

man who wrote it in 1869 chucked a good deal of poetry 'into it'. And yet it is not a roundel, nor a chante-royal, nor a villanelle, nor a pantoum—no, not even a triolet. Yet I would I could write another thing no better, as a companion-piece, 1892. Mark you: this poem was composed before ten years of *letter-writing*—not to such peers as you, but to the persistent dullards, the sodden Hessians, the grown-up infants, upon whose skulls Pope's mid-wife laid her hand—had killed all the imagination and blunted all the zest of your poor old friend's once 'tricksy spirit'. I see, in this my new acquaintance with the enclosed poem that one short strophe recalls the cadences and feeling of your friend, Lord Tennyson. Well, well! However, a young man is not *far* wrong, when he knows whom to model after. And now, my dear Gordon of the Gordons (and I am of that ilk—at least my grandma was), I found your exquisite letter,—payment in advance for these presents—upon my return from a lurid and kaleidoscopic month of lecturing, dining, annual meetings, club-receptions, in the Quaker City. Terrapin? I am simply reptilian and oviparous. Being the only foreigner there, at the season's height, they killed many fatted calves for me, and I had, one may say, *my* 'innings', after serving as bottle-holder *here* for all new-comers for the past score of years. I got through without a break,—kept every engagement,—was in perfect voice,—wound up with a big reception to E. C. S. at the stately old Art Club and a swell little dinner of my own to fifteen gentlemen who had been kind to me: Furness, Weir Mitchell, etc.—One is delighted with Dr. Butler's translations,—i. e. if 'one' be not Andrew Carnegie: I never see Tennyson rendered into Latin without feeling that he is the English Vergil *plus* Horace. Butler's version is pure, sonorous, pathetic. As for the Greek elegiacs, they are simply wonderful. How do these Trinitarians manage to do it? I suppose, as Brummell tied his cravats, by giving their whole time to it. Since I can't have the printed text, you have endowed me with something better: you have dipped your own laurel in the wine, and laid it thrice upon my lips—these favored lips of mine. And am I not gratefully and faithfully yours?

Edmund C. Stedman.

"This indestructible Japanese paper was made for me at the imperial factory in Tokio, by order of my friend Kagio. Fact!"

The envelope containing this letter—also made of the "indestructible Japanese paper"—bears the address: "W. Gordon McCabe, Esq., (Sometime Captain of Artillery). In the Trenches,

(or elsewhere). Petersburg, Virginia". The allusion of the address is to his poem "Dreaming in the Trenches".

(From E. C. Stedman)

"64 Broadway,
New York, April 12th, 1892.

"My dear McCabe:

"I have been trying to get a chance to answer your charming letter. Am still weeks behind hand. Today I have in despair brought many letters to my office, for too brief replies.

"It is a pride and a pleasure to read your words about the poem I copied for you.

"And now, *in re* the proposed lectures. Well do I appreciate the quality of the University of Va., and honor carried by a lectureship there. But I have left the collegiate lecture field forever. My courses have been an episode. As you know, it has been over a year since I have written prose or poetry upon theme of my own choosing. I have engagements and plans for years to come. I wish to write, henceforth, and not to write letters nor to lecture. I could not deliver lectures on the Victorian Poets without serious preparation,—nor can I take on new (however delightful) entanglements and acquaintanceships. *Retro, Sathenas!* even though thou comest, as now, in the guise of an Angel of Light.

When you next visit N. Y., come to see me, and I will tell you various things. * * *

Faithfully always,

E. C. Stedman.

"Do tell me about Percy Greg's 'The Ninth of April'."

(From E. C. Stedman)

"Lawrence Park,
Bronxville, N. Y. (1898?)

"My dear McCabe:

"Judge Howland, President of the New England Society, whom you well know, and Mr. William E. Dodge, Chairman of the Dinner Committee, have directed me to wrestle with you on the subject of your making *this* the year for your utterance as a guest and spokesman at our approaching and annual banquet (December 22nd, 'Forefathers' Day'). As 2nd Vice President of the N. E. Society and a member of the special committee, I have directed myself to do the same.

"Now, I am no Jacob just now, and in poor condition for an all-night wrestling-bout, so, although I wish you to be an angel in this matter, don't touch me on the hollow of the thigh—that is, don't refuse, as I charge you for both your own sake and that of the Yankees.

"It will be the same every year. You will always say you 'can't this year'. That means merely that one doesn't choose to make a wrench. Leave Dotheboys Hall in its own charge and come. I am writing this with a neurasthenic hand and thumping heart, and if you put off your visit until another year, you'll not find us *all* here to greet you.

"Of course we don't expect to have the most classical and Thackerayan of Virginian patriots to visit us and go away without an obolus. Howland and I are to see that all your expenses are paid, and that you leave with an honorarium in your pistol-pocket.

"It is sometime since the South has had a noteworthy spokesman at the New England Dinner, and this, you know, is our *annus mirabilis*. Come on, and make it *admirabilis* (to speak after the fashion of I. Maccaroni).

"I first presented your name two years ago to the Committee. Since then, I believe, you and our beloved Howland have become friends. We both have promised our friends that this year you *will* come.

Affectionately yours,

E. C. Stedman."

In the late winter of 1898-1899, while on a visit to New York, McCabe slipped on the ice and broke an ankle. In consequence, he was confined to his room at his hotel for more than six weeks. It is this accident to which Stedman alludes in the following letter.

(From E. C. Stedman)

"Lawrence Park,
Bronxville, N. Y.

26 February, 1899.

"My dear McCabe:

"I thought that note from Miss Boulton would prove 'an effectual calling', as we say in our 'New England Primer'. It is too bad to waylay 'the man with the broken' ankle; but when I saw how gloriously your spirit triumphed over breaks and bones

at the Chelsea, I determined, if I did not shortly hear from you, to give you another prod.

"In spite of the fair nurses who had you in their keeping, I am glad to think of you as at home again, with just enough disability to give you a good excuse for lying on a couch and re-reading 'The Virginians'. But I must be brief tonight and will only say that I agree with you in adhering to our common judgment of ten years ago. 'Christmas Night of 'Sixty Two' and 'Dreaming in the Trenches' are certainly the best of your poems which I know, and each of them is on the whole better suited to my 'Anthology' than even the fine elegy on Pegram, effective as that is. The manuscript of this elegy I shall forthwith confiscate somewhat as a deodand for the enrichment of my own autographic collection. Those of 'Waiting' and 'Only a Memory' are too 'precious' for me to retain, but I am none the less delighted with them: they give me such a sense of youth—a very callow youth—a youth so much younger than that of Owen Meredith, who furnished the legend for one of them. Ah! those dear fledgling Meredithian days! It is pathetic in the extreme to find this aged songster, born in 1841, and writing of the old love after 'long years of pain' in July, 1861. No adjective less than tragic applies to this minstrel's condition, still in camp two years later, with his 'Aurora fading into gray', and 'deeper furrows in his brow'. Alack, my dear boy! you and I have both learned the worth of life, and been through many cycles of youth and age since then. And you were just beginning a new one, which has been brought to merely a temporary halt by that slippery Manhattan curbstone.

"Get well as fast as you can, and go on with the play, and
Believe me, young and old,
Always faithfully yours,

Edmund C. Stedman.

"P. S. I ought to say that the charming and original phrase 'serious sweetness' in 'Only a Memory' is years more mature than the rest of the pretty lyric, and ought not to be lost.

"As for 'poets writing old in youth', as Mrs. Browning says, look at one of my earlier poems called 'Rosemary', and hit back at me as hard as you choose."

IV.

At the University Club in New York where he was "a toast" on "story-telling nights" he formed many friendships with scholars and literary men. Among these was Professor Thomas

R. Lounsbury of Yale University. In 1896, an epistolary correspondence began between them, which continued at frequent intervals as long as Lounsbury lived. As their friendship waxed stronger the Yale Professor became a frequent visitor in his friend's house in Richmond, and McCabe no less frequently visited him at New Haven; while, at intervals, they saw much of each other abroad. This correspondence was conducted on "terms of high facetious familiarity" and badinage, and shows in its humorous robustiousness an interesting side of their intimacy.

(From T. R. Lounsbury)

"New Haven, April 19, 1896.

"My dear McCabe:

"I address you by the name by which you are called by mortals: if I knew the title which is used in the more immediate social heaven to which you belong, I should have employed that. I don't object to any address to myself save that of LL. D. For God's sake, never put it on another letter. A number of us once got together and vowed that we should never take any other degree but A. B. But to our horror we found one year on opening the new catalogue that we had all been made A. M.'s without our knowing it by the cursed corporation. As our virtue was gone, it made no difference afterwards what further fortune might subject us to, but don't fancy I have any fondness for such fripperies.

"I went to Prof. Seymour who has general charge of the entrance examination in conjunction with two others, whom I shall see subsequently. Seymour said your boys had better come on here for examination. * * *

"I think you are inclined to be a little too hard on B It was Lord John Russell, I believe, who would not have hesitated to take command of the Channel Fleet at a moment's notice in case of invasion, and B had the same peculiarity. There is a good deal that is good in such a disposition, however, as well as bad.

"I shall hope to see you here some time. Have you ever been to New Haven? When you do, we shall try to make Rome howl.

Sincerely yours,

T. R. Lounsbury."

The following year Yale University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Letters; and he went on to New Haven to receive it and stayed with Lounsbury. In the meantime they were writing to each other on various literary topics.

"I am trying" (wrote Lounsbury, May 10, 1896) "to prepare a graduate course of lectures on Tennyson and his times, as I told you; and I am a good deal impressed, when it comes to details, with the conflicting nature of human testimony. All the latest authorities declare that while the 'Poems by Two Brothers' was published in 1827, according to the title page, Tennyson himself declares that it was published in 1826. So Dr. Van Dyke puts it down for that year. Accordingly I went through a weary search of the advertisements in the English papers for those years, and find that it was advertised as coming out at the end of April, 1827, as it appears in the list of new books early in May in the then leading literary weekly. I am inclined to think that Alfred was off his base in his statement. Again, the book is advertised as an octavo: it is certainly duodecimo, as we now reckon such sizes. Again, in the reprint of 1893, Frederick Tennyson, in an introductory letter, or rather quotation from a letter says: 'The initials are right as appended to my *four* poems.' His initials are appended to *three* poems. What the devil is one to think of the human race under such circumstances? I have been long satisfied that not one tenth of the harm and trouble in the world is caused by actual lying, as there is by the statements of people who think they think they are telling the truth."

July 19, 1896, he wrote:

"Utterly worn out with these examinations—there were 600 for the Freshman class,—I started out to take a course of novel reading, but becoming disgusted with the moderns I got a bibliography of Thackeray and am reading every thing he ever published in the order of its appearance. By Jingo, he is a bigger man than I thought he was,—and I never thought small beer of him.

"I shall stay here and work while you are disporting yourself among the 'effete monarchies' of Europe. But just now I am thinking of going over next summer, and if I do I shall spend a full year. Give my love to the Prince of Wales!"

Again (March 28, 1897) Lounsbury writes:

"I am lecturing away on Tennyson and his contemporaries, and have a class of forty graduate students. It is only the be-

ginning of a series with which in the course of a year or two I hope to cover the whole Victorian era, and there are matters connected with it I should like to talk to you about. So far everything has been merely written on pads with a pencil, so as to enable me to add, subtract and interline at pleasure. But a letter is not sufficient for the ample leisure to discuss the points I wish with you. Alas! the translations into Latin would be of little service to me.* * *

(Lounsbury to McCabe, May 30, 1897)

"Howland, whom I hardly know, met me on the college-square, and told me that he had proposed your name for a degree, and said that the President would doubtless consult me on the matter. I need not tell you that I was delighted, and assured him that whatever I could do that was wanted would assuredly be done.* * *

(Same to same, June 6, 1897)

"I am delighted that you are going to be here at commencement.

"* * * I want you to give me as much time as you can. * * * I suppose that at the Alumni dinner you will have to speak,—but if you can't eat your dinner in consequence you'll not lose anything."

(Same to same, June 27, 1897)

"Do try to reach here as early Tuesday as you can. There are express trains running from New York to New Haven at every hour of the day, and oftener. * * *

"What you tell me about the University of Virginia is interesting exceedingly. I am anxious to talk with you about it. Come up as early as you can squeeze the time."

McCabe spoke at the Alumni dinner after the conferring of the degree; and Lounsbury wrote to Mrs McCabe of the occasion.

"New Haven,
July 1st, 1897.

"Dear Mrs. McCabe:

Your husband is just on the point of going this morning. We wish he could stay a month. But I send you this short note to let you know that at the Alumni dinner yesterday there were

a number of good speeches made, but that W. Gordon easily out-classed all the other speakers. He 'flocked' all by himself, and there was but one opinion as to the interest and excellence of what he said; and as that was an opinion you might be glad to hear, I take the liberty of sending it to you.

Very sincerely yours,
T. R. Lounsbury."

That summer he and Lounsbury were both in England, and saw each other more than once. Of the long array of Lounsbury's letters, there is room here for only a few. On January 27, 1902, he writes:

"I have just finished today the manuscript of my volume on Shakespeare and Voltaire, and after going over it thoroughly I shall take it to the publishers about the middle of February, when I have to go to N. Y. to address the Phi Beta Kappa Society. My previous volume, though out in October, was never delivered to the press till the end of December, and I am afraid that I am not going to have a chance, as I had hoped, to reply to attacks. This summer I am expecting to go to Europe to do some work on my next. Are you going to be over?"

(From T. R. Lounsbury)

"New Haven, Nov. 24, 1904.

"My dear old unsanctified Episcopalian:

"* * * I have no news to communicate, save that I am working like the devil, but unfortunately not so effectively. I deliver a series of eight lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston during January-February next, and the preparation of these in addition to my other duties has gradually had the effect of making even the grasshopper seem a burden. By the way, I wrote a sketch of Charlie Warner's life for the uniform subscription edition of his works they are now publishing. It was not long—less than forty pages—but it was painful to have to correct Charles's own statements in regard to his life—that is, date him properly, etc.

"* * * What are you doing these days? I purpose to get out of this cursed instruction business in a year or so, and then I am going to live cleanly like a Christian, and leave the future hope of the land to be taken care of by men who are not sufficiently aged to see the folly of it. Remember me to that

good and true Presbyterian, your wife, whose virtues in a measure atone for your sins, and believe me, Old Hoss,

Sincerely yours,

T. R. Lounsbury."

(From T. R. Lounsbury)

"New Haven, March 19, 1904.

"Dear McCabe:

"* * * Your little adventure reminds me of one of my own. For about twenty years I have agreed to get out an edition of 'The House of Fame'. At last under repeated proddings I went to work, and against every one of its lines I wrote out the form I thought it ought to have. I spent no end of time in collecting all the existing texts and reprints of the manuscripts. It was an awful job which I finished just before leaving for Europe the last time—two years ago nearly. When I came back and was about to take it up, the whole d—— collection had disappeared, nor has search high or low revealed it from that day to this. It is too much to do a second time, and I am satisfied that the text of that poem will never be put on a perfectly satisfactory basis, of course. These light afflictions, however, will work out a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. That is a remark from a work with which you are unfamiliar, but it is nevertheless true. Even sinful as you are, you can receive the benefit of its consolation.

Sincerely yours,

T. R. Lounsbury.

"P. S. I have been studying up somewhere the history of a construction,—exemplified by such a phrase as 'he was given a book'—from its first appearance in the 12th century to the present time. I had supposed it peculiar to the English: but it so chanced that in looking over the Latin grammar which Milton prepared, I found under 'Construction of Passives' the following:

'Sometimes an accusative of the thing is found after a passive as *Coronam Olympia*. Hor. Epistle 1. *Cyclopa movetur*. Hor. for *salat* or *egit*. Purgor bilem? Id. (Blot: damn!)

"Now this is doubtless a very old tale to you, but to me it was new. Sometime when you have leisure—there is no hurry about it—I wish you would let me know if it is the same sort of construction which I have indicated above in English, and if so, whether it was frequent even in poetry. T. R. L."

(From T. R. Lounsbury)

"New Haven, July 4, 1906.

"Dear McCabe:

"You are a disappointing wretch, and you'll certainly come to a bad end for missing the day-sweats I would have given you on the steamer.

"I have been appointed delegate for Yale University to the 400th Anniversary of the University of Aberdeen, and shall have to go to that Northern region about the end of September. Beyond that I have not the least idea as yet of what I shall do or where I shall go.

"I haven't the least idea who the F. G. F. and H. W. F. are, and have not seen the book, but if certain of the criticisms it makes are fairly reported, it is clear that these gentlemen belong to the linguistically half-baked—a breed with which England seems to abound, if possible, more than this country. If so, it is not particularly creditable that a University press should publish, and to such an extent sanction such a work. * * *

Sincerely yours,

T. R. Lounsbury."

(From T. R. Lounsbury)

"The Royal Hotel,
53 Princess Street, Edinburgh,
September 23, 1906.

"My dear McCabe:

"* * * Again visiting Edinburgh I am more than ever confirmed in my belief that it is the most romantically beautiful city in the world.

"I did not tell you that I went up to Bushey to dine with the Maharajah who has been lately travelling the U. S. and who was anxious to consult me on the subject of education generally and that of his son in particular, he evidently having no confidence in English guides, and further wanting to come to the ultimate source of all enlightened information. I acceded to his request and illuminated him on what he was to do in India generally, and what should be done with his boy, who now having spent five years at Harrow must go to an American fitting-school in order to enter an American college, which is his destiny. Further, this week I am to hobnob with the King—all England seems to be coming up to Aberdeen on purpose to see him—and further, I have received a long and affectionate letter from President

Roosevelt. Under these circumstances it has become with me a matter of serious consideration whether I can with propriety consort any longer with Colonels, or similar white-trash. I have been turning this very carefully over in mind, striving to reconcile the conflicting claims of affection and duty. I have come now to the temporary conclusion that I can condescend to converse with you, if I faithfully carry out my resolution—to use our beloved Billy's language—of quenching your familiarity with an austere regard of control,—you, in turn, to preserve the awe and deference due to the companion of princes, and above all not break in upon the words of wisdom I am imparting with your damnable interruptions.

"The weather here has been magnificent. I will write again from Aberdeen about my movements after we get through. You had better go with me to Italy.

Affect'y Yrs,

T. R. Lounsbury."

In 1908, after his return from a trip to the West Indies and Panama, Lounsbury wrote to McCabe:

(From T. R. Lounsbury)

"New Haven, April 18, 1908.

"My dear old Reprobate (with a big R):

"* * * You ought to have been with me on my trip. Even I was surfeited with darkies, with my natural love for them as a Black Republican, as I was wont to be called 'befo' de Wah'. But it would have done my soul good to see you writhe as you noted cullud gentlemen talking freely with English gentlemen, sitting at the same table with them, drinking together and discussing all things in heaven above and earth below, and giving you in general the impression that on the whole the darky was the better of the two. I should have had an unholy joy, of which your defection deprived me. I had five delightful days on the Isthmus, and there is no question that there is going on the greatest work in the digging line which has ever been undertaken by mortal man. The Suez Canal is the merest sort of a flea-bite to it. I have always been accustomed to say that the charge of Pickett's division on the third day at Gettysburg was the biggest thing I had ever seen or ever expected to see: but the charge on the Culebra cut beats even it. I conceived the highest respect for the American army officers who were leading it.

Yours affectionately,

T. R. Lounsbury."

(From T. R. Lounsbury)

"New Haven, May 18th, 1909.

"Dear McCabe:

"Your screed, as godless as it is senseless, has just come to hand. I sent you in my letter the prices at which all the rooms were offered. Can't you read, or are you unable to perform a simple sum in arithmetic? Get Major Venable to help you in deciphering common words and reading common figures. I trust when the present generation of old Virginia mossbacks have been swept from the earth, they will be succeeded by persons of average intelligence. It is however only a hope, it is not really an expectation.

"I communicated your maundering to the agent. He says that in the room there is a sofa-bed which can be used by a third person if desired, and on it you can deposit your miserable carcass. The upper berth can accordingly be dispensed with. He declares it to be large and comfortable, as he has seen the room himself: but I do not vouch for the truth of it. But there are a few single rooms on the vessel, and their prices and location you can see in the little book I sent you. Major Venable will perhaps take pity on you, and help you to make out where they are and the price. Extend to him my condolences on his present unfortunate situation in having to look after one of the mentally lacking. Your failing intellect, however, leads me to love you more, as I always had a soft spot for the intellectually incurable.

Yours affectionately,

T. R. Lounsbury."

(From T. R. Lounsbury)

"New Haven, Nov. 6, 1910.

"Misguided Youth:

"For the past three or four days I have been struggling in an agonizing way with an ulcerated tooth, and fortunate it is—and I trust will be—that it is not coincident with my visit to Virginia. Your state would have been so thoroughly devastated that you would have prayed—that is, those of you who managed to survive—for the return of the old carpet-bagger days, for they would have seemed blessed by comparison. No 'Southron'—I believe the very haughty among you are so entitled, at least by themselves—would have been permitted to live. Richmond would have been in flames. The tobacco warehouses would have all gone up in smoke. Painful as in some ways it might be to my feelings, duty inflamed into vigor by this devilish tooth would

have forced me to suspend you from the lamp-post nearest to your residence with the legend inscribed on your grinning corpse: 'Go to hell, my dear boy, and try to induce Lazarus to let you mount the water-wagon you so disdained on earth.' But if my tooth continues on the mending pace, all this will be spared you and your fellow-sinners.

"Of course I shall be delighted to accept your invitation; but do you insist on being present yourself at your own home while I am staying there? Can I expose my pure unspotted soul to the unhallowed associations which will thereby be forced upon me?—especially as I am to meet ladies. Would it not be well for you to leave your house while I am there and put up at the Jefferson? I throw this out as a suggestion: how you take it will naturally depend on the sensitiveness of your moral nature. You have been so long away from me that it may have become even more callous than ordinary.

"I am not going to say a word about Browning in Richmond. They, of course, haven't heard of an author so late there. I go back appropriately to the ninth century, and shall be deeply religious—a state of mind you can not comprehend, being an Episcopalian.

"By the way, how long does it take to get to Richmond from Charlottesville? I get through some time Friday the 18th, but whether in the morning, noon or evening, I don't know. They very likely will run me out of town at once, but I don't know precisely the hour of their deliverance or my departure. I suppose the telegraph is by this time in use in your state.* * *

Affectionately yrs.,

T. R. Lounsbury."

In the month of November, 1910, Lounsbury delivered four lectures at the University of Virginia, under the Barbour-Page Foundation of that institution, on "The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning", and it was in anticipation of going from Charlottesville to visit McCabe in Richmond that the foregoing letter was written. On this visit he lectured before the Woman's Club there, and in another letter described the subject of his lecture.

(Lounsbury to McCabe, Nov. 9, 1910)

"It is the story of the so-called 'Durham Book', the chief authority for the Northumbrian Dialect of Anglo-Saxon: it is a Northumbrian version of the gospels. It is a beautiful MS. in

the British Museum, and a devilish eventful career it has had since it was written in the 8th century. Of course it is largely the story of the men who had it in their possession. * * *

(Lounsbury to McCabe, Nov. 27, 1911)

"* * * I have read of late a novel called 'Queed', which the publishers sent me. I told them that usually in reading the 'best sellers' I found it was I who had been sold much more than the book. This was an exception. The work I thought very good indeed, and I am wondering whether you know anything of the author, Henry Sydnor Harrison. One would fancy him a resident of Richmond. The development of the myths about the War goes on apace, I see, in the South. By this time three hundred years hence, it will be fairly believed then that we outnumbered you fifty to one. I was up at Geneva, N. Y., in the 28th Congressional district, when I came across in this book the solemn statement that in the South every dwelling sent forth its man, while in the North it was about one to a village. What a devil of a number of villages we must have had. The congressional district from which I came myself sent forth from its population at least five fully equipped regiments to my knowledge, and parts of several more, and they were the very flower of the region, too: and there are very few families that did not lose a man. Yet you people still persuade yourself that the Northern army was made up of foreigners,—God have mercy on your souls! But if you know who this man is, tell me about him. He ought to do good work yet, if he is now young.

"I trust my lectures on Browning are good and if you think well of them I am pretty confident they must be, for sadly as you err in your life-conduct, in letters and scholarship I have regretfully to confess that you are sound. * * *

This "delicious fooling" came to an end with Lounsbury's death a few years prior to that of his friend and correspondent; and on the envelope of one of the large budget of letters that marked their intimacy, bearing the date "March 4, 1915", is inscribed in McCabe's handwriting: "The last letter I ever received from dear old Tom Lounsbury".

In a not dissimilar vein of jocosity was the language of other associates, who like himself believed with Carlyle that "humor is the only test of gravity" and that a subject which will not bear raillery is suspicious. In the lighter moments of friendship and

of correspondence with friends who were intimates, he indulged the spirit of jest and fun with utmost enjoyment, and his talk bubbled with it. Another of these jesting friends, who though an American, was his associate chiefly in England, where he was then living and working at a time long preceding McCabe's first acquaintance with Lounsbury, was the artist, Edwin A. Abbey. Their friendship began in the period of his earlier visits abroad, and they were frequently together in London and in Paris. Abbey was then doing his famous illustrations for *Harper's Magazine*, and one of McCabe's cherished possessions was a pen and ink drawing of "Sir Roger De Coverley" which the artist gave him, with the inscription: "We can draw better than this when we try. Edwin A. Abbey." Beneath this, McCabe wrote later: "This was drawn in 1879 by Edwin A. Abbey (now a Royal Academician) and given to me by him in that year. ('Sir Roger De Coverley'?)"

CHAPTER XIX.

AGAIN ABROAD.

I.

IN 1895, he removed the University School from Petersburg to Richmond, taking the house, No. 405 East Cary Street, where he continued to reside until the year preceding that of his death. Here the school was conducted until its close in 1901, when having by hard work, thrift and judicious investment accumulated an ample estate, he retired to enjoy the leisure which he subsequently gave to his studies, his books, his friends, his travels and to the manifold things of life in which he never lost interest.

One of his earlier pupils, Dr H. R. McIlwaine, the scholarly State Librarian of Virginia, wrote of him in 1922:

“Not long after he closed his school in Richmond I happened to see him, and naturally expressed my regret that he should give up such important work so early in life. His reply was somewhat as follows: ‘I have given up teaching in order to have the time to learn something myself, for I am in reality an ignorant man’. When I demurred that it was not possible to induce one of his ‘Old Boys’ to assent to this estimate, he said: ‘Of course I always knew enough to teach you boys, but the fact is that I am an ignorant man and I rejoice that it is possible for me to spend the latter part of my life in real study’.”

Dr. McIlwaine's comment on this statement of his former teacher was that it “illustrated both his modesty and his love of learning.”

The building on East Cary Street, a three-storeyed brick structure with a basement, stands on the south side of Cary, one door east of Fourth Street. It had been built a few years before he first occupied it by Major Lewis Ginter, the well-known cigarette manufacturer of the firm of Allen and Ginter, for his own residence; and was taken over by McCabe under a long lease for the purposes of his school, and with the erection

of dormitories in the yard at the rear it afforded ample accommodation both to house his family and the school. The three communicating rooms, on the left of the hall entrance, contained all of his large library except the "working" part of it, which consisted of his classical and reference-books and his "Virginiana", that were shelved in his "study" on the right of the hall where he had his desk and entertained his friends and did his writing. In the hall itself and along the broad stair case leading to the bed-rooms above, the walls were adorned with autographed engravings and photographs which had been presented to him by distinguished friends; but the feature of the house which always most forcibly struck even the casual visitor was the books. Three or four cases of these, on castors, so that they might easily be slid through the front door and down the steps in case of fire, stood in later years at the extreme end of the hall near the entrance. These contained his most precious autographed volumes that had been presented to him by his literary friends and acquaintances. There were hundreds of presentation copies in the library and hall inscribed with the signatures of the authors. They covered a wide range of subjects and ran from the handsome complete edition of the works of the Laureate, with the writing "To W. Gordon McCabe from Tennyson", to the latest books of the English and American writers of fiction, essay and biography.

The mansion is within a few minutes walk of the Westmoreland Club at the corner of Sixth and Grace Streets and of the building of the Virginia Historical Society on East Franklin Street, which had been the residence of General Lee during the years of the Confederacy: while a little further to the east is the State Library in the Capitol Square. Of the Club and the Historical Society he was at times President; and the State Library with its great collection of books and historical manuscripts was one of his favorite haunts.

Within the hospitable walls of 405 East Cary he entertained, even while the school was still in existence, innumerable guests from many parts of America and Europe; and so far-reaching were his friendships and acquaintanceships that few men or women

of distinction in any of the various walks of life came to Richmond who did not bring letters of introduction to him if they did not already know him, and to none of them did he fail to give hospitable welcome under its roof-tree.

None came without pleasant experiences of a Virginia hospitality that was of the old fashion and the old standards, and none went without unforgettable memories of their experiences. Even when they were bidden and came not, many testified their regrets in a manner that was indicative of the cordiality of the invitation extended them.

After the end of the University School he was "foot-loose" to go or come; and so strong was the lure of England, his "second home", as he called it, that no year passed until that succeeding the breaking out of the World War which did not find him again abroad.

His letters to his wife and sons in these years of later travel were indefatigably continued. He had great delight both in writing and receiving letters, and he wrote always with a facile and illuminating pen.

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"Aldworth, Haslemere,
Surrey,
August 18th, 1894.

"* * * As you will see, I am down at the Tennysons' for a little visit. . . . I wrote last Wednesday, describing my movements up to that time. That evening I went to the House of Commons and heard the debate on Indian affairs. The next night I dined with Hon'l Armine and Mrs. Wodehouse,* where I met the Earl and Countess of Kimberley, Sir Courtenay Boyle K. C. B., (a first cousin of Willy Boyle's), Lady Muriel Boyle, Gen'l Comte Val Mare, and other 'swells'. I am to go to lunch with them next week. I had a great deal of talk with the Earl of Kimberley, and found him a very well-informed man; but we agreed to disagree on the 'Home Rule' question. Friday I came to Aldworth and met most cordial welcome. Hallam told me that he had put off every visitor on account of the accident to the Dowager Lady Tennyson—a bad fall, inflicting an ugly

* Hon. Canon of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich; married Nelly Arnold, daughter of Matthew Arnold, the essayist and poet.

wound. I read him my Tennyson paper last night, and he said that he liked it very much and wants a copy for his mother. This morning, after breakfast, we've been sitting out on the lawn in 'the rose garden' discussing his 'Life' of his father, on which he is now engaged. * * *

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"The End House,
Berkeley Place,
Wimbledon,
July 18th, 1896.

"* * * I am writing this line sitting in Thackeray's famous 'Cane-Bottom Chair', celebrated by him in his 'Ballads', and on the desk upon which he wrote his immortal novels. I came down here on yesterday, and met cordial welcome from dear Mrs. Ritchie and her husband. * * * On Wednesday I lunched with the Wodehouses, and at 5 went to tea at the 'Deanery' of Westminster. Here I met the Archbishop of Canterbury and also Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of 'Robert Elsmere', with both of whom I had a pleasant chat. After tea we all went down into 'the Abbey' by the Dean's private staircase, I escorting Mrs. Matthew Arnold, and there in the old 'Sacristy', in the presence of some twenty five or thirty of us, the Dean unveiled a fine bust, by Gilbert, of Thomas Arnold of Rugby. It was all very impressive, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything.* * *

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"Trinity College,
Cambridge,
August 16th, 1896.

"* * * This is Sunday morning and I am writing in a beautiful room overlooking the grey cloisters and velvety turf of 'Nevil's Court'. This is the wealthiest and most famous college in Cambridge, and my friend, Langley, the great biologist, who is a Fellow and Lecturer here, is treating me *en prince*. I have assigned to me three or four large rooms and a valet to wait on me. Last night I dined with Professor Jebb, the great Greek scholar, and there met Sir John Gorst who is in Lord Salisbury's cabinet. Tonight I dine at 'High Table' with the 'Dons' in Trinity Hall. Thursday I went to Oxford from 'Shakespeare Hall', and was there the guest of Sir William Markby, who

drove me out to his lovely country-place and entertained me in the most cordial way. You can never imagine anything more impressive than these 'venerable seats of learning', with their quaint mediaeval buildings with ivy-covered buttresses and gargoyles on the outside, while within are statues and busts and portraits, and such magnificent libraries. Sir Isaac Newton belonged to this college; so did Dryden and Bacon—so did Byron and Thackeray and Tennyson. But the list of famous men who were 'undergraduates' here would fill many sheets, and I'll tell you all about it when I get home. On Friday I went down to the Ritchies, but not 'to sleep', as they say here. Tomorrow I go up to town after two most delightful days here with Langley, who is as bright and clever as can be. He was elected a 'Fellow of the Royal Society', the highest honor in science, when he was 23 years old, for some biological discovery. * * * Just here Langley came into my rooms to tell me that he had invited 'four or five of the brightest and ablest men in the University' to meet me at luncheon.

"(After luncheon).—We had a very pleasant luncheon, and then walked in the private 'Gardens' of Trinity. Then Langley and I went to call on the Darwins,—very nice people. Prof. Darwin is the son of the great Darwin, who wrote 'The Origin of Species' and was the discoverer of 'Evolution'. I have only time to add a line before dinner to say that I have just been through the 'Library' of Trinity and there saw treasures innumerable, fit to make a bibliophile's mouth water,—among other things the original MS. of 'Esmond'.

"(Monday night. 94 Jermyn St., Aug. 17.)

"* * * My visit to Cambridge was delightful. Last night I dined in the splendid old hall at 'High Table' with the Fellows and 'Dons', as they call the full Professors of Oxford and Cambridge. We had quite a discussion (myself and two 'Dons') on Latin pronunciation, I maintaining, in a perfectly polite way, that the English pronunciation of Latin was wrong. I instanced *nolo* and *volo*, and *pater* and *mater* (the long and short vowels in each pair of words being pronounced by the English exactly alike), and they both agreed that I was right. But they are fine scholars, and know their 'quantities' far better than we do. * * * I am trying to get Oxford and Cambridge to make the University of Va. a large 'grant' of books, but no action will be taken until the Universities re-open in October. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"The Athenaeum,
July 31st, 1897.

"* * * On Thursday night I went as the guest of Sir Evelyn Wood, the distinguished cavalry officer, and now Quartermaster General of the British Army, to the 'Fishmongers' Dinner' at 'Fishmongers' Hall' and spent a most interesting evening. Sir Evelyn, who is 'Warden' of 'The Worshipful Company of Fishmongers', did me the honor of placing me at his right, and made himself most charming. It was quite the grandest dinner I ever attended, and after dinner, when we went away, each guest received a handsome cigar-box of polished oak, mounted in silver, filled with candied sweets. * * *"

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"The Athenaeum,
August 2nd, 1897.

"* * * On Saturday night I dined at the *Café-Royal* as the guest of John Ropes to meet General F. D. Maurice who commands at Woolwich, Major Abny and Major May, both of the Royal Artillery. There were six of us, and I talked so much about the War (all three English officers insisting that I should) that I finally told them of the remark your Mamma has often made to me: 'Mr. McCabe, you talk too much'. On Sunday I went to lunch with General Sir Evelyn Wood in Devonshire Place, and had a most charming day. He is today regarded as the most brilliant soldier in England, and he and I have 'cottoned' to each other immensely. He has a beautiful house, full of 'curios', and showed me all his medals and 'testimonials' won in every quarter of the globe. * * *"

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"The Athenaeum,
Pall Mall, S. W.,
August 11th, 1897.

"* * * I am just back from a delightful little visit to the Ritchies—all most cordial; and Mrs. Ritchie says she is going to give me a copy of her edition of 'Vanity Fair'. I trust she won't forget it. I may go back there before I sail. Ritchie's niece, Miss Cornish, daughter of Frank Cornish, Vice Provost of Eton, was there, and Harry Stephen, son of Sir James Stephen,

the great jurist, also dined there last night. Ritchie has been made 'Commander of the Bath', and will be in time Sir Richmond Ritchie; all of which pleases his wife, not for the title but as the reward of his services in the 'India Office'. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"The Athenaeum,
August 16th, 1897.

"* * * Since I wrote you last I have been to see Jackson at Rye, Sussex, and stayed from Friday until Monday. My old acquaintance, Augustus Raper, had me over to lunch at Battle on Saturday and said that the Earl of Ashburnham wished to make my acquaintance, so we drove over to his magnificent country seat, 'Ashburnham Place', where he received me most cordially, and we talked books (he has a magnificent library), smoked and 'got along like a house afire'. Altogether I spent a most enjoyable day, and saw among other relics preserved in his family, the shirt, drawers and garters which King Charles I wore when he was beheaded. There were some stains of blood on the underclothing. The Ashburnhams have held these lands since *before* the Norman Conquest. On Sunday night I dined at Rye with Henry James, the novelist. I came up to town on Monday, but on yesterday I went down to Richmond Park and spent the day with General and Mrs. Maurice, who were most cordial. Gen'l Maurice and his son, who has just entered Oxford, rowed us up the river, Mrs. Maurice steering (9 miles up and 9 miles back) to Hampton Court, where we went through the Palace. We had luncheon on the boat under the willows and later on 5 o'clock tea, (as Mrs. Maurice had two well-filled hampers and a spirit-lamp to boil the water in), and I then dined with them at 'Holly Lodge', and came back to town at 12 o'clock.* * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Aldworth,
Haslemere,
Surrey,
Aug. 21st, 1897.

"* * * I am here at the Tennysons', and having a very pleasant time—everybody most cordial. I only regret that my time is so short. Willy Boyle is here and his mother and another old friend, Mr. Cornish, who is Vice-Provost of Eton, and who married Richmond Ritchie's sister. 'Max' met him when we were here some years ago. These people are certainly most ac-

complished and the real 'lords of creation'. There was a young Frenchwoman dining here today, and all the conversation was in French, all of them speaking the language with perfect ease. Old Mrs. Boyle speaks French, German and Italian fluently. Her father, Sir Lorenzo Moore, was Governor of the Ionian Isles, and she was born in Florence,—so she said with a laugh: 'I ought to know Italian'. She is about 74 or 75, but as alert and as full of chat and fun as a young girl.

"(August 25th.).—I came up to town on Monday, and on Monday night gave a dinner to Sir Evelyn Wood at 'the Savoy'. Hallam Tennyson came up to town, all the way from 'Aldworth', to be at the dinner, and we had some very good talk. * * *

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"Rowington,
near Warwick,
August 20th, 1902.

"* * * I reached here (Ryland's) late yesterday evening from the Campbells'. It is only 1½ hrs., and Ryland's trap net me at Hatton, four miles away, at 7 o'clock, and I got here just in time to dress for dinner, meeting most cordial welcome. 'Shakespeare Hall' has been greatly enlarged since Gordon and I were here two years ago, and the house is simply exquisite, all the new part having been constructed in the Elizabethan style under Ryland's direction (who is a 'Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries') so that no one could distinguish the new from the old. My bed room here is larger than any room in our house, and the view over the Warwickshire landscape is too lovely for words. It was in this house that Shakespeare wrote '*As You Like It*', and he no doubt often sat in this very room in which I am writing.* * * I rather think I'll stay over for Julie Opp's first night (St. James's Theatre, Aug. 30th) as she seems to wish it so much. When I go back to London from the Maurices', I'll try to see the artist about the portrait, but I am afraid from Abbey's letter that he has gone off for the holidays."

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"Farm House,
Glynde,
Lewes.
Sept. 8th, 1902.

"* * * I am here in Sussex on a visit to Lord Wolseley, who has been a most charming host in every way. There are staying here Lord Wolseley's sister, his brother, General Sir

George Wolseley, who holds a command in India, Sir Frederick Maurice and myself. Lady Wolseley is away at Hampton Court, where they have a house given them for life by the late Queen in recognition of Lord Wolseley's military services. He and I and Maurice went for an eight mile walk yesterday. What do you think of the old gentleman after that? Stanley has come back to London, so there will be no lack of companionship. The picture progresses slowly, as Urwick is taking great pains with it. Lord Wolseley is most anxious for me to write my memoirs, and says that the Lees should by all means intrust to me the Life of their father. * * * He is a delightful man, full of anecdote, and says that I know the greatest lot of interesting stories of any man he ever knew. General Sir George invited me to come to see him in India. But Sir Frederick Maurice is the best and finest Englishman I've ever seen. He and I have become very intimate this summer, and I am sincerely attached to him.* * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Brunswick Hotel,
Jermyn St., S. W.,
Sept. 23rd, 1902.

"* * * I've been at the painter's all the morning, and tomorrow is to be my last sitting. I spent a large part of yesterday in the 'Army and Navy Club' with Sir Frederick Maurice, going over with him an article which he had just finished for '*The Contemporary Review*'. * * *

"He said my criticism was most valuable to him. * * *

II.

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Salzburg, August 18th, 1903.

"* * * I got to this most beautiful city last night—a place I have long desired to see,—and have been busy since morning 'seeing the sights'. * * * I have been enjoying more than I can say this continental travel. The continent is full of Americans and Englishmen, as the weather was so bad in England up to the time I left that going about was most uncomfortable. It rained in torrents all the time I was there, and everybody was getting away as fast as possible. * * * This is the aristocratic summer-place of Austria; here the Emperor of Austria has his summer chateau, and here have been held for years the 'conferences' of the Emperor of Germany, Emperor of Austria, King

of Italy, etc. * * * The Grand Duke of Tuscany dined at a table very near ours tonight, and is very much like his brother, the Emperor of Austria. He was in full uniform, had his sword on, etc. He is father of the Crown Princess of Saxony, who ran away with the French tutor, and who has very recently been divorced. A band plays here every night in the great room on the lower floor of the hotel, where ladies and gentlemen sit at small tables and take their coffee and liqueurs and where one smokes while the music is going on. The Grand Duke came in after dinner and sat with some people for a time. Just after he rose and went away the band played the national anthem, and everybody, ladies and gentlemen, stood until it was finished. To-day is the Emperor's birthday, and I was fortunately just below the great fortress of 'Hohen-Salzburg' when they fired the imperial salute, and I saw it all. I also went to the Cathedral and the curious old 'Cemetery of St. Peter', where there are monuments over one thousand years old,—to the house where Mozart was born and lived and where are preserved the original 'scores' of his oratorios, and many other interesting memorials of that greatest of musical geniuses.* * *

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"Vienna, Aug. 24th, 1903.

* * * Vienna is certainly the rival, if not the superior of Paris for magnificence and beauty. By comparison New York looks like a mean and squalid Western village, and London, though the greatest City in the world, simply 'isn't in it'. Think of miles upon miles of broad streets, four times the width of Franklin Street, with two rows of beautiful trees on either side, in the roadway, flanked on either side by magnificent palaces! This is the most aristocratic capital in Europe, and here are the winter-residences—enormous palaces—of the great Austrian nobles, who for more than a thousand years have held commanding positions in the history of the Teutonic race. * * * No doubt you have noticed that I 'repeat myself' in my letters. I don't do this because I am 'senile' and 'don't remember', but because I fear some of my letters *may* go astray. * * * The King of England comes here on Monday next as the guest of the Austrian Emperor, and I suppose we shall see a great 'function' of soldiers and all the rest of it. * * *

(To E. R. Warner McCabe)

"Budapest,

August 30th, 1903.

* * * I left Vienna on yesterday and came down the Danube to this place. It was an all day's trip and I was disap-

pointed in the scenery. Yet it had its interest and you would have been specially interested in the great fortress of Comorn. I have seen very little of the soldiers in Austria—that is, bodies of soldiers,—for, of course, the streets of Vienna and all the other towns I've been to are simply filled with officers, who are not allowed to appear on the streets except in full uniform and wearing their side-arms. Some of the uniforms are very striking. The King of England arrives in Vienna today, and of course, had I stayed there I should have seen the flower of the Austrian army, for he is to receive in that magnificent capital a most imposing reception. But I was most anxious to see this place 'where the West ends and the East begins', so I gave up the 'function' for Hungary. However, the King may stay on there (so I hear), for two or three days, in which event of course I'll see some troops. I am especially anxious to see the Austrian cavalry, which ranks very high for smartness and efficiency. I've always felt a little regret that they didn't lick the Prussians in 1866, but those methodical 'Dutchmen', organized and directed by Von Moltke, were too much for them, and in six weeks (was there ever anything like it?) laid low the pride of the Hapsburgs. The Austrians are as pleasant to meet (casually, by the tourist, for I have no other experience) as the Germans are the opposite. My German has come back to me beyond what I expected, though I am far from proficient, and I often go up to 'all sorts and conditions of men' in the streets to ask questions and in every instance, so far, I have been answered most courteously, and often they have walked a little way with me to show me the shop or the museum or the church I was looking for. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Army & Navy Club,

Pall Mall, S. W.,

Saturday, Sept. 19th, 1903.

"* * * I forgot to tell you that on the nomination of Sir Fred'k Maurice I have been elected an Honorary Member or Visitor of this famous Club, of which the King is 'Patron' and his Uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, President. It is within three minutes walk of my lodgings, and of course a great convenience. * * * Funny thing! I met in the *Marigny Theatre* in Paris a negro man of about 27 or 28, who came up and spoke to me—said his name was Jack Brown, 'son of Alex. Brown, who lived on the heights in Petersburg,—that he had had a fight with Warner in the Park when they were "kids"—had cut Warner's

head with a rock—been hauled up before the Court and whipped for it'. He was one of the 'actors' in the 'Grand Cake Walk', spoke French fluently, etc. Small world, isn't it?. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Army & Navy Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.,
Sept. 24th, 1903.

"* * * I went up late yesterday evening and sat with Anthony Keiley, who had called on me during the day. * * * Austen-Leigh and I dined at 'The Reform', and then went to see Bouchier and Miss Violet Vanburgh (the two 'stars') in *The Golden Silence*. All the acting was most finished—indeed, exquisite. * * * I had a letter from Mrs. J. R. Green this morning asking me to come up today or tomorrow,—but today (it is now 1 P. M.) I have to go into the City. * * * and tomorrow I go down to Norfolk. * * * Major Arthur Griffith said to me yesterday that he was going to send me one of his novels, which I shall be very glad to get as he is a rattling good writer. Maurice has just this moment left me some 'corrected proofs', to consult me about some changes he had made. * * * Keiley lives in a beautiful set of 'chambers' and seems to have fallen under the glamor of London. He says he never expects to come back to America. He keeps fine wines, etc., and expressed much mock indignation because I wouldn't drink anything with him. * * * Lord Roberts wrote me a nice note yesterday from Ascot, asking me to 'do him the honor of lunching with him today at 2 P. M.', so I accepted, and sent Boyle a telegram that I'd come down by a later train this evening. * * * Sir Evelyn Wood, who is now Field Marshal commanding 2nd Army Corps, called on me this morning, but, alas! I was out. I had a letter from him saying that he had sent me a photo of himself in Field Marshal's uniform (to America) but I never got it. He is stationed at Salisbury. * * *

"(Sept. 25th.) :—I've just come in from lunching with Earl Roberts, who was very cordial and very nice. He says he is certainly coming to America, and that when he does come he wants to ride over the battle-fields in Virginia. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Elsing Hall,
East Dereham,
Norfolk,

Tuesday, Aug. 2nd, 1904.

"* * * They are giving me a grand dinner here tonight, but I haven't much appetite, and am not drinking any wine at

all, so it doesn't interest me very much. We drove into Dereham yesterday after luncheon to see the 'Dereham Sports'. As Boyle expects to stand for Parliament again, he has to put in appearance at all these public functions. There were all sorts of running, walking and cycling matches, and the prizes were very handsome. Boyle is quite the 'grand seigneur' in the country, and keeps up great style. You would be much interested in the number of servants about the house—butlers, footmen, coachmen, game-keepers, grooms, headmaid, upper maids, kitchen maids, all sorts of maids that I ever read of in Trollope's novels—a perfect army of them. I asked him last night how many servants he kept. He said he didn't know, nor did he know them by sight, except those in the house.

"He also said that when any servant was derelict, he never spoke to the servant, but that the butler or chief maid was sent for and told that the thing must be remedied. Everything goes like clock-work, and to the minute the gong goes for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. For tea there is no gong, but we all stroll out on the terrace about 5, and find the two small tables set, with the tea and wheat-bread buttered, brown-bread buttered, tea, biscuit cake and marmalade. At 8 is dinner, and there is a 'menu' stating everything that is to come. Then there is sherry, champagne, claret-cup or hock-cup, Scotch and soda, and later on, when dessert comes, port and liqueurs. * * *

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"Elsing Hall,

Thursday, Aug. 4th, 1904.

"* * * I reached London on Saturday July 23rd, and was 'on the go' all the time from the very start. I went to stay with Austen-Leigh at his 'chambers' No. 8 St. James's St., Byron's old rooms where he wrote the first two cantos of Childe Harold. Then I dined out that week every night, and on Saturday, July 30th, came down here for a visit intending to stay until today, go back to town, and then go on a motor-tour into Warwickshire, stopping at my friends, the Rylands' of 'Shakespeare Hall' for Saturday and Sunday, and coming back to London on Monday. But the friend (Morison of N. Y.), with whom I was going, wrote me here that he would have to be in London on Saturday and Sunday, and proposed that I should meet him at Peterboro (which is between this place and London) tomorrow and motor up to town by way of Ely, Cambridge and Epping Forest. * * * So I called it off and shall stay on here until next Monday, as these kind friends urge me to do. This is a

beautiful old place, with its great hall 600 years old, and mediaeval chapel (in the house) and moat and noble park studded with ancestral oaks. One does as one likes,—reads, walks or drives.

* * * I haven't seen any of my soldier friends as yet, as they are out of London.

* * * The Army and Navy Club ('The Rag') is closed for annual cleaning until Sept. 5th, but I have been made an 'Honorary' member of the Savile Club in Piccadilly; and when 'The Rag' opens, I suppose I shall be an 'Honorary' there as usual. * * *

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"Bowden, Two Mile Ash,
Hirsham, Sussex,
Aug. 20th, 1904.

* * * I came down here expecting to go back to town today but these dear Maurices insist on my staying on, and I shall perhaps do so. * * * This is a very quiet place, but there are plenty of books, and the Maurices are charming companions. * * * The famous old 'Christ's Hospital' or 'Blue Coat School' has been moved from London to very near this house, and yesterday one of the Maurice boys and I went over the new buildings, which are magnificent and cover acres of ground. School-teaching is a very different thing in England from what it is in Virginia. 'Doc' Maurice is at 'St. Paul's School' where there are 650 boys in the school proper and 400 in the 'Prep', and where the Head-Master gets a house and perquisites in the way of fuel and lights and a stipend of £2,000 a year. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Army & Navy Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.,
Sept. 6th, 1904.

* * * I only got back from the Tennysons on yesterday after a most charming visit. They were all just as cordial, and even affectionate, as possible. There were only a very few people staying in the house—young Lord Somers and his sister—but I met several other very delightful people, among others Arthur Elliott, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, brother of Lord Minto, who has just given up the Governor-generalship of Canada. Hallam T. was offered it, but declined it. He also declined an Earldom, wanting only the rank bequeathed him by

his father. They urged me to stay on until tomorrow, and I am now rather sorry I didn't. Leigh went to Gloucestershire on yesterday morning, so I am dining at the Club alone tonight. * * * Mrs. John Richard Green, widow of the historian, is sailing for America on Thursday. She wants to come down to Virginia, and I have asked her. * * * She has been extremely nice and cordial to me, and is a well-known woman in literary circles and in society. She is a fierce believer in 'Home Rule' for Ireland, and an out and out 'Rebel' (meaning Confederate sympathizer). She was Alice Stopford of that distinguished family. * * * She goes first to stay with the Holmes at Beverley Farms. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Army & Navy Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.,
Sept. 19th, 1904.

"* * * Yesterday I paid a delightful visit down in Surrey to dear Mrs. Ritchie, who was all kindness and affection. I spent the day with her, and the last thing, when I was coming away late in the evening, she bade me give you her love and tell you that she had kept your letters of last year, inviting her to come over, and that she hadn't given up the hope of doing so. * * * The day before I lunched with Leigh and his uncle, Col. French, son of the great Archbishop (Leigh's grandfather) who is buried in the Abbey. I expect to do down on Monday to Lord Wolseley's in Sussex; and I think that that will give me enough of 'the country' for the present."

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"University Club,
New York, Oct. 1st, 1904.

"* * * Had a pleasant voyage over, and Hoblyn, as usual, gave me a nice cabin to myself. * * * Two Englishmen are coming here to dine with me tonight,—one, Prof. Ewing, Director of the Naval Schools of the British Empire, and the other, Mr. Baddeley, Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty,—a friend of Leigh's and a graduate of Oxford. * * *

III.

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Grand Hotel du Quirinal,
Rome, Feb. 21st, 1905.

"* * * Today we had an audience of the Pope, Pius X, which I managed to secure through Bishop Keiley's letter to

Mongrandseigneur Kennedy, President of the 'American College' here. I drove there yesterday morning and had a very pleasant interview with him, and he at once gave me the formal letter to the Pope's Grand Chamberlain, praying an audience for our party, including Frank Davenport, and marked 'Special'. So I rose early this morning and drove to the Vatican, saw the Grand Chamberlain (who spoke no English and to whom I had to speak French entirely), and arranged to see the 'Santo Padre' (as the Italians call the Pope) at 3.15 P. M. today. The regulation is to go in full dress (evening clothes, white tie, etc.) but no gloves. We went up the grand stair-cases, of the magnificence of which you can form no idea,—at each landing-place a halbardier of the 'Pope's Guard' in his uniform of the 16th century ('la Guardia Notila')—then into the 'Salle d'Attente' of the 'Gentlemen of the Guard', and so into the great reception rooms, the walls of which are all covered with crimson silk, and all the lackeys in attendance in crimson doublets, crimson stockings, etc.

"Soon 'his holiness' came in and we all knelt, and as he passed us we took his hand, we kissed the 'Episcopal ring', symbol of his authority over the world. We all had rosaries which he 'blessed' in a general way by 'si', 'si'. He looks much older than his photographs, and his eyes have a very saddened look. * * * If I did not have 'the boys' with me I should see something of Roman society, but I had far rather have dear 'Max' with me than to see all the Roman society on earth. I think I have been of real service to 'Max' in telling him (and taking him to) what to see in his brief time here. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Nice,
Feb'y 28th, 1905,
Tuesday night.

"* * * We came to this beautiful place yesterday and arrived quite worn out, as our train was nearly three hours late. On yesterday morning we drove about Genoa, which we all enjoyed as the weather was fine. * * * After going to 'Cook's' for letters which didn't come, we took train for Villefranche, where the French squadron was lying, to see the 'Naval Combat of Flowers' given in honor of the officers of the French fleet. There were thousands upon thousands of sight-seers of all nationalities and a great number of boats decorated with flowers,—sails made of flowers and masts decorated with evergreens,—filled with officers and ladies, who were towed around near the

spectators, and they pelted each other with bouquets as this is Carnival Week. After staying at Villefranche for two hours we went on to Monte Carlo, which is the most beautiful place I have ever seen. The Casino where the men and women gamble is magnificent beyond description, and all the tables were crowded with men and smartly-gowned women betting for dear life. * * * Tomorrow, I think we shall go to Cannes, coming back by way of Monte Carlo, and on Thursday night we expect to go direct to Madrid. * * *

(To W. Gordon McCabe, Jr.)

"Nice,
Wednesday night,
March 1st, 1905.

"* * * We are just back from Monte Carlo. * * * We meant to have gone to Cannes today but it has been storming fiercely—such a driving rain as one sees only in southern latitudes.—so we had to give up everything out-doors, and go back to watch the men and women 'hunting' 'over the green cloth' at magnificent and wicked Monte Carlo. As the weather was so vile the 'Casino' was more crowded than usual, and men and women eager to win stood four deep around the gaming tables. * * *

"* * * We are all wearing our winter clothes still and find them very comfortable. * * * The Potters have been very civil to me, had me to dine with them in Florence, etc. etc. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"4 Carerade de San
Jeronimo, y Victoria I.,
Madrid, Monday, March 6, 1905.

"* * * We reached Madrid this morning at 11.20, having taken the 'Grand Train de Luxe' for Perpignan in the south of France, to Barcelona and the sleeping-car ('wagon-lit', as they call it over here) from Barcelona last night for Madrid. * * * Yesterday at Barcelona we saw the 'Carnival fete', and today here. There are literally hundreds of thousands of people in the streets, pelting each other good naturedly with *confetti*, and it's rather amusing for a time.

"We expect to go down to Seville in the south of Spain on Wednesday. * * * I am much disappointed, thus far, in

Madrid which seems to me to be a rather shabby city in comparison with other European capitals. However, further acquaintance may modify my judgment. * * * I'll give the letters you enclose to Sir Thomas Fraser. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Brunswick Hotel,
Jermyn Street, S. W.,
Saturday, March 18th, 1905.

"* * * We got to London yesterday morning after an all night trip from Paris, including a vile crossing of the Channel. We found our rooms all ready for us, for I had written ahead for them, cheery fires lit, so we tumbled into bed at once (for we were nearly dead), and slept until nearly 11. I found a letter here from Sir Thomas Fraser insisting that 'Max' and I should stay with him, and before I was out of bed he appeared in person to still further urge me to stay with him. * * *

"Last night I received notice that I had been made an Honorary Member of the 'Senior United Service Club', and also of the 'Royal United Service Institution'. I owe both of these honors to Sir Thomas Fraser, who says that he has 'a really strong affection for *you*, and that your kindness to him was unparalleled'."

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"The Athenaeum,
March 22, 1905.

"* * * Lady Fraser was much pleased by my Tennyson article, and by my mention in it of Prof. Lushington, Tennyson's brother-in-law, and her cousin. * * *

"The Athenaeum,
March 28th, 1905.

"* * * I came up to town yesterday from the Boyles' after a delightful little visit, and drove straight to Baddeley's 'chambers' which are close to the 'India Office' and overlook St. James's Park. * * * Baddeley seems bent on repaying fourfold any little kindness I may have showed him last October in New York. He has asked me to stay on with him the whole time of my visit here, but I have promised Fraser to go to them on the 5th and stay on until the 12th. Then I shall go back to Baddeley's and stay until the 19th, when I sail on the 'Kronprinz Wilhelm'.

"(March 25th.).—Last night I dined at Fraser's and met Major Darwin (son of the great Darwin) and wife, Major Home,

(who has just come home from serving on the Russian Head Quarters Staff in Manchuria) and wife, and a very charming woman whose name I forget. Tomorrow I lunch with Lord and Lady Roberts at their house in Portland Place (had a very cordial note from them today) and tomorrow night I dine with Annie Ritchie. Lord Wolseley is at Mentone in the South of France, so I shall not see him. I wrote the Tennysons that I could not come to them, and had a note from Hallam regretting it, and saying that I must let them know when I next come over. When I wrote I expected to sail on the 5th. So I don't know whether I shall see them at all. Sir Evelyn Wood came up to town on yesterday and went off at 8.30 this morning. He wrote me a note asking me to come to the United Service Club at 10 last night, but I didn't come to this Club last night and so missed him. On Saturday Leigh and I go to the 'Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race', which I've always desired to see; and on Saturday night Baddeley and I dine together and go to see the slums of the 'East End' where he did charitable and educational work (he is an Oxford man) before he entered 'the Admiralty' where he is now Secretary to the 'First Lord' and a high authority on Naval education.

"On Thursday or Friday I expect to go down to Greenwich to 'dine and sleep' at Prof. Ewing's.

"(*March 29th.*)—* * * I am just back from lunching with Lord and Lady Roberts, their two daughters, Lady Chamberlain and others. They were most cordial—are coming to Richmond in October. * * *

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"London, Friday,
March 31st, 1905.

"* * * I am staying here in these beautiful rooms overlooking St. James's Park with Baddeley of 'The Admiralty'. I thought at first that he had only 'chambers' here, but I find that the whole of this fine house is his,—house, servants and everything being assigned him 'free, gratis, for nothing' by the Government.

"* * * I went down to Eton today with Leigh—lunched with his sister, Mrs. Impey, saw the Head Master, saw the Cornishes who were most cordial and invited me to make a date to come back to them later. * * * I had a note from Hallam Tennyson today asking me to 'Aldworth', so I shall (D. V.) go there week after next. Tomorrow Leigh and I go

to the 'Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race' and tomorrow Baddeley and I dine and go to the 'East End'. Mrs. Green, wife of the historian, has written me inviting me to dine tomorrow night; but as you see, I'm going off with Baddeley."

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"The Athenaeum,
Pall Mall, S. W.,

April 3rd, 1905.

"* * * Saturday Leigh and I went to the 'Varsity Boat Race', and on Saturday night Baddeley and I drove down to 'Oxford House' in the far 'East End', the centre of the charitable work done by young Oxford men for the amelioration of the 'toiling millions' of men and women living in the slums. We took supper with the 'Head of the House', a delightful fellow, Woolcombe, and then went to the theatre that these fine young fellows run for the amusement of the poor. They employ a first rate stock company who gave *Henry VIII* in fine style. * * * I lunched with Mrs. Green, and we drove to Sir Wm. Richmond's studio to see his new statue of Homer;—many 'fine folks' there,—and then we drove back to Mrs. Green's to tea, where I met her sister, Lady Brunton. Mrs. Green has asked me to give her an evening for dinner before I go. Today I lunched at the 'Union Club' with Harold Hodge, editor of *The Saturday Review*; and Baddeley and I breakfast with him in the morning. I forgot to say that I dined with Baddeley at the 'Union' last night. Tonight I am giving a dinner to Baddeley and Ewing at 'The Trocadero'—(I expected to go to 'The Carlton' at first), and I am taking them on to the 'Palace Theatre'. I invited Leigh, but he was engaged. Tomorrow night Leigh and I expect to dine together and go to the play. So you see I am a very gay old gentleman indeed!
* * *

"(Tuesday, April 4th.)—I am just back from breakfast with Harold Hodge. He had Baddeley, Sir Henry Williams-Bulkeley, Lord Lieutenant of Anglesea and myself, and we had much pleasant talk. Hodge is an out and out Southerner in all his feelings, sympathizing with our side in the War. My little dinner went off very well last night, and we afterwards went to 'The Palace' and saw the Spanish dancer, Guerrero, who is all the rage in London just now. Baddeley knows all the people and continues most kind and hospitable. On Thursday evening we go down to 'dine and sleep' at Greenwich with the Ewings who occupy the Palace assigned by the Government to Ewing, who

is a very great man here. I had a letter from Fraser this morning asking me what night I'd keep free for him next week while staying with him, as he wished to ask some people to meet me. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"The Athenaeum,
April 7th, 1905.

"* * * Baddeley and I went down with Ewing yesterday evening and 'dined and slept' at the Palace. It is grand, and they were just as nice and cordial as could be. She was a Miss Washington, of Jefferson County, Virginia; had a country place near Charles Town. She met Ewing in Japan and married him there, I believe. They have since lived at Cambridge where he was Professor in the University, and came to Greenwich some two years ago when he was called to the high position of 'Chief Director of Naval Education in Great Britain'. The Government gives him this wing of the Palace and has fixed it up for him in the most luxurious fashion. * * *

"(Saturday, April 8th.)—Letter from Hallam Tennyson. They have just moved up to 'Aldworth' from 'Farringford', and now want me to come on 17th. I don't know that I can manage it, for I sail on 19th, and could only spend one day and one night and part of the next day. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"The Athenaeum,
Pall Mall, S. W.,
April 13th, 1905.

"* * * Yesterday I packed up bag and baggage and drove to Fraser's about tea-time and met a most gracious welcome from him and Lady Fraser. Last night he gave a large dinner in my honor and I met some very pleasant people. Among other people present was 'The MacLean', a Highland chieftain, head of his clan. Today I have an appointment with Sir Evelyn Wood at the 'Army and Navy Club'. * * * Tomorrow I go down to the Tennysons.

"* * * I told Fraser, when he insisted on my coming to them, that I should be going about all the time, lunching and dining, and that he wouldn't see much of me. So they have given me a latch-key and told me to enjoy myself after my own fashion. I shall have to leave his house on Wednesday (19th) about 8.15, as 'Waterloo Station' is over three miles off and my train leaves at 9.15, and I have to see after 'booking' my luggage, being afraid to trust it entirely to a porter. * * *

IV.

Upon his return from Europe in 1905 he was invited by Mr. James Brown Potter to accompany him on a visit to his *hacienda* in Mexico. His letters to Mrs McCabe describe his experiences on this trip.

(To Mrs. McCabe)

“Hacienda Zaragoza,
May 16th, 1905, Tuesday.

“* * * We reached here on yesterday about midday, and very glad to find your telegram of the 13th saying that all were well at home. I at once sent you a telegram stating that we had arrived safe and well. Tonight just one week ago we left home and should have reached here on Sunday (day before yesterday) but for a ‘wash-out’ on the R. R. in Texas, which delayed us almost twenty four hours. The other passengers were delayed far longer, but Potter is a director in the ‘Missouri, Kansas & Texas R. R.’, and he telegraphed for ‘special’ engine, etc., and we got through far ahead of the other people. When we got to Winnsboro, Texas, on Friday, the ‘washout’ was so bad over the Brazos River that the train went back to Shreveport, Louisiana; but a local train took us to Como, where he hired a buggy and wagon (for the baggage) and drove across the country to a place called ‘Sulphur Springs’ where they took us by special to Greenville, Texas. We got there at 12 at night, got two rooms at the hotel for a few hours sleep and left at 5 next morning for Dallas, breakfasted there and went straight through to San Antonio. We breakfasted there, saw the Alamo and left for Mexico. We crossed the frontier at Laredo, had no trouble with the customhouse people, slept Sunday night on the train and just beyond Matamoras Potter got a ‘special’ engine, and we came on here, leaving the main line. You may imagine that I was tired. He was anxious to get here on the 15th so that I might see the great ‘*festa*’ of the Mexicans in honor of their patron-saint, San Isidro. It is still going on,—these poor creatures having been dancing now continuously for over forty hours, dressed in their fantastic garb, with feathered head-dresses, etc.,—the Indian dances of the Incas, more than a thousand years old which the priests have turned into a religious ceremony. This is an enormous place containing one hundred and five thousand acres, with ten thousand Mexican Indians on it. Potter has been kindness itself. * * * He has assigned me a beautiful room and

we live in the greatest comfort. Yesterday evening we went in automobiles to the various *haciendas* on this property, to see the dancing and celebration of the great *fiesta*.

"In a few days I expect to go down to the City of Mexico, where I shall stay, I fancy, with Mr. Kilvert, one of Potter's assistant managers. He has a lot of nice men here under him, some English, some American; and they have been most cordial and polite to me. The nights are cool enough for blankets, and the mornings and afternoons delicious. From 12½ to 4 or 4.30 it is very hot in the sun and no one stirs out, but takes a *siesta* or nap. I am writing to you at this hour instead of 'napping'. This evening, after 6, we are going again for an automobile ride over the place. I shall have lots to tell you of these people and of this country, which is different from anything I ever saw and most interesting. * * *

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"Hacienda Zaragoza,
Tlahualilo, Mexico,

May 18th, 1905, Thursday.

"* * * The Indian-Mexican dances in worship of San Isidro (who, you will remember, is patron-saint of Spain) are finished, after lasting continuously day and night for 48 hours; Potter and his staff have settled down to work, and I to my letters and to reading.

"Our routine is to rise about 7, though I can sleep as late as I like as we all breakfast separately, go to breakfast about 8, read the papers or a book (there are lots of books here) or write letters; lunch at 1.30 and then lie down for a *siesta*. In the evening we go out in the automobile or on the private railroad and visit the various *haciendas* belonging to the estate.

"* * * This is a most interesting place comprising 250 farms. It contains 105,000 acres, of which 50,000 are under cultivation, chiefly cotton. There are 10,000 peons (Mexican Indians) settled on it, and Potter has his own police-force, his own judge (Mexican) who does his bidding, his own prison, schools, railway, etc.,—in short is a sort of 20th century Baron. He is having a suit of clothes made for me out of some light Mexican material, has given me two boxes of cigars, a travelling-cap which he bought for himself in Paris, and has filled me up with 'passes' to go almost anywhere I like. There is a large staff here and they seem to think I'm a wonderful old chap, 'ready to go any where at any time'. At least, they tell me so. Potter

is very largely interested in this property, and tells me that last year (after paying all expenses, which amount to \$1,000 a day, gold) he turned a net profit of \$1,250,000. He strikes me as a man of wonderful executive ability, and certainly a hard worker.
* * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"City of Mexico,

May 25th, 1905.

"* * * Just a line to say that I am having a very good time. Mr. Kilvert has been with me sight-seeing all day and I'm pretty tired. We went, among other places, to the great Cathedral here. I noticed at one of the shrines a poor Mexican woman with her head bowed in her hands all huddled up where she had been praying. Mrs. Kilvert said to me: 'See that poor soul has gone to sleep at her devotions'. Just then one of the attendants came up, and Mrs. Kilvert said to him in Spanish: 'That poor creature seems to be taking a good long rest'. 'Yes, Madame', he replied, 'a good long rest. She came in this morning to pray, and as she remained in one spot so long, I thought she had fallen asleep and went to her and touched her. She was quite dead. But we cannot move her until the police come and make an examination. That is the law'. * * *"

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"City of Mexico,

May 27th, 1905.

"* * * On Thursday night Kilvert, Mrs. Kilvert and myself took the train for Puebla de los Angeles, 117 miles distant from the capital, said to be the most characteristic Mexican city in the Republic. It is certainly the least 'modernized' city I've seen here. There we spent yesterday seeing the Cathedral Church of San Lorenzo and driving about the environs, where one gets superb views of the country, Popocatepetl towering above us. Today I've been to Chapultepec, Molino del Rey, etc.—scenes of American victories in 1847. We have just returned from a very pleasant 'outing' to the beautiful suburbs of Tacubaya, San Angel and Coyoacan (the last the most ancient town in Mexico), where Cortez lived after his conquest of Mexico and directed the building of the City of Mexico. (There are enough Mexicos in that sentence!) We then went to Cherubusco. Tomorrow I expect to see Viga Canal, and tomorrow night leave for Tlahuililo. I reach Torreon, if all goes well, on Monday night,

where I expect Mr. Butler (one of Mr. Potter's assistant managers) to meet me and put me up at his *hacienda* and send me on to Tlahualilo on Tuesday morning. * * * I expect Potter to come back to Richmond with me and spend a day or two. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Tlahualilo, State of Durango,
Mexico, May 31st, 1905.

"* * * I reached this *hacienda* on yesterday. * * * I sent you a p. c. yesterday from Bermefillo, one of Potter's *haciendas* on the R. R. A five-mule team met me there, and two servants for the drive of 25 miles across the desert lands. Half way on my drive coming here Potter met me in his luxurious automobile, and we came whirling back here in great style. We leave here on Friday morning for another of his *haciendas*, San Fernando, near Gomez, and expect to leave there for home on Sunday night. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Hacienda de San Fernando,
Lerdo, Durango, Mexico,
June 4th, 1905.

"* * * We came to this *hacienda* on Friday, doing the whole fifty miles across the 'desert lands' in the big automobile. We intended at first to take train from Bermefillo, which is 25 miles from Tlahualilo, we going to B. in automobile and the servants and baggage following in the coach. But after we ran across to Bermefillo the day was so pleasant, the sun being hidden by the clouds, that we determined to come the rest of the distance in the automobile. My stay here has been delightful—have a charming room, plenty of books, bath-rooms, etc., and a table fit for an epicure. * * * Mr. B. F. Butler of New York is Mr. Potter's manager here and is a delightful man. I am just up from a lunch he gave today, at which were Mr. Potter, Major Kirchoff (the chief engineer here, formerly of the Prussian Artillery, who won the 'Iron Cross' and other decorations in the Franco-Prussian War), Mrs. Kirchoff and their little daughter, Mr. Kitchen, Mr. Kilvert and Mr. Vaughn (all of the Tlahualilo Company) and myself. Today we took a long drive through the mountain-pass of the San Isidro Mountains and into the Valley of the Nazas. We went through the pass in the coach and our automobile met us in the Valley, and we came whirling back. * * *

Again, in 1906, he was in England.

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"Elsing Hall,
East Dereham,
Norfolk,

August 17th, 1906, Friday.

"* * * Since I've been here we've been 'going' all the time, visiting, cricket, garden-parties at the country-places of the surrounding gentry. Twice I've been to the splendid seat of the Rt. Hon'l Ailwyn Fellowes who was in the last Unionist Cabinet, and who is a brother of Lord Ramsay. Wednesday we went to a garden-party at Sir Ralph Hare's, High Sheriff of Norfolk, where all the 'swells' gathered. * * * Fine music by the band of the 7th Hussars which came over from Norwich. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Brunswick Hotel,
Jermyn Street, S. W.,
August 20th, 1906.

Monday evening.

"* * * Reached here today on my return to town from the Boyles, where I stayed a full week and enjoyed every moment of it. * * * Saturday we motored to Cromer on the Sea and lunched with the Fred Locker-Lampsons, ('Max' remembers his poems), and then went on to Lord Battersea's place, 'the Pleasaunce', the gardens of which, sixty acres in extent, are like fairy land. Lady Battersea was most cordial, and I became very good friends with Lady Margaret Campbell, who gave me her card in parting and a cordial invitation to call on her in London. She knows Mary Lee and is very bright. She is a daughter of the Earl of Normanton and married to the Hon'l and Captain Ivan Campbell, heir-apparent to the Earldom of Breadalbane. Gerald Balfour and Lady Betty Balfour were there, and three or four other people. * * * I found a note here on my arrival at 3 P. M. from Lounsbury saying he would call late this evening, but he hasn't come yet. He wants to go over to Paris at once. * * *

"(August 21st, Tuesday)—Lounsbury and I have been together all day loafing around. Fraser called but I was out. I dine there tonight. God bless us all, says 'Tiny Tim'. * * *

(To E. R. Warner McCabe)

"Millhurst,
Harlow,

Sunday night, Aug. 26, 1906.

"* * * I am down here for a 'week end' visit to Sir Evelyn Wood, who is to me one of the most interesting men in England. He is just about to bring out a book of reminiscences entitled '*From Middy to Field Marshal*', as he first saw service in the Navy, serving in the 'Naval Brigade' in the trenches before Sebastopol where he was recommended for the 'Victoria Cross' (before he was 17 years old) for conspicuous gallantry in the assault on 'the Redan'. Thrice he was recommended for the 'Cross', which was finally granted him for a desperate deed of 'derring-do' at *Sindwako* during the Indian Mutiny. He has fifteen decorations including the 'Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor' but values the 'Victoria Cross' above all others, and rightly too, as it is the hardest decoration to win in Europe. He has very kindly made out for you a list of cavalry books which he thinks best worth your reading. * * * I dined with Sir Thomas and Lady Fraser last Tuesday night, and on Thursday he called at my hotel and brought me for you Vol. I of the '*Cavalry Journal*', which he said he thought would interest you.

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"The Athenaeum,
Pall Mall, S. W.,

August 31st, 1906.

"* * * Your letter * * * reached me this morning just as I was starting to 'Hampton Court Palace' to spend the day with Lord and Lady Wolseley. * * * They were most cordial and he is looking better than I have seen him for several years. This house which constitutes a wing of the Palace was given by the late Queen to Lady Wolseley for life on account of Lord W's services to the nation. It was before that the residence of Princess Frederika, daughter of the King of Hanover. I will tell you why the Princess gave it up when I come home. Wolseley told me the story today, but I had already read it long ago. He is still insistent that I shall write my 'Recollections',—says 'it's very easy when once one makes a start'. I came up from the Tennysons yesterday evening, though Hallam pressed me to stay and had invited some people to dine with me last night. He is a fine, high-minded man and I like him very much. I met there

and became 'very good friends' with Bishop Weldon, one of the greatest scholars and churchmen of England. He was for twelve years Head Master of Harrow, and later on Metropolitan Bishop of all India. He has invited me to spend a 'week end' with him in his apartments in Westminster Abbey Cloisters, coming to him tomorrow and staying over until Monday, when he goes away. I should love to do it, for that is a phase of English life I'd like to see; but I promised Lounsbury to join him and think I should do so. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"United Service Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.,
Sept. 19th, 1906,
Wednesday eve'g. .

"* * * I left Paris yesterday evening at 9.50. * * * and reached 'Charing Cross' in very good condition only an hour late. * * * Drove at once to Baddeley's, with whom I am staying at 5 Barton St., Westminster. 'Tis a quaint old house, two hundred years old, wainscotted throughout and right under the shadow of 'the Abbey' and 'Houses of Parliament'. Mrs. Tait, widow of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, lived in the house until about a year ago, but her daughter having married the present Archbishop and there being no end of room at 'Lambeth Palace' and her daughter offering her apartments there, she gave up this little London house. Baddeley's butler and housekeeper were expecting me, my room all ready, and in five minutes in came Baddeley full of cordial welcome. We had to dinner one of the editors of the London 'Times' and the Russian correspondent of that great journal—plenty of interesting talk, as you may imagine. Sir Frederick Maurice called once at my hotel yesterday and twice at Baddeley's and I am dining there tonight at 8. * * *

(To E. O. McCabe, "Max")

"United Service Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.,
Sept. 22nd, 1906.

"* * * Since I wrote on Wednesday I have been continually 'on the go'. * * * On Thursday night I dined at Canon Henson's (Canon of Westminster Abbey and Rector of 'St. Margaret's', next to 'the Abbey' in importance) to meet Sir

Arthur Hardinge, English ambassador at Brussels,—all of the party Oxford men except myself. They gave me the floor.”
* * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

“Army & Navy Club,
Sept. 28th, 1906, Friday.

“* * * Lounsbury has gone to Scotland but I expect him back tomorrow. He and I have similar tastes and prowl a good deal among the old book-shops. I’ve been up to Sir Fred’k Maurice’s to lunch today and spent several hours there, as he wanted to consult me about an attack made on his ‘Life of Sir John Moore’ by a Mr. Fortescue, a military writer. I didn’t think the attack amounted to anything and counselled a temperate attitude. * * * While I was out today Sir Thomas Fraser called and left a note inviting me to dine with them on Monday or Tuesday. They are just back from Scotland where they have been while I was on the continent. On yesterday I left Baddeley’s, as he had to go to Scotland, and came back to my hotel. Baddeley urged me to stay on and use his house and servants, but I did not like to do that. He comes back Oct. 5th and insists on my returning to him for another visit, but I don’t know that I shall. * * * Sir Evelyn Wood is sending Warner his ‘*Cavalry at Waterloo*’ with an inscription that his ‘best wish is that he may prove worthy of his father, the friend of Evelyn Wood, Field Marshal’. I may fetch it or may post it. * * *”

(To E. O. McCabe, “Max”)

“The Athenaeum,
Pall Mall, S. W.,
Oct. 5th, 1906.

“* * * I could get passage in the *Lucania* on 13th, but I don’t want to sail on the 13th. I can’t help my superstition. * * * I was naturally delighted to find by the *original* documents in the Public Records office that I was ‘dead right’ about Bacon’s having no son. I was sure of it. * * *”

(To E. O. McCabe, “Max”)

“United Service Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.,
Oct. 10, 1906.

“* * * Young Bev. Tucker called on me yesterday P. M., but I was out. He wrote inviting me to come down to Oxford to see him, and I shall try and manage it for a day and

night. I had a very pleasant dinner last night at Lady Ritchie's, who is as sweet and affectionate as ever (Ritchie and Hester are in Paris). She wrote out with her own hand the *menus* at each plate; and one course of 'sweets' was 'Meringue a la McCabe'. One was 'Contelles a la K. C. B.' (her husband's new title) which she said was for 'Kut and Come Back'. I took her in and sat on her right, and she had some very pleasant people to meet me, one an Oxford 'Don' (Charlotte Boyle's cousin), who said I must surely accept Tucker's invitation to Christ Church College, which is the Don's College too and the most famous one in Oxford. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Farringford, Freshwater,
I. W.,

Oct. 11th, 1906.

"* * * I reached Yarmouth (in the Isle of Wight) about 5.30 P. M. yesterday; and the groom who came to meet me brought me a letter from Hallam Tennyson, saying that he and Lady T. had received 'Royal Command' to go to Osborne 'to dine and sleep', but that they would be back this morning. He told me the names of the other guests I'd find here,—Lady Arbuthnot, Vernon Lushington, etc.—so that I'd not have to find out for myself. We were all soon acquainted and spent a very pleasant evening, Judge Lushington being an especially charming old man with many interesting reminiscences of by-gone times and people. Lady Arbuthnot is, also, a very agreeable woman. 'Farringford' is looking very lovely with the gorgeous autumn coloring of the trees in the park, while the thunder of the surf on the rocks brings back in some subtle fashion 'the days that are no more' when I used to walk with the old poet over the downs and talk all manner of things. The weather was 'beastly' yesterday, but today there is brilliant sunshine and I find life worth living. * * *

(To Mrs. McCabe)

"Army and Navy Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.,

Oct. 20th, 1906.

"* * * Here, in this 'centre of the Universe', people don't talk about *people* or ask endless questions about whom you have seen or are going to see, or where you have been or where you are going, but talk of events of the day and of *ideas*. As

I get older, all the wretched tittle-tattle about Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith bores me to extinction. * * * I'm wild now to go to India but I'll never go unless you go with me. I feel my ignorance and of course I recognize that my time is short in which to learn anything. It simply gives me a pain in my heart when I lie awake at night (or in the early morning) and think of how little I really know. * * * I repeat that I am puzzled as to your remark about my being 'hard on the Americans'. I didn't mean to be. But we 'exist', and this higher class of English folk 'live'. They never talk of *money*: 'tis never mentioned. We, in Virginia in the years before the War had something like it. * * *

A few of the many notes of '*bon voyage*' or 'invitation' which he received at various times when visiting in England between 1892 and 1906 follow.

(From Lady Burne-Jones)

"The Grange,
49 North End Road,
West Kensington W.,
Aug. 26, '92.

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"One word of response to your kind note of farewell this morning. My husband has already disappeared beneath the waves of his work, but joins me in all good wishes for a pleasant journey and safe return to your home.

When you come back next year we shall be very glad to see you.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

Georgiana Burne-Jones."

(From Sir E. Burne-Jones)

"The Grange,
49 North End Road,
West Kensington, W.,
(July 11, 1894).

"My dear McCabe:

"How about Sunday to lunch at 1½?

Of course I remember and have often thought about you, and often talked.

Till Sunday I have a mad time of work and appointments, but we shall have quiet then.

Yours very truly,

E. Burne-Jones."

(From Lady Burne-Jones)

"The Grange,
49 North End Road,
West Kensington, W.,
July 14, 1896.

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"My husband asks me to say for him—and I join the suggestion—that if you are disengaged tomorrow, Wednesday, and could lunch with us at one o'clock, it will be a pleasure to us to see you again.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

Georgiana Burne-Jones."

(From Sir E. Burne-Jones)

"The Grange,
49 North End Road,
West Kensington, W.,
Tuesday, (Aug. 3, 1897).

"Dear McCabe:

"I have been rather ill all the spring and away,—and only now am beginning to totter about; and at the end of this week I am off again. Could you come to lunch one day—tomorrow, or Thursday or Friday? It is a temperate feast that takes place at one o'clock, and for an hour I am free and we could chat.

Do, if you can, and we will pour out our troubles, and a fine show they will make if yours are equal to mine.

Lady Burne-Jones send you her regards, and I am,

Always, yours sincerely,

E. Burne-Jones."

(From William Black)

"Ballifeary House,
Inverness, N. B.,
Aug. 11, (1896).

"My dear McCabe:

"I fear I shall not have a chance of seeing you this time, as we have transferred our private hospital—I have been run-

ning one for simply domestic purposes during the past five months—to these northern latitudes to see what a change of air may do, and fortunately the result has been rather satisfactory.

"The news of Joe Harper's death was a great shock,—indeed, we could not believe it as we had no intimation of his being ill. He was indeed a great friend of ours and will be remembered with affection by all this household. As a genial, humorous, good-natured and ever considerate companion who was like him?

"Well, if we don't see you, *bon voyage!*

Yours sincerely,

William Black."

(From Sir R. C. Jebb)

"Springfield,
Cambridge, Feb. 26, 1897.

"Dear McCabe:

"I have the pleasure to inform you that the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press unanimously resolved today to make a grant to the University of Virginia of publications of the Pitt Press to the value of £50. If, after books of that value shall have been chosen by your University there should be any others in our Catalogue which you especially desire to have, these also are to be granted. In other words, the sum named is not intended to be a rigid limit. You will hear to this effect from the Secretary of our Press, Mr. R. T. Wright, by an early post.

"Meanwhile, I should like you to know with what great cordiality your letter to the Vice-Chancellor, which was read at the meeting of the Syndics today, was received by all present.

"For the delay in our action I, and I alone, am to blame.

"On receiving your letter of Aug. 18, I put it in a place of safety, but in the long interval before the beginning of the Michaelmas Term the letter slipped from my memory. I was extremely busy in many ways. When I say 'the matter' slipped from me, I mean the fact that you had sent me the letter for the Vice-Chancellor. The impression on my mind had been that you were going to send it *direct* to the Vice-Chancellor and that then I was to support it. So strong was this impression that early in the present term I asked the Vice-Chancellor whether he had received any memorial from the University of Virginia, and I was about to move in the matter on my own account when your second letter came to remind me that your application was in my keeping. I am particularly anxious that it should be under-

stood that the fault of the delay rests wholly with me and I greatly regret it. The response of the Pitt Press authorities has been prompt and cordial.

With kind regards,

Yours very truly,

R. C. Jebb."

(From Sir Leslie Stephen)

"22 Hyde Park Gate, S. W.,

(Sept. 28th, 1902).

"Dear McCabe:

"I send you what I promised, and only regret that it is an article of no commercial or, I fear, any other value.

Yours very truly,

Leslie Stephen.

"A pleasant voyage!"

Sir Leslie Stephen, famous as the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography", was the brother-in-law of Lady Ritchie, his first wife having been Thackeray's youngest daughter, Harriet Marion, who died in 1875. McCabe's acquaintance with him was made through the Ritchies. He died in 1904. His gift, alluded to in the brief note above, was one of his books,—probably the "Letters of John Richard Green" published in 1901, the presentation of which was doubtless prompted by the friendship of McCabe with Mrs. Alice Stopford Green, the historian's widow.

For my dearest Mother & Children
October 27. 1852 Wm G.

ESMOND.


A STORY OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.

BY

W. M. THACKERAY,

Author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," &c.

VOLUME I.

 The Author of this work gives notice that he reserves to himself the right of translating it.

*Note pasted in Vol. I. of Thackeray's "Esmond"
written by W. Gordon McCabe.*

This, Thackeray's own copy of "Esmond", presented by him to his 'dearest mother and children', was given by *Miss Annie Thackeray* to my dear friend, *John R. Thompson*, who when dying bequeathed it to me. The following is the paragraph from his will:

New York, April 30th, 1873.
18 W. 54th St.

.....
Among my books there is a copy of "Henry Esmond" (3 Vols.) which I hereby give to *W. Gordon McCabe*, Petersburg, Virginia, with a request that he will write to Miss Annie Thackeray a long account of my last illness, and give her my love

John R. Thompson.

His X mark.

W. GORDON McCABE

Petersburg, Va.

May 25th, 1873.

this point.

Petersburg, Va.
May 25th, 1873.

W. GORDON McCABE

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was given by Miss Annie Thackeray to my dear friend,
sent by him to his dearest mother and children;
This Thackeray's own copy of "Esmond," pre-

written by W. Gordon McCabe.
Note posted in Vol. I. of Thackeray's "Esmond."

1873. 12. 25. 1873.
1873. 12. 25. 1873.

CHAPTER XX.

THACKERAY'S DAUGHTER AND THE TENNYSONS

I.

OF the friends whom he made in his many visits to England, among the earliest was Thackeray's eldest daughter, Anne, to whom he had written the letter requested of him in John R. Thompson's will. From the beginning they seem to have been drawn to each other in a relationship that grew kindlier and more intimate with time, and which lasted until old age and the separation caused by her death not very long before his own. To her he owed opportunities of meeting many interesting people, of forming some warm and lasting friendships, and many happy hours in her home, the memories of which never ceased to delight him. His admiration for her father's writing from the early days when he was a lad at the Hampton Academy was what first most strongly attracted him to her when the way was opened to him of making her acquaintance through a letter from Thompson; and her generous and gracious reception of his sad communication about their common friend made him eager to know her well. As their friendship developed their conversation was often about her father; and in his paper giving his personal recollections of Tennyson he takes occasion to detail briefly some of the things which she told him of the author of "Esmond" and "Vanity Fair".

"As this matter of an author's working-hours" (he writes) "possesses, as I have said, such general interest (and as this is a rambling paper), some of my readers may care to know what were Thackeray's favorite hours, though it must be remembered that he was the most procrastinating of men, and that it often required agonizing appeals from the printer's 'devil' for 'copy' to induce him to settle down to his task. Several years ago I purposed writing, with Mrs. Ritchie's express sanction and encouragement, a paper quite as unpretending as this, on the personality of the great novelist, and I then wrote to her touching this point.

"In a letter now before me she says: 'My father worked at all hours, but chiefly of a morning early. He sometimes began at five or six o'clock. He very rarely wrote at night. He used to say that he liked the hour or two before dinner as much as any. He used to come from his club, order a cup of tea, and write from six to seven-thirty. Latterly he did most of his work by dictation, pacing up and down. The 'Roundabout Papers' were not, I think, dictated, but many chapters of his novels were'.

"I may add that Thackeray seems to have settled firmly in his mind exactly what he meant to say, and made but few corrections in his manuscripts. I am fortunate enough to possess a portion of the original manuscript of 'The Virginians' which Mrs. Ritchie gave me, saying that I 'ought to have it as a Virginian', and there are, in the whole of it, a surprisingly small number of erasures."

The letter referred to, from which the foregoing extract is made, is this:

"Kingsley Lodge, Wimbledon.

(1889)

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"Richmond, who is still away, has sent me on your letter, and I am so sorry I did not write, but I have had a long bout of headaches this summer,—now happily dispelled by some reviving waters, but while they (the headaches) are on me, writing is almost impossible and I can only just get through my small daily tasks.

"I am giving you a great proof of confidence in sending you the mystic book of the T. family. Please don't *publish* any of it, but use it for your lecture, which I hope will be a success. If *that* is republished, I am sure you wouldn't mind letting me see any extracts from the T. Bible that you wish to make.

(Here follows the quotation.)

"It was so kind of you to take all that trouble for me. Messrs. Harper wrote and gave me news of you and of my article; after a good deal of reflection, I have decided to put off my little book. I have written them to that effect.

"I hope all is well with you and yours, as it is, thank God, with mine and me. With many greetings believe me

Sincerely yours,

Annie Ritchie.

"P. S. When I went to look for the book, I suddenly remembered that we had lent it to an old friend of ours and my Father's—Herman Merivale. I am writing to him to ask him for it, and I will despatch it at once."

She wrote to Merivale, who seems to have been himself writing about Thackeray and demurred to returning it at that time, saying in a letter to Mrs. Ritchie:

"As to your American friend, my dear! my dear!
'You take my book, when you do take the prop
Which doth sustain my book!'

"Since I got home, I have got deep into the work again and a real labor of love it is, and so I hope you may find it. I am constantly at it. But your 'Bible' is my index and guide as to date and detail, and to part with it now would be to throw up my book and my engagement altogether, Heaven knows at what cost."

McCabe came later into the temporary possession of the "T. Bible", but his contemplated lecture on Thackeray was never written.

Gosse describes Anne Thackeray as she appears in Sargent's portrait, made in 1914, a photograph of which she gave to her "dear old friend", McCabe.

"Here Mr. Sargent, with his wonderful discernment of character" (writes Gosse), "gives us a commentary on Lady Ritchie's nature, which almost makes further analysis needless. The pure full arch of the forehead, the smiling eyes, by turns so keen and so vague, the sensitive and mobile mouth, all combine to render that look of exquisite and humorous sensibility, that quaint refinement which were native to the charming original."

The portrait was first published in 1919, after Lady Ritchie's death, as a frontispiece to the volume of sketches edited by her sister-in-law, Miss Emily Ritchie, under the title "From Friend to Friend"; and Gosse, in his paper, which is a newspaper review of the book, continues:

"When we examine the book itself, the impression of the portrait is deepened, for these studies of female friends of fifty years ago, seen with the adoring eyes of a girl and retained in the sentimental memory of an aged lady, are in absolute harmony with Mr. Sargent's delicate and illusive charcoal-drawing".

When McCabe was in England she wrote to him many little notes of invitation to her house and about social or other events

of various kinds; and later a correspondence sprung up between them which long continued full of interest for each.

Some of these notes are given here, since, though intrinsically trivial, they are characteristic of her geniality and sincerity and warm heartedness; and these are accompanied by a number of her letters.

In 1884 she was interested in a contribution which she had sent to an American magazine, about which she wrote to him in Petersburg.

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

“Corner House,
Rosary G’n,
Octbr. 15 (1884).

“How am I ever to thank you, dear Mr. McCabe, for all your extraordinary goodness and kindness and help? I began to think my fate *bewitched* when day by day went by and no telegram appeared, but now I am most grateful to you for saving my 1.10. The news needs no telegraphing. It was very modified good news, and yet I cannot tell you how much I prefer a somewhat disappointing certainty to the most magnificent uncertainty, and how much better worth having it is. I have not yet answered Messrs. Harper, as it would not be worth my while to spoil my chance over here for the sake of some £50 which they offer in America, if I send over in April. If I can get any suitable and equivalent chance, I shall be very grateful for this especially convenient and extra profit; and they wrote a most charming letter. But whether I can accept or not must depend on what arrangement I can make. £50 would not be enough alone. Richmond went to see the agent over here and told him I would answer directly I had answers to my applications. Poor *Manhattan*! I fear from what you say it is rather in a bad way.

“Most certainly I will remember your wish to have Swinburne’s writing. We are just home again in the land of friends. The new house—that part of it which is not standing on its head—seems to be a success, and we are only so very sorry we could not share our first cup of tea with you. I found Mrs. Kemble’s card waiting for me. Hester and Billy come home on Saturday. I have not yet seen any Tennysons, but when I do I shall not fail to do your commission, which like mine does not entail all the trouble in the world. I hope your children and

Mrs. McCabe have forgiven me for giving you so much trouble, and my husband desires to send his regards. It is midnight and I ought to say good night and not keep you up any longer.

Yours sincerely,

Anne Ritchie."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Corner House,
Rosary Garden,
and Hereford Square, S. W.,
October 21, (1884).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"After some little exploring I think I have found a magazine over here that will take my homeless heroine in April: the *English Illustrated Magazine*; and now I am only waiting to see the editor, Mr. Comyn Carr, on Friday.

Meanwhile I come once more troubling you and asking your advice. Will you please be so good as to settle my fate in America! I have written an acceptance to Messrs. Harper, which I enclose, but at the same time the *Manhattan* would really wish to print me, and would pay in advance on receipt of each of the two halves of the whole MSS. (omitting the first introductory part altogether. I am ashamed to say I did not remember until reminded by Messrs. Harper that *it* had been printed in America.) It might save difficulties to continue the negotiations with the *Manhattan*. Richmond calculates that Harper would only come to about £60 in all, but as I now hope to get part of the money over here I could afford to let the MS. go more cheaply in America. And as for the *Manhattan* I might now say for £200 instead of £400, and this perhaps might suit them better. Harper offers two guineas a column in the *Bazar*, which is not very splendid but will go far to pay for our new carpets in case you don't think the *Manhattan* a safe venture.

"It is so good of you to face this *corvée* for me. I had quite made up my mind for the 60 in the hand as compared to the 400 in the bush, but when I re-read your letter I thought it would be better to leave the matter in your kind hands, as another £100 would be of great use just now. We are just settling down and greatly enjoying our pretty new house.

"What a kind chance it was that brought you just in time before we flew off to the North. Our summer has been delightfully salt-foamy and invigorating, and when I see some of the beloved Poets again you may be sure I shall remember our talk and your

autograph. And will you please give a greeting to the children and to Mrs. McCabe from her husband's grateful and sincere correspondent,

Anne Ritchie.

"Billy and I walked into a shop at Edinbro', and he came out kilted—true Scotch, and very proud of himself. I shall write again on Saturday.

"How am I to send you stamps for all my correspondence? I won't post the Messrs. Harper note myself but send it to you to decide; and be sure that I am only too grateful for your kind help, which is just what I wanted and which I feel contains the wisdom of the dove, and also the experience of life which is unfortunately necessary too."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Corner House,
Rosary Garden,
Hereford Sq.,
Octbr. 23 (1884).

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"After I had written to you yesterday, Richmond reminded me that virtually I have no choice. If I publish in England the *Manhattan*, which is also published over here, is not available. I therefore enclose a copy of my letter to Mr. Forman. I do hope he will not think I am behaving unladylikely, and would you please be so good as to forward the Harper note for me? I think there is a post today, so I send this to save you trouble with many apologies for my wool-gathering.

"I will write quite finally after seeing Mr. Carr tomorrow.

Yrs. ever,

A. R."

When he was in England in 1885, Mrs. Ritchie wrote him to tell him about Swinburne, and asked him to call on Mrs. Brookfield.

"36 Lingfield R'd.,
Wimbledon (1885).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"How glad I was to see your writing. Richmond and I do hope you will be able to come and dine and sleep, and I will try and get Mr. Swinburne to come to five o'clock tea and write the autograph under your very eye. I thought it was *Browning*, and I actually obtained that for you and have it safely mislaid somewhere, to be read at the first opportunity.

"We shall be *so glad* to see you again. Would next Tuesday or Wed. suit you?"

"Now I am going to ask a favour of you. Have you five minutes to spare to go and see an old friend of mine who lives at Carlyle Sq., Chelsea? She is Mrs. Brookfield, who was a very dear friend of my Father's as well as of ours. She is just publishing some of his letters on America—letters to her and to her husband and to another old friend, and she was wanting some friend there to read them over. I had already suggested applying to you, but we thought it was too long to wait to write you about it. I do wonder whether you could manage to find time to call upon her?"

"You see how I depend upon your kindness and treat you as if you belonged to us all after knowing you first *one* summer evening, but all the summer evenings ago when our mutual common relations and life-companions, such as Colonel Newcome and others, first made *us* friends. Please do look for the woman and not the grammar in this letter, which is hastily written at night to catch the post and to tell you how glad we are that you are coming again, and that there is the delightful chance of seeing you in another home just close by the old one.

"I have been ailing all this year almost and seeing nobody and doing next to nothing, for I am not heroic, as you are aware.

"I do hope you are quite recovered and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

Anne Ritchie."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Eton College, Windsor,
Sunday, July 19, 1885.

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"I gave you a ridiculous message for Mr. Abbey and Mr. Parsons. I find it is *next* Sunday we hope to see them, not Sunday week, but if you could give me either of their addresses I would write.

"I have just been writing to Mr. Brookfield with your most kind message. I cannot tell you how pleased they have all been with your visit yesterday. Frank Cornish is in hopes so much that you may perchance come back again. I went to church this morning and admired Eton Chapel lined and filled and overflowing with boys and music keeping time to them, and I wish you could have seen it to more advantage.

"Meanwhile hoping to see you on Tuesday, believe me always,

Yours sincerely,

Anne Ritchie."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Kingsley Lodge,
Lingfield Road,
Wimbledon,
(July 17, 1889).

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"You have not yet started and are hardly beginning to pack up, and tho' it is too early to post my letter I must tell you at once how *very* glad I am to be writing and saying do come and stay with us. How glad and delighted we shall be to welcome you again. We are in the house next to that one where you once came—the second time, not the first; no, the third; no, I am getting confused!

"Will you please write to Richmond and tell him your plans. We can take you into the house any day convenient to you after Friday. We dine out Saturday, but that is a mere detail. If you could dine Thursday I would get you a room opposite, for I expect my sister-in-law for the public schools match at the camp, who would be so glad to know you and meet you. Charlotte Boyle is here, and *her* sister-in-law has already sent up to ask if you are come.

Yours sincerely,

A. Ritchie.

"You know perhaps that we have left dear Southmead. My kind mother-in-law is far from us. We have come back to Wimbledon Village."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Kingsley Lodge,
Lingfield Road,
Wimbledon,
Nov. 9 (1890).

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"I am so very, very sorry about the book. * * * Mr. Marzials* has now taken the work up for H. C. who is gone to Australia for the sea journey. He (Mr. M.) is in the thick of the work, and says that for *another month* he prays and begs to be allowed to keep the book, as it would put him altogether out to be deprived of it, and of course to Mrs. Merivale it is of consequence in her great trouble and anxiety that the volume should come out. After *you*, I will never, never lend it again to any human being, for it seems to bring much worry and delay to every one. But

* Frank Thomas Marzials, Accountant-General of the Army. He wrote a number of biographies, and collaborated in a Life of Thackeray.

you can count on it by the beginning of January. The Merivale-Marzials book comes out on the 1st. January, I believe. I am sure you will make a capital lecture. I am going down the hill presently to try and find your friend, Mr. Hallam Tennyson, who is staying at the Boyles. I am so delighted to hear of dear Charlotte Boyle's little boy. Little boys are very nice things, but they grow up in judgment upon me. Mine looked at me the other day (I was trying to do some horrible sum which Hester had brought back from school), and he said: 'Mama, what *did* your governess teach you then!' Richmond is in Edinburgh to-day. We are hoping for him home tomorrow. He did indeed enjoy, and so did I, the friendly fragrance of your kind Pandora box. But my governess didn't even teach me my theology. It wasn't good things but bad things that Pandora kept in her box! *Your* box had delicious things in it.

Believe me, dear Mr. McCabe, with my remembrances to Mrs. McCabe,

Yours sincerely,

Anne Ritchie."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Kingsley, Wimbledon,
Jan. 3, 1891.

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"I have just sent the gardener to the post with at last The Book of T. which please post back when you have quite done with it. How sorry I am you have had to wait so long. I have a bit of R. Browning's writing for you, which I will send later; and with all best of New Years to you from us all,

I'm y'rs sincerely,

A. R."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Littlestone on Sea,
Kent,
(Aug. 17, 1891).

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"I am coming up tomorrow to my sister-in-law's home—at least I have written to ask her if she can take me in). Would you come to see me there kindly, if you can spare time either early between 11 and 12 on Wednesday or at 5½ o'clock tea? I must stop in the intervals and I am going home at night to pack and look out some things. Our house is shut up and the servants

on holiday, so that, alas, I have no place of my own to ask you to! On Friday morning we go to Scotland, and my family joins me from here. My address is Mrs. Herbert Paul, 46 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where I shall be (I hope) tomorrow, Tuesday evening, till Wednesday evening. I should so like to see you and to hear about your travels, and I will bring you the news of my athletes who are disporting themselves here by golf and by racketts.

"I'm yours sincerely, with many greetings,

A. Ritchie."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Cromer, July 11 (1894).

"(Address The End House,
Berkeley Place, Wimbledon.)

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"Richmond is just starting, and you must receive a letter in my handwriting. We are in all the horrors of moving into a scarcely finished house, which however we like *very* much. We shall be home next week, and we do hope to be settled eno' to give you luncheon and dinner on Sunday the 22 if you can come down that day? Let us know your movements so that we may fit ours to meet. I am hoping to take Hester to Eton on Saturday the 21, when they have a party. Would you come with us to tea with the Cornishes? Our best plan would be to *meet there*. They have also moved and are now living in the Cloisters. He is Vice-Provost, and has that charming old library to look after. I have no longer my Thackeray ticket at the stores. It was my dear Mother's. But you are welcome to use our Ritchie 35878, and hoping to hear again and see you very soon, I'm

Y'rs sincerely always,

Anne Ritchie."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"The End House,
Berkeley Place,
Wimbledon,

Monday (July 17, 1894).

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"I am so glad next Sunday will fit your plans, and the Saturday expedition. I hope my brother-in-law will be able to come and meet you at luncheon Sunday, and a nice young Llewellyn Davies. I am so ashamed of being so confused as to have mentioned dinner! We always dine early on Sundays, and I have made a plan to go out at 7, for which I know you will forgive me!

"But please stop to 5 o'clock tea, and as late in the afternoon as you can, and please forgive my stupid confusedness. Getting into a new house is certainly most confusing but I hope you will think it a move for the better, and a more romantic confusion than the last, anyhow!

"I hope you are well. My husband has been very ailing these last two years, but he is mending delightfully, and the bairns are flourishing.

"Always sincerely y'rs,
Anne Ritchie."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"The End House,
Berkeley Place,
Wimbledon,
Monday Eve: (Aug. 21, 1894).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"No word from you tonight. What prevented you from coming yesterday? I do hope you are well and that my telegram reached you. When do you start? Shall you be here next Sunday? I hope Paris was a success.

Y'rs sincerely,
Anne Ritchie."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"The End House,
Berkeley Place,
Wimbledon,
(July 13, 1896).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"My husband tells me you are back. Will you come and see us? Will you come to lunch on Wednesday and to dine and sleep on Friday? We are going out the other days. I hope you are well. I heard of you from Mrs. Cross, and that very day Richmond had your note. Welcome to England, from

Y'rs sincerely,
Anne Ritchie.

"I should have written before, but I have been laid up these three days without a head."

(From Miss Hester Ritchie)

"The End House,
Berkeley Place,
Wimbledon,
(Aug. 12, 1896).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"My mother tells me to write and ask whether you could come to lunch next Friday, to meet her cousin, Colonel Thackeray. We shall be so glad if you can come.

Yours sincerely,

Hester Ritchie.

"We lunch at 1-30."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Write to Wimbledon.
44 Brighton,
Monday (July 27, 1897).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"I shall refuse to treat you as an old gentleman, who do not fear facing space and storms to re-visit your friends. *Please* come to our Picnic on Friday next. Be at the End House at 4:30, and come back and sup and sleep, after the picnic with Hester's young people. We will have a little chat when the young company is departed.

Sincerely y'rs,

Anne Ritchie."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"The End House,
Berkeley Place,
Wimbledon,
Friday, Aug. 4 (1899).

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"Richmond had given me your message; and how glad I shall be to see you. Can you come to lunch tomorrow, Saturday, at 1 o'clock? I don't know whether he will be able to get back, but we must have a later meal for him next week. Meanwhile, will you kindly send me a telegram to say if you like this arrangement?

Sincerely y'rs,

Anne Ritchie.

"I had a bad illness last year, which has left me very different somehow; but it is all in the life's work."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"The End House,
Berkeley Place,
Wimbledon,
(Aug. 25, 1899).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"Thank you for your kind letter. *Bon voyage* and good speed! Please remember us to Mrs. McCabe, and tell her if we come we shall not forget her kind invitation. Bill has just arrived from Weimar. Hester desires a Farewell. I'm so sorry not to have seen you up. Gen'l Maurice came, and spoke so warmly of you. Poor Richmond has been quite knocked up, but is reviving, and Bill will do him so much good.

Sincerely y'rs,

A. R."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

(Post Card.)

"The End House,
Thursday (July 26, 1900).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"Don't you think a post-card *cooler* than a letter—a sort of skeleton correspondence, like Sidney Smith's, this weather? How do you do, and welcome back. Richmond is in the budget, and almost hopeless with heat and overwork, but I am here, and if you and your son, who I should like so to know, can come to lunch at one-thirty o'clock on Sunday, I hope you will find Hester and Billy too, who are returning from France on Friday night. I am going for a cruise on Monday, so that our dates just fit.

Y'rs ever,

A. Ritchie."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Brighton, Aug. 9, (1901).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"I have just heard from Richmond, and he sends me your card. Will you come and dine with *me* and Billy next Friday? Don't dress. Come early. My private Secretary is so uncertain and so tired of an evening, that I have, alas, to ask my friends on Fridays, when he is generally in town. But he comes *if he can*, and if he has an easy day! I shall have such charming ladies to

talk to you about Miss Opp and Miss Bradshaw. Alas, (No. 2. this is like Mark Twain), we are giving up the End House after September. He finds it too great a grind. We are going to St. George's Square for good. Hester is abroad. Little Billee is with me now, and I shall hope for you next Friday at 7, or any day and time at luncheon that may be convenient to you.

Y'rs ever sincerely,

A. Ritchie.

"I was so much interested in the paper, and I congratulate you on your liberty. When you come, I shall try for Frank Cornish to meet you."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,
22 July (1902).

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"Your kind note came and I carried it off to Wimbledon to answer with most of my papers and my various possessions, and I left the bag in the train! I then wrote immediately to the Athenaeum, hoping to hear from you. Now out of some unknown space comes a vague impression of 'National Linen Co. Bank', and as I see in the book that there is actually a Bank of this name, I am writing on the chance to beg you to communicate—the wretches who have stolen my bag with a whole pack of cards and stamps, etc. in it! They might have had the grace to let you know I was wanting to hear from you.

"H. and I go abroad on the first. Richmond follows. Could you lunch *any day* next week with

Yours most sincerely,

A. R."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,
(July 29, 1902).

"Your letter, dear Mr. McCabe, was a real relief, for I felt how strange you must have thought it that I did not write; that I who never remember anything at all suddenly remembered your bank, must have been a miraculous inspiration. My bag, my purse, all my letters and odds and ends have never come back, and some fiend is wearing my gloves, leaving my cards, using my stamps and handkerchiefs; and if you received an ill-spelt, ill-expressed letter, offering to accept your kindest invitation to go back to America with you, to Mrs. McCabe, *pay*

no attention, it is a forgery! That delicate looking she-thief—for whom I made room on the bench beside me—is the writer!

"A pleasant trip to you. I shall be *here* Sept. 15 and delighted to see you.

Y'rs,

A. R."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,
(Sept. 16, 1902).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"It was too stupid of me to make such a mistake. I had just returned to a pile of confusing letters. *Thursday* is engaged. Could you dine with us tomorrow at the Albemarle Club in Albemarle St., or *here* on Friday, when I shall have a cook again? It is too late to ask you to tea this afternoon!

Yours sincerely,

A. R."

"I came home to such a nice little lunch which I had foolishly counted on sharing with you. If this reaches you in time would you take Pot Luck tonight?"

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,
Thursday (Sept. 25, 1902).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"I have sent to my friend the bookseller, with (alas!) a limit as to price; but if he can get the book within my conditions he will send it at once to read upon your journey, which I trust will be prosperous and calm and speeding. Give my thanks and kindest regards to Mrs. McCabe, and thank you for asking me so kindly.

Yours sincerely,

Annie Ritchie."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Robin Hood,
Little Gaddesden,
Berkhampstead,
(Oct. 19, 1902).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"Both your letters have come. Thank you for both of them. One I sent to Col. Brookfield, who would, I know, like to have

news of his wife and family. The other I have brought here to answer from a pretty house surrounded by great beech-woods, not far from Ashridge, that lovely place of Lord Brownlow's, where like demi-gods the fortunate owners dwell in wondrous glades and make garlands of flowers and enjoy themselves. After all they can't admire their own beeches and ash trees more than we do! I am grateful to them anyhow, for not letting them out for building-leases, as I heard of a very rich man doing the other day, and cutting up his lovely old park into villas.

"I was so glad to hear you feel better. Richmond vows there is nothing like milk. (I had rather take a good stiff dose of Prussic acid and have done with it, than live on hot milk,) but he *can* take milk, and he has given up tea, coffee, alcohol of every sort, and says at last after seven years he begins to feel well and natural. He and Hester are still away, seeing one beautiful thing after another, and I am thinking of going to meet them at Paris.

"Please don't think again about the books. They were second hand, and only cost 15½. (I tell you this to tranquillize you), and please write "(This is cut out)" in them. I couldn't, alas! go to the Wolseleys. I lost my voice and was quite too unwell, to my great disappointment. I have come here with Billy to the young Murray Smiths, but I still hope to make out my visit to the Wolseleys some day. And please give my kind regards to Mrs. McCabe, and believe me,

Y'rs affect'ly,

Anne Ritchie."

At the foot of this letter in his handwriting is this memorandum: "The part cut out of this letter from Anne Thackeray Ritchie (Thackeray's daughter) reads: 'W. Gordon McCabe, with affectionate greetings from A. T. Ritchie'."

(From W. T. Denis Ritchie)*

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,
28th Nov., 1902.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"I have emulated the serpent in my investigation as to what my mother really wants, and I think a *Marlborough* is what she would like as much as anything. The rest of us have always

* On the envelope enclosing this letter the recipient wrote: "Lady Ritchie's son 'Billy', Thackeray's grandson. I wrote him to buy a copy of Wolseley's 'Marlborough' for me, wherewith to surprise his Mamma at Xmas."

meant to give her one, but what one intends to do has a way of not coming off. I feel sure that this time Mamma will get her book. I enquired at Bicker's in Leicester Square as to the price and they said 30/., but it strikes me that the inscription which my mother will value as much as the volumes will be missing: so please send her a first class letter to stick into it.

"It is delightful to have Hester and Papa back; the latter is most wonderfully better for his Carlsbad treatment; and as his work is not nearly so hard, now he has been made Political Secretary, there is no reason why he should not start afresh in the matter of health. I am so glad to hear that you are better.

Yours affect'y,

W. T. Denis Ritchie.

"You know the reason why my mother sends you no message."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Christmas Time (1902),
109 St. George's Square, S. W.

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"How am I to tell you how much touched I am by your most delightful letter and your most charming gift, which gives me the very greatest pleasure for all sakes—your sake and my sake and the writer's sake, and which I shall proudly place on the book shelf for you to take down when you come again, and to write my name in.

"I had to write to Lady Wolseley and told her of our adventure. Thank you, dear friend, for your real and most true kindness.

"Bill is enchanted with his share of the transaction. I am writing this as I wait for my two, who have been to see Mr. Barrie's play with their cousin. Richmond has been reading his Blue Books till now, and has taken them up stairs. He says he feels the immense relief of his new work and the absence of *drive* in it. His successor, Mr. Hastings, came to dine with us on Christmas day. A most charming thing has happened to us since you left—a lovely silver wedding present of plate from our friends, with porringers chosen by Mr. Humphrey Ward, which George and Harry Warrington themselves may have brewed their toddy in.

(*Continued Sunday morning*).—We have anxieties, too, this Xmas,—dear Leslie* very ill from the effects of his operation. I hear the *hoofs* of the little carriage which is taking me to see

* Sir Leslie Stephen, Mrs. Ritchie's brother-in-law.

him,—so I will only write one word more of best warm wishes to you and all yours from all of us, and in particular

Y'rs affect'ly,

Anne Ritchie."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"Down End,
Haslemere,
Aug. 31, (1904).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"*This* is where we are. Could you possibly, kindly come all this way to lunch? On a Friday there are tickets for 4/s. Could you come next Friday, and I would meet you: 11.15 from Waterloo, gets in at 12.54, and 5.30 or 4.24 would take you comfortably back to dinner. Our road is so bad, it is scarcely possible after dark, so I won't even suggest your staying to dinner here. The cottage only just holds us all, but how nice it would be if you felt up to the little expedition, and how glad we should be.

A. R.

Y'rs ever sincerely,

"Alas, No Aldworth!"

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

(Jan. 18, 1905).

"Thank you for the charming lines. They come a message from young you to young me, which old me and old you only give more meaning, and know better how to respond to. Best wishes and blessings be with you all for 1905. We are all well here, and two of us are dancing.

A. R."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,
March 9, (1905).

Dear Colonel McCabe:

"I wonder into what delightful worlds you and your son have strayed. Let us know when you are here, and let us have the pleasure of welcoming you,—and of welcoming you, *well* and revived.

"Hester and I have a scheme for wandering off at Easter. I do hope we shall not miss! But Richmond anyhow, will be at his post, and so glad to see you both, of course.

"R. Austen Leigh came on Sunday. He has lost his uncle, the Provost of King's, which has been a real grief to them all.

"I wonder if you will come in for our little revolution? The Radicals all look beaming. I wish I had some good stout politics to amuse me.

Y'rs ever,

A. R."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,
Thursday (March 24, 1905).

"Dear Col. McCabe:

"How would Wednesday suit you at the Sesame, 29 Dover Street, at 7.30, to dine? I have asked Leslie Stephen's boy and girl and my boy and girl.

"Do come if you can.

Y'rs affectionately,

A. R.

"If Richmond can't manage it, I will ask R. Austen Leigh. Seven is the outside number. Do indeed, give my love to Charlotte Boyle. Our poor maid is still very ill, and it will be a relief to the others if we go out."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,
Nov. 7, 11.30 A. M. (1905).

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"All greetings. Hester and I are at this moment correcting proofs for a new edition of the Biographical Edition. We entreat please by return of card send us the *errata* you discovered in *Esmond*; and with my sincere—invisible—love to Mrs. McCabe,

I'm y'rs affect'ly,

A. R."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"(Brighton),
Royal Crescent Hotel,
Thursday, (Aug. 23, 1906).

"Dear Col. McCabe:

"How kind of you to telegraph! I was disappointed for a moment, but I do think on the whole it is best as it is. I am late of a morning! I shall come up early and be so glad to see you in the evening tomorrow. No blotting paper, and writing upstairs for the early post.

Sincerely y'rs, with love,

A. I. R.

"Brighton is wonderful, and I revived instantly."

(From Mrs. Ritchie)

"April 26, (1907),
109 St. George's Sq.,
London, S. W.

"The *News-Leader* has just reached St. George's Square, as the sun of St. George's Day was setting. It is very nice news. Did you ever hear in America the proverb: 'A Chip of the Old Block'? If not, here it goes across the sea from
Y'rs affect'ly,

A. R.

"I had a charming sight of Charlotte Boyle, who spoke of you with great affection."

(From Lady Ritchie)

(Enclosing letter to her from
Mr. R. A. Austen Leigh.)

"July 3, 1907,
5 New Street Square,
London, E. C.

"Dear Mrs. Ritchie:

"May I add my mite of congratulation to the chorus (I am afraid there is a confusion of metaphors here!) you must be receiving on Mr. Ritchie's birthday honour? It is so rare that both merit and one's friends get rewarded in this world, that one cannot help being extra-pleased when it really does happen.

"I dreamt last night I was in America on my way to see Colonel McCabe, and was quite grieved when I awoke!

Yours very sincerely,

R. A. Austen Leigh."

(Lady Ritchie's letter to McCabe, enclosing above.)

"I have written to thank Richie Austen Leigh for his note, and to tell him that I should send it on to you. It is so rare that dreams are worth their salt—but this is a real friendly dream! It has come to me in Norway, where Hester and I have been spending a month with friends. The most wonderful beautiful vision it all is! We go home much refreshed on Saturday next, and we shall find our K. C. B. in St. George's Square; and I am sure you too will be pleased, and please give my best re-

membrances to Mrs. McCabe. Hester is out fishing, or she would send a message. I am having new cards engraved. It seemed too shabby to write Lady R. over the Mrs. of heretofore.

Y'rs affect'ly,

A. R."

(From Lady Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,
Friday (Oct. 4, 1907).

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"We are not *quite* back even yet, but I am coming and going, and I should be delighted if you'd come and see me and dine on Wednesday at 8 o'clock. Give my love to your hostess, and tell her how much I wish she could come too.

"Hester and her Father will be in Paris, but I have asked some of the Fishers, (who, by the way, are Charlotte's cousins) to meet you.

Yours ever,

A. R."

("Lady Annie Thackeray Ritchie's menu for dinner
Oct. 9th, 1907, in her own hand-writing).

"Tomato Soup.
Fillets of fish a la Newhaven Pier.
Welsh Mutton a la K. C. B.
Porcupine Pudding a la Incognito.
Meringues a la MacCabe.
Sardines on toast."

(From Lady Ritchie)

"Jan. 10, (1908),

109 St. George's Square, S. W.

"Many thanks for your kind Christmas letter, dear friend, and many thanks to Mrs. McCabe for her Christmas message. I am so glad you have been enjoying your soldier's visit. I, who have but one son, always feel as if I could breathe better when he is in reach. He went for a Xmas holiday, and kept sending us hares and pheasants, and we munched and said what magnificent sport, and how Billy was enjoying himself. This was his subterfuge, for he was in bed with influenza. Richmond is the last victim, but much better today and also out of his high fever.

"Emily Ritchie spent a pleasant three days at Freshwater with Sir C. Stanford and Sir Alfred Lyall and Hallam and his nice family.

"Hester and I have escaped" (influenza) "hitherto. She is going to Yorkshire for three weeks, and I shall have only just a little bit of a son between his office and his home; so that I feel for you and Mrs. McCabe. But one lives on scraps as one gets old, and one carries about the dear presences somehow.

"What fun it would be to come to America! I must write no more; here is the cab, and I must go off and leave this to be posted.

Y'rs affect'y,

A. R."

II.

(From Lady Ritchie)

"Sunday, (July 27, 1908).

"Dear Col. McCabe:

"Only a week ago I promised Charles Fisher, the Don, to let him know whenever you came to England, and here is your letter,—and welcome to you and it. I am only at home for a few hours and am away and staying at Hampstead with my invalid niece.

"I believe Mrs. Fisher is coming out there next Monday—Monday week, I mean,—to tea, and if you could come with her it would be delightful. I will write and let you know. I am there till the 6th of August, and then we are all going into Sussex. What charming news this is of a sympathetic daughter in law. Few can sympathize more than we do! and we send you affectionate congratulations.

"Hampstead is a nice and easy little journey. The tube brings you to Heath street station for two pennies, and if I knew I would meet you there with a cab, or send it if I cannot come. Can you persuade Mr. and Mrs. Austen Leigh to come—say, next Saturday, or better still on Friday, when I should certainly be in at tea; for my dear old Lady de Rothschild said she would come. Meanwhile I will write to the Fishers and ascertain their plans. We are all well, though poor Richmond is knocked up today and in bed. Hester is going to stay with Sir Theodore Martin, and the grandson is cutting teeth and doing all sorts of miraculous things.

Affect'y y'rs and hoping to meet,

A. R.

"We are dining out till after Thursday, but I will write again about Friday.

Y'rs affect'ly,

A. R."

(From Lady Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,

(July 29, 1908).

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"The Fishers, alas! are on the wing. I am backwards and forwards from Hampstead, for my husband isn't well. I could lunch you *here* one day early next week, but everything is uncertain, or give you a delicious and refreshing cup of tea at Hampstead on Friday, as I said, when Lady de Rothschild said she would come, and I would ask the Edmund Morices to meet you. Do persuade Mrs Austen Leigh, and Richard if he can, to come out with you. The tube comes for 2d to Heath Street, and three doors off from the tube, to the right, at Taylor & Chadwick's *fly-yard* there are cabs, which would bring you, if you prefer it. It is just a mile to walk along the ridge of the Heath to St. Jude's Cottage, Spaniard's Road, where we are in the shade of Turner's noble pine trees. The Spaniard's was the scene of Mr Pickwick and Mrs Bardell's courtship. It will be delightful to see you. Will you write one line here?

Y'rs affect'ly,

A. R.

"P. S. Your letter comes in, and I expect you Friday."

(From Lady Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,

Sunday (Oct. 5, 1908).

"Dear Colonel:

Richmond says he has had some grouse given him which will be ready to eat on Wednesday. Could you come to dine at 8 o'clock? We are just home. Tuesday would also be available, if Wednesday doesn't suit you.

Y's affect'ly,

A. R.

"I shall be at home at 4 o'clock today, if anybody would kindly come to see me."

(From Lady Ritchie)

"Saturday (Nov. 7, 1908),
109 St. George's Square, S. W.

"Dear Colonel:

"I was at Brighton, and now, alas, I can't catch you any way. So I must write this line to Richmond (Virginia). I went away to shake off a headache, and came back last night. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Freshfield* has been writing to say would I please ask her to meet you. How those young people enjoyed their dinner with you!

"I am so sorry for this little criss-cross which has just prevented our meeting. My head was so bad, I ran away from everything, and this is the result!

"I do hope you are having a good start and a good crossing. I had a charming note from Farringford, which I believe you inspired Hallam to write!

"Please, my best greetings to Mrs. McCabe, and I'm so sorry not to have seen you and your young man.

Y'rs affect'ly,

A. Ritchie.

"And thank you for your kind note."

(From Lady Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,
Christmas Eve (1908).

"Dear Colonel:

"Your kind greetings came duly and friendly, and let me read mark and type": (typewritten) "my affectionate greetings to you and your *vast* family. You beat me! My descendants only number four, besides my dear daughter-in-law, with whom we are going to dine on Christmas day.

"All good Christmas to you and yours, from your affectionate old friends,

The Ritchie Clan.

"As it is the custom here (do you have cards in America?) I enclose a card with my love to Mrs. McCabe.

"My grand-daughter is called Belinda Margaret, after Billy and Meg."

* Wife of the Hon. Douglas William Freshfield, President of the Alpine Club, and author of many books of travel and mountain climbing. Sir Richmond Ritchie was Mrs. Freshfield's brother.

(From Lady Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,
Jan. 11th, 1910.

"Dear Friends:

Hearing all about you and your enormous kindness to the Freshfields was cheering and delightful, and seemed to bring America before us. You were good indeed. I can't tell you how gratefully and warmly the travelers described it all, and I loved Mrs. McCabe for saying to Douglas:* 'Why didn't you bring Hester too?' I have been driving about with that young socialist, Beatrix, who has been kindly jumping in and out and leaving my cards on Richmond's Tory friends, Hamiltons, Middletons, etc. Then I wound up with tea at my grandson's house. He borrowed my watch with great satisfaction to himself. He is not taking part in the elections. Some one, while I was there, announced 'Lady Vavaseur' (so I thought), and to my amazement my son said: 'O, I can't see her. Send her away.' It turned out to be 'Lady Canvasser', and my daughter-in-law politely interviewed her, and told her Billy was voting true blue. I am thankful not to have to vote. I like some of the things they have done, but I detest this horrid Government itself. Beatrix and Katia I have seen, and Douglas has written to me, but I have not seen him. One and all they describe their enchanting time with you, and in New York, thanks to you. I do feel grateful to you and Mrs. McCabe, and thank you with all my heart.

"I always liked that line about my Father: 'He kept his Christmas day in heaven'. Hester is gone to Freshwater to get the little cottage ready which we have taken there. I am going for a fortnight, on Thursday, and shall be seeing the Tennysons. Farewell for now.

Yours affect'ly,

Anne Ritchie. .

"Richmond is settling down at the office very comfortably indeed."

(From Lady Ritchie)

"July 20 (1910),
Cedar House,
Dorking.

"Dear Neighbor again: I shall be home in a fortnight. Shall our tryst be for Sunday week, 31 July, at 8 o'clock? I do hope

* The Hon. Douglas William Freshfield, Lady Ritchie's brother-in-law, who with some of his family visited the McCabes in Richmond, Virginia, in 1909.

that may fit, or any of the early August days, if you are going out of town for the week end. I am here with my poor little niece on our annual outing.

"How glad your kindly entertained guests will be to see you. I almost feel as if I too had paid you and Mrs. McCabe a visit.

Y'rs afftly,

A. R."

(From Lady Ritchie)

"Dec. 23, 1910,
109 St. George's Square.

"My dear old friend:

"Your kind and charming letter has come, and I must write one line now, this moment, to tell you how it touched me, and how much I have liked it.

"How I do grieve to hear of Mrs. McCabe's great trouble with her eyes; but I am sure your and her visit must have been cheering to your son and his wife. One hardly needs eyes to see one's son with! I met mine in the dark the other day as I was coming home along the street. I didn't see him nor hear him, but somehow we both knew each other and began to laugh before we met. I wish you all best Christmas blessings, and again thank you for yours.

Affectionately,

A. R.

"My small family is well and struggling with Christmas presents."

(From Lady Ritchie)

"109 St. George's Square, S. W.,
Feb. 14, '11.

(*Typewritten*)

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"Here is a valentine for you and for your wife. It is all very well for you who write such a beautiful even hand to despise typewritten letters. For my part, I do not see why iron letters should not be as good as the golden ones into which high thoughts used to be set by Eastern Potentates. I was quite delighted with what you sent me. Please make more addresses and send me more reports, and don't be too angry with your valentine.

A. I. R.

"P. S. The Permanent Secretary has been gone hours to his work. It seems never ending. Billy is very happy. He has

just got a commission in the Territorials, which he has been able to fit in with his others, happily less exacting than the I. O.*"

(From Lady Ritchie)

"24 March (1911).

(Type-written)

"Dear Friend:

This, I know, is what you will greatly disapprove of. Nevertheless, as I should like to write to you today, I will not 'stand upon the order of my writing', but write at once. I saw Rachel Shuttleworth yesterday in a beautiful pale satin dress, and she beamed when I told her I was going to write to you, and sent you many messages. I am hoping to go to spend a couple of nights at Wychcross† early next week. My poor sister-in-law is, I fear, very very suffering, but her good children are all taking care of her. Hester and I are now reading some new letters of my father's, which have just come in to us. The more I want to read, the more my eyes bother me, which is a pity. I am very much pleased by all the tokens of regard and remembrance which are paid to my dear father's—I will not say, memory—but *presence*, among us still. His bust is going to Calcutta, subscribed for there; the Temple is giving a garden-party there on his birthday; the old Charterhouse pensioners are to have a dinner, and it certainly is a very great pleasure to think of it all. Please give my love to Mrs. McCabe, and tell her I have now got *three* grandchildren, and my son has joined the yeomanry. These are our chief items of news. What we *think* is, that we hope our friends are in peaceful conditions, and that their children are well; and with our love and greetings, I am y'rs,

A. R.

"We are expecting Lord Morley to dine tonight, and having the piano tuned. He loves music, and Emily R. is coming to play for him."

(From Lady Ritchie)

"The Porch,

Freshwater Bay, I. W.,

Aug. 21, 1911.

"How very nice to see you! I shall expect you 11.30 Saturday, here. Will drive and drop you at Farringford in time for luncheon. We are, alas, engaged Saturday; but shall come to tea and garden at Farringford on Sunday. Please tell them, with love from

A. R."

* India Office.

† Home of the Freshfields.

A number of sympathetic and kindly letters, written by Lady Ritchie, during 1912, of an intimate character and bearing on the sorrow which had befallen her friend and correspondent in the incurable malady which in that year developed in his oldest son "Max" are necessarily omitted.

In August of that year he was again in England, and the "note correspondence" went on, as usual.

(From Lady Ritchie)

"Aug. 30 (1912),
Kilmonan, I. W.

"Your charming kind letter came, and I gave it to Charles, who says: 'Please give an affectionate message from me'. From us all. They have been playing golf, and flying kites. I have succumbed to a tiresome little attack, but am better and driving out. You can imagine us. How kind you were to the enchanted maids!

"Farewell, and may good things be with you and yours.
Y'rs afft.

A. R.

"R. comes tomorrow."

The death of Mrs McCabe in her home at Richmond on November 22nd, 1912, and that of Lady Ritchie's husband, which occurred a short time before in England, drew the two friends together in an even closer friendship. The letters which at that time passed between them during this period are omitted.

The London *Times* published an article on Sir Richmond Ritchie's death, from which the following is extracted:

"We regret to record the death early on Saturday morning, at the age of 58, of Sir Richmond Ritchie, who held the important post of Permanent Under-Secretary of the India Office. He had been ill for about four weeks. * * *

"Sir Richmond Thackeray Ritchie was the son of Mr. William Ritchie, Legal Member of the Council of the Governor General of India in 1861-62. Educated at Eton, where he was a King's Scholar and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he entered the India Office in 1877, and worked through the great department in the regular course. In 1883 he was appointed private secretary to the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, and held this office under successive chiefs till 1892. He was then trans-

ferred to the service of the permanent head of the office, then Sir Arthur Godley, and afterwards rose to be principal private secretary to the Secretary of State, at that time Lord George Hamilton. In November 1902 he was appointed Secretary to the Political and Secret Department, one of the three main divisions of the office, and perhaps the most interesting and important of them all. The mainspring of the office had long been Sir Arthur Godley, whose experience, acumen, tact and power of administrative organization had given him an authority hardly equalled by the permanent head in any other department of the public service. Under him Ritchie may be said to have been trained in the arts of administrative practice; and the chief's confidence in his temper, caution, accuracy and judgment grew stronger with him.

"In 1909 Sir Arthur Godley retired. The three last incumbents of the post, Merivale, Mallet, and Sir Arthur himself, had been appointed from outside. Lord Morley, then Secretary of State, had rapidly acquired a cordial opinion of the high quality of his staff, and it inspired him with a warm attachment to their legitimate interests. He determined to break past usages, and to fill the vacant post from inside the office. Ritchie's claim from length of service, ability and grasp of office business was hardly disputed, and he was made Permanent Under-Secretary. There is no more arduous post, for the peculiarly complex system of Indian Government since its transfer to the Crown in 1858, and the relations between the Secretary of State and the Council of India at Whitehall on the one hand, and what is called the Government of India at Simla, on the other, make indispensable to the Secretary of State an adviser at his elbow with practised knowledge both of administrative machinery and of the history of the vast questions as they arise in all the great branches of government, financial, judicial, economical, military, and international.

"In the too short term for which he held this great post Ritchie amply justified his appointment. His judgment was sound and broad; his command of detail was full and ready. In a post where the honest management of men—some of them apt to be over-zealous for fixed ideas, others apt to be rather too ready to take the day's life as it comes—make tact a virtue of the first class, his humour, inborn good-nature and genial sympathy without gush were excellent. He had his own ideas of Indian policy, but they never impaired his perfect fidelity to a chief who did not happen to share them all. Their confidence in him was implicit and complete. His death will be deeply deplored by a host

of friends, inside the India Office and outside, and his memory will long remain with them.

"Ritchie received the C. B. in 1898 and the K. C. B. in 1907. He was appointed a Companion of the Imperial Service Order in 1912, his name appearing in the first list of awards after the extension of that Order to the Indian Services.

"In 1877 he married Thackeray's eldest daughter, to whom the warm sympathies of the many readers of her delightful novels and literary essays and reminiscences will go out in her hour of bereavement."

The friendship between Sir Richmond Ritchie and McCabe, was second only to that which existed through so long a span of years between the latter and Lady Ritchie.

When he went back to England in 1913, Lady Ritchie wrote to him:

"Dear old friend:

"This is the prayer I told you of which says what we all must feel and think. I am so glad to have seen you here".

And she enclosed with her note,

"The Prayer of Dr. Johnson.

"O Lord, my Maker and Protector, who hast graciously sent me into this world, enable me to drive from me all such unquiet and perplexing thoughts as may mislead and hinder me in the practice of those Duties which Thou hast required. While it shall please Thee to continue me in this world where much is to be done and little to be known, teach me by Thy holy spirit to withdraw my mind from unprofitable and dangerous enquiries, mainly curious, and doubts impossible to be solved. Let me rejoice in the Light which Thou hast imparted. Let me serve Thee with active zeal and humble confidence, and wait with patient expectation for the time when the soul which Thou receivest shall be satisfied with knowledge. Amen."

When the World War begun it found him once more among his friends in England.

(From Lady Ritchie)

"9 St. Leonard's Terrace,
Chelsea, S. W.,
(18 July, '14).

"Dear Col. McCabe:

I have been expecting to hear from you. In my comings and goings I have left your card of directions, but I send this to

the Athenaeum. I am only *here* off and on, and the Friday in this week seems almost my only free day. I would keep it for you, if you would come in the afternoon about 3.30, and we would drive and see Mrs. Perugini,* who sent you a message. How are you?

Affect'y yours,

A. R."

His last two letters from Lady Ritchie during this visit to England,—though others came to him in Virginia while the war was going on,—were written while he was visiting his friend Mr Richard Austen-Leigh in Sussex.

(From Lady Ritchie)

"Tadworth, Surrey,
Thursday (Sept. 10th, 1914).

"Dear old Friend:

"I am glad to hear of you. I sent to ask at the Athenaeum wondering if you had got off. We are *here*, but just leaving and going to pay a visit to the Vaughns at Wellington, and then—I actually do not know where! Hester has been nursing her dear Mrs. Birrell, and I came to be near them both. Now the Doctor wants Hester to take a holiday, but she will not abandon me, and we are making plans. One's heart is full. Everything is moving, overwhelming, and all the terror only makes one even more thank God for the goodness and great courage and courtesy, which is protecting us and fighting for right and peace and honour. Of course you are with us in sympathy. Nephews are all gone, some to the front. Billy knocked up at his camp, but they say another fortnight will see him back again there. Give my love to Richie and his wife, and may you keep well and be well speeded; and don't forget us. I will make no plans for it is all so vague, except that our hearts are faithful, and don't forget

I am yours affectionately,

Annie Ritchie."

(From Lady Ritchie)

"(Chelsea S. W.),
Thursday (17 Sept. '14).

"We are passing thro' on our way to the sea for Hester. Billy is much better, and recruiting in Scotland. We send you our love and best, best wishes, dear chivalrous old friend. I

* Charles Dickens' daughter.

hate saying Good-bye. I like to write *Au revoir*, and to think of you in a peaceful home! In future I shall sign

Yours affectionately,

Anne Makepeace Ritchie."

III.

In 1902 he published in *The Century Magazine* his "Personal Recollections of Alfred, Lord Tennyson".* In it he says "more than sixteen years ago it was that at the instance of a dear old friend of mine in England, who was also a close friend of the Tennysons, I received an invitation to Aldworth, the poet's country seat on the border-line of Surrey and Sussex". As may be surmised by one who has read her letters in preceding pages this friend was Mrs. Ritchie. The links in the chain of his friendship for Thackeray's daughter and for the Poet-Laureate and his family are visible in his having made her acquaintance through Thackeray's copy of *Esmond*, bequeathed him by his friend Thompson, and in his knowing the Tennysons through Mrs. Ritchie. She had, as Bowker wrote of her, "the gift of friendship", which was a gift not only of making friends for herself, but of making friendships between others.

In this paper, which he completed in 1895, his "recollections" of the poet were "jotted down", as he states, "as leisure allowed, for my own boys"; and in writing them he made "constant use of letters home from 'Farringford' and 'Aldworth' (1884-1892)", when his "talks with the old poet" were fresh in his mind. Of the paper, as originally written, he says: "Some additions have been made but I have deemed it best to leave the recollections, in the main, as originally written down some eight or nine years ago, untouched by all the wealth of detail concerning the poet's life and work given to the world more recently in the charming 'Life' by the present Lord Tennyson."

"My simple lines scarcely cross the more ambitious ones of that stately and authoritative biography, and, indeed, it is with much misgivings that I put these recollections into print at all,

* *The Century Magazine*, March, 1902. Copyright 1902; by permission of The Century Co.

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WILLIAM GORDON McCABE
Head Master of the University School,
Petersburg, Virginia.



though long before the appearance, of the 'Life', I had Lord Tennyson's sanction to do so whenever I saw fit".

When he went to England in the summer of 1894, he took with him the manuscript of the "Recollections", and on one of his visits to Aldworth he read the paper to his host, in response to the written request: "Bring over your notes about my father for me to read." How it was received is told in a letter of that time to Mrs McCabe.

"Aldworth,
Haslemere,
Surrey,

August 18th, 1894.

"* * * As you will see from the heading of this, I am at Lord Tennyson's, where I'm having a very good time indeed.

"As my train rolled into the station, a footman in livery stepped up to my carriage and touching his hat, said 'Mr. McCabe, I believe, sir'. He then took my bag and coat, and what was my surprise to find, on going out of the station, that Lady Tennyson had driven down the three miles to meet me. She gave me most cordial greeting, and we chatted away at a great rate as we drove along. Then, just before we got to the lodge-gates, we saw Hallam swinging down the road towards us. He had come to meet me, and after cordial greetings he proposed that I jump out of the carriage and go for a little walk over Blackdown until 5 o'clock tea. This we did. Then we had 5 o'clock tea in the drawing-room. The children were all sent to meet me and kiss me. The Dowager Lady Tennyson is confined to her room with nervous shock. Hallam says she had a terrible fall—fell backwards and cut an artery in her head. Last night I read my Tennyson paper to Hallam, who praised it most warmly—said it was 'most valuable', and that he wouldn't be able to draw in the 'Life' such a clear-cut portrait of his father. He wants his mother to read it, and asked me for a copy of it. After this, I shall feel quite sure of its 'propriety' in every way. Indeed, I've always felt so. * * * I dined Thursday night with Hon'l A. Wodehouse, the Earl and Lady Kimberley, Sir Courtenay and Lady Muriel Boyle. * * *"

Upon his return to America, he took the paper to Barboursville, and read it to Mr Johnson Barbour, who insisted that he should give it as a "lecture" at the University of Virginia. This was done, and later he read it at the University Club in New

York and in other cities. In 1899 it was accepted for publication in the *Century*; and Mr Gilder, the editor, wrote him at the same time: "I hope you'll write 'The Famous Englishmen I've Met'—about Burne-Jones, Browning, and others. It might make a little book, which I have no doubt our people would be glad to bring out,—that is, along with these Tennyson recollections".

In the "Personal Recollections" he describes 'Aldworth'.

"About 1867 the poet purchased some thirty or forty acres of land near Haslemere in Surrey, and determined to build there—in part to escape, as he said, the London cockneys, who swarmed over his lawn at Freshwater in summer, but chiefly because the air of the Surrey hills, tonic with its scent of heather, was peculiarly invigorating to his wife, who for many years had been an invalid, and whom, as did his own 'Geraint' in the case of 'fair Enid', he always 'compassed with sweet observances'.

"His friend, James Knowles, long editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, was his architect. This place he called Aldworth, and there for the last twenty years or more of his life, he lived for the greater part of the year, still keeping up Farringford, his place in the Isle of Wight, whither he went to reside soon after he was created Laureate in 1850.

"Aldworth, one of the loveliest homes in a land of lovely homes, is situated on the lofty range of Surrey hills known as Blackdown. It lies perched on a steep incline, high up on the mountain side, much of the level space on which it stands having been wrested from nature by enormous labor. Behind it to the northwest rise sheer the lonely downs, covered with bracken and gorse, shutting out the bleak winds of winter, while to the south the Sussex wealds and Kentish hop-fields, dappled with light and shade, lie spread out in smiling beauty at one's feet.

"From the stately south terrace, with its ivy-covered stone balustrade and its huge vases filled with flaming roses, one may look clean away for full sixty miles—the bold chalky outlines of Leith Hill gleaming white in the distance to the left, in the foreground the dreaming spires of Petworth soaring aloft amid clustering English elms, while, far beyond, above the wooded copses of Arundel Castle, home of the Howards, dukes of Norfolk, one may catch the shimmer of that 'silver sea' which Shakespeare sung as fitting setting to the 'tiny mother-isle'.

"One, standing there, could but remember instantly his own description of the view he loved so well, in the lines addressed to Sir Edward Hamley:*

'You came and looked and loved the view,
Long known and loved by me,
Green Sussex fading into blue
With one gray glimpse of sea'.

"On a clear day, indeed, one may catch a glimpse of Fairlight, overlooking Hastings, and mark the very spot where Norman William landed with his bold barons, a D'Eyncourt in his train, to wrest the land from the Saxons.

"Short of sight as was the old poet, he apparently knew every foot of the historic landscape, and once, as we stood together, looking southward from the great library windows, when I thoughtlessly asked him of some place in the direction of Pevensey, he answered promptly, 'Oh, that—nothing special there now, but there lay once the "*Silva Andenda*" of Tacitus'.

"Without, Aldworth is fair indeed to look upon, with its old-fashioned plesaunces and rose-garden, where the poet, with his passionate love of flowers, always delighted to wander, its dense coppices and wide expanses of velvet turf such as one sees no where outside of England.

"Within, it is the ideal home of the wealthy man of letters, with its busts and portraits and paintings. Everywhere there are books, and over the chimney-pieces in the stately rooms are emblazoned the arms of the Tennysons d'Eyncourt; for though the Laureate sung in '*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*' that

'The Gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent',

he was yet possessed of that proper pride in being sprung of an ancient and honorable race common to every man of gentle birth. The note of genuine English comfort is everywhere dominant, while to a man of culture it is a veritable '*Palace of Art*'."

His description of the Laureate's appearance is no less graphic than that of the home in which he lived.

"I need hardly describe to my readers that face and figure so familiar to them from photographs. (I may say here, in passing, that to my mind the best of these photographs is that by Barraud, though the poet himself and his wife and son preferred the one by Mayall, a copy of which he kindly volunteered to give me after I

* Prologue to "*The Charge of the Heavy Brigade*".

came to know him well). He was clad, as always when I saw him, in a gray suit, 'cynically loose', as Carlyle neatly said—a powerfully built man, yet 'loosely made', as the homely phrase is, but with not a trace of awkwardness in his movements.

"One may not be certain, but I think that even had I not known who he was I should have recognized the 'king among men'—the head finely molded; features massive, yet delicately chiseled; a noble brow; dark brown eyes, grave and at times keenly penetrating, otherwise heavy-lidded; his hair still very dark, falling away from his brow; his beard somewhat straggling, and, as Horatio hath it, 'a sable silvered', beneath which one readily divined the stern-set jaw—a face of resolution dashed with melancholy."

There was no ice to be broken between the schoolmaster and the poet on the occasion of their first meeting. McCabe's knowledge of men and events was an extended one, and with an adaptability which always stood him in good stead and an abounding humor which never failed him, he had soon established an "*entente cordiale*".

So far had their good-fellowship progressed by the end of this first visit, that Tennyson, charmed with his stories, his conversation, and his apt knowledge of the poet's writings, urged him to come again.

"When I went away from Aldworth," he writes, "at the end of this first visit, he sent the carriage ahead and walked with me past the entrance gate (or, as an irreverent old crony of mine enviously said, 'saw me off the premises')."

"'You must come again', he said as we shook hands.

"With unblushing effrontery I pressed him to come to me at Petersburg, Virginia, where, as my introduction told him, I was the headmaster of the University School, and assured him that Oriental splendor awaited him at 'Dotheboys Hall'.

"'Our hoard is little but our hearts are great', I quoted from the 'Idylls'. He laughed, but I saw that he was pleased."

His guest's humor charmed him from the first, as genuine humor charms even the gravest; and it was not long after they met before McCabe was telling him stories with the inimitable gift of story-telling for which he was famous among his friends.

"The gong sounded for luncheon and we went in at once," he writes. "At luncheon my misgivings melted away in great measure, and I ventured on one or two mild stories, to which the great man seemed to take kindly, and then, the repast over, we went off to the summer-house, perched on the cliff, for a smoke. Cigars he never smoked, but 'infinite tobacco' still, as in the old London days when Carlyle found him 'such company over a pipe.' There, over what Thackeray called 'that great unbosomer of secrets' the ice was fairly broken, and in exchange for the pure gold of some most delightful stories about famous men long passed away, I gave him in return my own base coin.

"But I ask any old soldier of our Civil War, North or South, who could resist such a chance? None of our ancient war stories, none of the rough and ready wit of our Southern soldiers, had drifted across the seas, and here was virgin soil. One may be sure that I 'worked' it 'for all it was worth.' And so I warmed up mine antique martial chestnuts—jokes of a hoary antiquity, which may, for aught I know, 'have cheered the Aryan hordes on their westward march from the table-lands of Asia'."

From the stories of the first visit their talk went oftener than not to other topics on that and later occasions, when Tennyson would read to him from his poems and discuss the poetry and the prose of other authors, living and dead.

"Tennyson's talk," he writes, "was far and away the best and the most enjoyable I have ever listened to, with its dry humor, shading off suddenly into vehement earnestness; its felicity of epithet, that at times flashed out like a search-light, and lighted up the whole subject of discussion; its underlying vein of robust common sense; its wealth of apt quotation and charming reminiscence."

Some of the things which they discussed are narrated in the "Recollections".

"Once we were talking of battle lyrics, and I was praising Campbell's stirring 'Battle of the Baltic'.

"'Yes', he said, 'tis fine. But you remember the line,

"By thy wild and stormy *steep*, Elsinore!"

"'Now there's no "steep" at Elsinore; the coast there is flat as your hand'.

"And as I had just come back from Denmark, I had to confess, with a laugh, that he was right.

"Speaking of Campbell reminds me that once, in talking with Tennyson of the mysterious separation of Lord and Lady Byron, the poet said to me: 'I said one day to Tom Campbell, I am told that you are, perhaps, the only man in England who really knows why Lord and Lady Byron separated'.

"Campbell did not affirm or deny, but said significantly, after a pause, "You may be sure, Tennyson, of one thing—that Lord Byron was a very bad man".

"He first met Campbell at one of Rogers's famous breakfasts, which had come to be regarded in London as the symposia of the immortals in letters. Of Rogers himself he told me many interesting stories. One I will repeat. The venerable author of 'The Pleasures of Memory', with whom he was walking, was descanting on the substantial comfort it was to a poet to know that posterity, at least, would value aright his work and yield him his meed of praise. 'Yes,' said Tennyson, 'that's all very well, but how is one to feel sure of that?' 'I feel quite sure in my own case', modestly replied Rogers."

"*Vanitas vanitatum!*" comments McCabe.

"I wonder how many even of the reading men and women of our time have ever read through 'The Pleasures of Memory'.

"Rogers, at another time, quite oblivious of his own self-complacency, said to Tennyson: 'Tom Campbell is a curiously self-satisfied fellow. I said to him t'other day, "Campbell, when you wrote the line,

'Roll on, roll on, ye raptured years of influence, roll,' you surely must have meant 'ye rapturous years of influence, roll'. Campbell calmly said, "I'd like to see the man who'd dare correct any line I've written". Whereupon, said Rogers, with a hopeless look, 'I said nothing'.

"But I must add that Tennyson always spoke kindly of 'old Rogers', who was, he said, 'a very good man'."

Campbell's rebuke to Rogers was as pointed though not so violent as Scott's to Blackwood when the publisher requested James Ballantyne to inform "the Wizard of the North" that "The Black Dwarf" was in Blackwood's opinion "a well-begun story", but that it had "a lame and impotent conclusion", which he recommended Scott to change, sending him an outline of what in his judgment would "be a better upwinding of the plot".

"Dear James," wrote Scott to Ballantyne in reply, "I have received Blackwood's impudent proposal. G—— d—— his soul!

Tell him and his coadjutor that I belong to the Black Hussars of Literature, who neither give nor receive criticism. I'll be cursed but this is the most impudent proposal that ever was made".*

He tells, in the "Recollections", of Tennyson's reading.

"Much has been written", he says "of his impressive reading. Mrs. Ritchie has written about it in her charming 'Records of Tennyson, Ruskin and Browning'. Another friend, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who has written a very sympathetic volume on Tennyson's poetry, and who, some ten years ago spent a day with the poet and heard him read, had an article on the same subject in *The Century Magazine* for February, 1893. Tennyson's old friend, James Knowles, has also touched upon it in his delightful article entitled 'Personal Aspects of Tennyson', published some seven or eight years ago in the *Nineteenth Century*.

"* * * The first time I ever went to Farringford, when we had gone up into his den in the top of the house, late at night, for a smoke, he said genially, as I curled myself up contentedly in one of the deep, luxurious chairs, 'Well, have you everything you want now?'

"'No', I replied. 'I want to hear you read some of your poems. Mrs. Browning says that "poets are ever ill at reading their own verses", and I want to see if 'tis so'.

"'What shall I read to you?' he asked.

"The "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington".'

"He read it, and read it superbly.

"It is a picture I can never forget—the softened gloom of the room, the walls of which were lined with books; the tall wax-candles on the reading-table; the old poet holding the book close, very close to his face, the light making a sort of gloriole above the massive vatic brows of his finely molded head; his deep voice, rolling out the sonorous music, like some mighty organ; and then, when he came to the lines,

'For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun',

his grand old face shone out, almost transfigured by his English pride in England's glory, his voice vibrant with the passion of his noble threnody, while, in the pauses one might hear, as fit accompaniment, the long Atlantic surges breaking in solemn thunder on the beetling crags hard by his island home. * * *

*Lockhart's *Life of Scott* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1900), vol. 3, p. 114.

"* * * I remember asking him the same night to read to me the 'Bugle Song' in 'The Princess'—perhaps the finest lyric since Shakespere. It is certainly one of the most difficult poems in all literature to read effectively, and I recall that, in making the request, I put it frankly, 'I want to see if you *can* read it'.

"This, too, he read admirably, and thereafter he always read to me whenever I went to visit him.

"The summer before he died he read to me, late one night at Aldworth, with great gusto and thrilling effect, 'The Revenge', far and away, I think, the noblest ballad of the nineteenth century, not excepting 'Herve Riel'. One could but remember Carlyle's characteristic remark when he heard him read it, 'Eh, Alfred, but ye've got the grip of it'.

"I thought his reading of 'Maud' monotonous, but he undoubtedly elucidated the perplexing motif of the poem as no one else could. He also told me, with great satisfaction, that some 'mad doctor', as he called a famous specialist, 'had written him that he had delineated in "Maud" the various stages of his hero's insanity with greater fidelity than any writer since Shakespere'."

The fact is that neither "Maud" nor the other poems which lacked a martial subject or the stirring swing of battle, like the "Ode" and "The Revenge", appealed to McCabe in the same way as did these two and the "Bugle Song". When he once asked Tennyson to write out for him his favorite line in his own poems, and he replied that he considered "one of his best lines"

"Freedom free to slay herself,
and dying while they shout her name',

and wrote it on a bit of paper for his guest, McCabe asked him to write for him *his* favorite line in the "Idylls". The Laureate asked "What's your line?"

"Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow", was the answer.

"I doubt", he writes, in narrating this incident, "whether any mortal man had ever spoken of that line to him. One must have been an old artilleryman in the days when all our Southern land was girdled with steel and fire, and have heard that sudden blare through the murky dead of night (*intempestiva nocte*), and have felt from long knowledge of war its instant meaning, to have cared for such a line. He looked at me keenly.

"'Ah', he said, 'I see that you are still a soldier before anything else'.

"I nodded."

Then Tennyson wrote out for his visitor his own favorite in the "Idylls". It was:

"He makes no friend who never made a foe."

He was several times a guest at Farringford, during the life of the Laureate, though his more frequent visits were to Aldworth. The second Lord Tennyson tells of his father's first acquisition of Farringford in 1853.

"Later my father paid a visit to Bonchurch. There he heard of Farringford as a place that might possibly be suitable for his home, as it was beautiful and far from the haunts of men. 'If society were what it is not', wrote Lady Taylor to Aubrey de Vere, 'it might be well to give up something for it'. Society being what it is, he determined to quit Twickenham and to live a country life of earnest work, only seeing his many friends from time to time. When my mother and he went down to look at Farringford, they crossed the Solent in a rowing boat on a still November evening, and 'One dark heron flew over the sea, backed by a daffodil sky'.

"Next day as they gazed from the drawing room window out through the distant wreath of trees towards a sea of Mediterranean blue, with rosy capes beyond, the down on the left rising above the foreground of undulating park, golden leaved elms and chestnuts and red-stemmed pines, they agreed that they must if possible have that view to live with. * * *

"Accordingly on November 24th, having taken the house on trial, they left Twickenham, and on the 25th entered into possession of Farringford, which was to be a home to them for forty years, and where some of my father's best known works were written. Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie describes the place in her pleasant 'Records' as she saw it when it had become their own.

"'For the first time I stayed in the Island, and with the people who were dwelling there, and walked with Tennyson along High Down, treading the turf, listening to his talk, while the gulls came sideways, flashing their white breasts against the edge of the cliffs and the Poet's cloak flapped time to the gusts of the west wind. The house at Farringford itself seemed like a charmed palace, with green walls without and speaking walls within. There

hung Dante with his solemn nose and wreath; Italy gleamed over the doorways; friends' faces lined the passage; books filled the shelves, and a glow of crimson was everywhere; the oriel drawing-room window was full of green and golden leaves, of the sound of birds and of the distant sea'."*

McCabe has recorded some of the Laureate's talks about books and authors during these visits to Aldworth and Farringford.

"Tennyson was an omnivorous reader—a great novel-reader, I may add, as have been so many illustrious Englishmen—churchmen, soldiers, jurists—and his memory was prodigious. In his deep voice, when walking over the downs, or at night in his den and over a pipe, he would roll out his favorite passages—Latin, English, Italian—repeating certain lines again and again out of sheer enjoyment.

"Scott he held to be the greatest man of letters of the nineteenth century. Milton and Wordsworth he apparently knew by heart, and he would roll out, in his hearty bass, from Burns:

'My heart's in the Highland, my heart is not here,

My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer',
and cry out 'Ah, who writes such poetry nowadays?'

"It might be, perhaps, a passage from one of his own poems that he would thus repeat with gusto, and those who did not know the absolute simplicity of the man, and how entirely he was regarding the passage from an artistic point of view, would perhaps have considered his implied praise of his own work as strongly savoring of vanity. The fact was, he was never thinking of himself at all.

"Many and many a time, in reading to me some one of his poems, he has paused and said 'That's a fine line'. Of course I never misunderstood him, and he well knew that I understood.

"Thackeray, whom I, unlike Tennyson, hold to be far and away the greatest man of letters of the nineteenth century, once said to an old friend of mine: 'When I finished that chapter in "Vanity Fair" in which Rawdon Crawley surprises Becky and her elderly lover *tete-a-tete* and hurls to the floor the Most Noble the Marquis of Steyne, I just struck my fist on my desk and cried out to myself "By God, I'm a genius!"'

"Such is the simplicity of the really great.

"It seemed to me that Tennyson never forgot the most trivial remark. Once he and Hallam and I went for one of our long

**Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir.* Vol. 2, pp. 131-133. (Tauchnitz ed. 1899).

walks, and in some way our talk was of Homer and of his translations of Homer, the two fragments familiar to us all. I regretted that he could not spare the time to give English-speaking and English-thinking folk some adequate reproduction of the Iliad.

"'Oh', said he, with a certain almost boyish satisfaction, 'I only wanted to show the critics that the thing *could* be done'.

"He had walked ahead of us in the narrow path, and I said to Hallam that certain lines in 'Tithonus' were to my mind (with the possible exception of 'Sohrab and Rustum' here and there) the nearest thing to Homer that we had had since Homer's time—probably the finest lines his father had ever written. Of course I did not mean him to hear, but his sense of hearing was abnormally keen. Wheeling suddenly in the path, and coming up very close to me, he said:

"'Eh, what do you consider the best lines I've ever written—something akin to Homer?'

"And so, compelled by his piercing look, I repeated those words of Tithonus to Aurora, as she guides her immemorial steeds to usher in the dawn:

'Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for the yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.'

"* * * As one may imagine, I asked him endless questions about perplexing allusions in his poems, and he always answered with the readiest kindness. I remember asking him what he meant by the lines in 'In Memoriam' touching Arthur Hallam:

'And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo'.

"'Oh', he replied, 'those are almost Hallam's own words. You must have noticed in all portraits of Michael Angelo the bulging bony ridge over the eyes, technically called by artists the 'bar'. Hallam had this bony ridge very prominent, and one day, when we were at Cambridge, he came into my room and while talking passed his fingers across his brow and said, "Alfred, I've got the real 'bar' of Michael Angelo".'

"In replying to my many questions as to the genesis of certain lines, he always said they 'came to him'.

"It reminds one of Caedmon and of the first true English poem in all our literature, that 'came to him' in Hild's monastery, which looked down on the land-locked harbor of Whitby:

"'And when the learned men had heard him tell his dream, they all said that the song had come to him from the Lord.'

"I said to him: 'Did you beat out word by word, and work over and over, such onomato-poetic lines as those in "Sir Galahad"?"

'The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel.'

"'No; it all came to me'.

This is simply wonderful to us less-inspired mortals, but so is all such poetry, and none may doubt the word of a man so simple in his truth. But his *curiosa felicitas* was, I think, undoubtedly, in the great majority of cases, the result of the most careful and minute workmanship, and he seemed never tired of revising and reconstructing, of erasing and polishing. The exquisite precision of diction in his poems was fairly matched by what Macaulay was wont to call his 'scrupulosity in pronunciation' in everyday talk. More than once he has stopped me in my headlong talk and said, 'Why do you pronounce that word as you do?' Sometimes I would fight for awhile as almost any man will on an imputation of mispronunciation or of snoring, but he was invariably right. But there wasn't a tinge of pedantry about him. I never knew a man freer from that curse."

Of the many stories told him by Tennyson there is an interesting one which does not appear in the "Recollections". Queen Victoria had invited the Laureate to lunch at Osborne, and to read to her from his poems. The function was modest and the luncheon itself simple, and though enough, not over-abundant. No one else was at the table with the Queen and Tennyson, save one of the little princesses, her grand-daughter, a child of six or seven years. Toward the end of the meal, while her Majesty was engaged in interested conversation with the Laureate, he observed her, apparently in an unconscious way, take the sole remaining piece of bread from the bread-platter near her. When the little princess, whom Tennyson said he had noticed watching the solitary "scone" on the plate with anxious intentness, saw it appropriated by her grandmother, she could no longer restrain her emotion, and pointing a finger of scorn at the Queen, she exclaimed:

"Piggy! Piggy! Piggy! Took the last one in the dish!"

He concludes the "Recollections" with an account of his parting with Tennyson for the last time.

"When I went down to Aldworth late in August of 1892, on my return from Greece, I at once saw a great change in the dear

old man, though he was still cheerful, and when we went every day for our walk, his talk was as full of quips and as entertaining as ever. But his step was feebler, the walks were shorter, the massive brows seemed sunken, and his hearing was noticeably impaired. His dread of meeting strangers was more acute than ever.

"The day before I left, Burne-Jones (prince of 'good fellows' as he was prince of painters), with his daughter and her husband, Mr. Mackail, whose delightful 'Greek Anthology' must be familiar to many of my readers, were to come to luncheon, driving across country from the place they had taken for the summer. They did not turn up at the hour, and after waiting twenty or thirty minutes we went in to luncheon.

"Hallam always kindly placed me next his father at table, but on that day he had suggested that I should give up my usual seat to Burne-Jones, so that the latter might have more direct talk with the poet. We had not been at the table more than ten minutes when the great hall-bell clanged sharply, and we knew that our guests had arrived. They had lost their way, and we heard their laughing voices explaining their adventures to Hallam, who had gone out into the hall to greet them. As I jumped up from my seat next the old poet to go over to the seat assigned me, he clutched at my sleeve and said, with rather a pathetic insistence: 'Sit still, sit still; why do you want to leave me?' But I shook my head laughingly and darted around the table to the other side.

"I can never forget the day I left Aldworth that fateful year—the last time I ever saw him. I was to go up to London in the afternoon, and we had walked before luncheon and had much talk (his, most interesting, touching on English smugglers in the 'Great French War', I remember), and then after luncheon Hallam and I had gone out on the south terrace for a smoke.

"After finishing my cigar, I went up into the library to say good-by. He was sitting near the great south window reading, wearing his black velvet skull cap, the book held close to his face, just as I had so often seen him.

"Well, I'm off', I said cheerily, 'and have come to say good-by'.

"He took my outstretched hand in both of his—I remember noticing at the moment what sinewy, carefully kept hands they were, with long nervous fingers—and then he said very gently and sadly: 'I am a very old man now. You may never see me again, but always come to us here when you come to England. God bless you!'

"Such were the last words I heard fall from the lips of Alfred Tennyson, and the gentle old voice still lingers in my ears as a benediction."

IV.

It is a purpose of this book that it shall include only a very few of the personal letters written to McCabe by those of his friends who are still living at the time of its composition. Among these very few, however, may be given, for their interest, and because their publication can violate no propriety, the following from the present Lord Tennyson.

"Farringford,
Freshwater, I. W.,
Sept. 6, 1905.

"Dear McCabe:

"Many thanks for the 'In Memoriam' notes. I wish that you would send Lionel and Aubrey your collection of English ballads which seems to me good.

"I am thankful that your wife has recovered from her operation, and we shall hope to see you 'home' in the course of the coming year.

"My wife and boys have been staying at Elsing with Willy and Charlotte,* and have enjoyed their visit amazingly. Willy is a good host, and Charlotte is the best of hostesses.

"I am busy just now bring out my Notes on 'In Memoriam', and working on a government committee for Emigration, of which they have made me chairman. The book world is dull. The Japanese War seems to have absorbed every one's whole mind, and this new attitude seems to satisfy the national aspirations. Roosevelt has earned the gratitude of the world by the peace that has been arranged at Portsmouth. He must be a fine, strong fellow, and I rejoice that he is America's President.

"Let us hear from you from time to time.

Yours ever sincerely,

Tennyson."

(From Lord Tennyson)

"Farringford,
Freshwater,
Isle of Wight,
Sep. 9, 1907.

"My dear McCabe:

"Are you in London? If so, come and see us when you can.

Yours sinc'y,

T."

*His relatives and McCabe's friends, the Boyles.

(From Lord Tennyson)

"Farringford,
Freshwater, I. W.,
Sep. 6, 1911.

"My dear McCabe:

"How kind of you to send me the novel about Stonewall Jackson* which I particularly wanted to read. I enjoyed your visit much, and shall look forward to another early visit next year. My family send their love to you.

Yours, Tennyson."

The following, addressed to him at the Athenaeum Club, was written on the day England declared war against Germany.

(From Lord Tennyson)

"Farringford,
Freshwater, I. W.,
Aug. 4, 1914.

"My dear McCabe:

"Since my p. c. this morning the roads are closed at present, I hear from an old General, as 8,000 troops are coming down. Let me know how long you stay in England, as it is manifestly impossible for you to come at present.

Afftl'y y'rs, T.

"Harold on 'Queen Mary', biggest cruiser in the North Sea, Lionel in Rifle Brigade apparently going to Belgium. Aubrey just joined Grenadiers."

(From Lord Tennyson)

"Farringford,
Freshwater, I. W.,
Nov. 7, 1915.

"My dear McCabe:

"I wrote you a letter last. The boys are well; but Aubrey, to my distress, is ordered to Egypt or Serbia. You do not tell me *how* you think the war will end. The Germans seem to be weakening, and to have no young reserves as yet. They will probably come on in the spring.

"The Russians and ourselves are hourly strengthening, and if the Germans can be prevented from getting over numberless Turks, our position is hopeful. Our men at the front are all full of a belief that they will soon drive back the Huns. But why does not America declare herself against the Cavell and other atrocities? By all means let her be neutral, but let her be courageous for honour and truth.

Ever yours, Tennyson."

**The Long Roll*, by Mary Johnston.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONFEDERATE COMRADES.

I.

THE schoolmaster made each year new friends abroad; but for every one on the other side he possessed perhaps a dozen on this. Mention has been made of one of these, whose tastes were similar to his own, who was gifted with the humor which always appealed to him, who had been a Confederate soldier, and with whom he had a community of interest and feeling that sprung from the life-long devotion of each to classical studies. For many years an intimate correspondence continued between Dr Basil L. Gildersleeve and McCabe, and among the lately arrived letters lying on his desk at the time of his sudden death was one from "that robust and sparkling Grecian who maintains that the ancient Greeks are the most modern of the moderns, and that the modern Americans are their next of kin", and who once wrote of himself: "It is a sad fact that most of those who know me at all know me, first, as the author of a Latin Grammar, and next, as a Professor of Greek—Greek which they tell me is doomed, and grammar which is damned already."

"Then," wrote Dr. Charles McDonald Puckette, from whom this *jeu d' esprit* is quoted, "that splendid old scholar and pedagogue and gentleman—it is not departing from Gildersleevean tradition to say that he is the man who put the human in the humanities—went on to say that grammarians had never been looked on as more than a higher type of hedge-row schoolmaster; witness Diotimus, celebrated in the Greek anthology:

Αἰάξω Διότιμον δς ἐν τέτραισι κάθηται

Γαργαρέων παισὶ βῆτα καὶ ἄλλα λέγων.

"Read now the felicitous Gildersleevean translation thereto appended—done in the spirit which makes everything he touches a delight, alike to the Greek and to the barbarian:

'Diotimus, poor grammarian!
 If my heart hath pitied e'er a one,
 It is he,
 Who, an almost centenarian,
 Perched upon a "peak in Darien",
 Teaches little Jack and Mary Ann
 A B C'."

To get the felicity of the rhyme of the first two lines, the reader must pronounce "e'er a one" according to the Virginia vernacular, strenuously upheld by Dr B. W. Green, author of the *Virginia Word Book* and condemned by Dr Lounsbury as provincial: "ary 'un".

Of the translator Mr Puckette continues:

"Dr. Gildersleeve was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on October 23, 1831. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman, and very few books indeed escaped being put upon the index by that strict parent. Shakespere even was tabooed as immoral, but the youthful Gildersleeve went frequently to the house of an uncle who was profligate enough to harbour that author's works, and read them eagerly. He grew up with an intense pride in his State and city, the heritage of a Charlestonian. In his youth he was sent to Princeton, and from there went abroad to Germany to study Greek at Göttingen, being one of the pioneers of the American students who later went in such numbers to the Teutonic fatherland.

"On his return classical attainments were not in much demand. He became an editor, but was soon called to the University of Virginia. Came then the War Between the States, and in 1864 he joined the staff of General Gordon, during Early's campaign. 'In that campaign I lost my pocket Homer, I lost my pistol, I lost one of my horses, and finally I came very near to losing my life of a wound which kept me five months on my back'. Dr. Gildersleeve still walks with a slight limp due to that wound. As a grammarian, he insists that the war was fought over a question of grammar, to settle whether 'the United States is' or 'the United States are'. 'And, gentlemen', he adds to his students, 'the Constitution says 'the United States are'.'"

Soon after McCabe's death, with a letter in which he alluded to the delight that he had had in their correspondence, that "though

* Charles McDonald Puckette, in *The Evening Post Saturday Magazine*.

fitful, went on through well nigh sixty years of our friendship", and said of his correspondent's letters that "like every thing he wrote they had the inimitable charm of his talk and the unstudied grace of his scholarship", Dr Gildersleeve enclosed a sonnet, with the comment:

"Among the various devices to which I have resorted in order to while away dark, lonely hours, is the composition of verses. I have been a verse-wright almost from childhood, having been addicted to that early idle trade more especially in my youth, but often returning to the pursuits of early years when old age comes on. Some of the series of sonnets which I have produced, or emitted—whichever word you prefer—are dedicated to the memory of those who have gone before. The other night thinking of Gordon McCabe—he is much in my thoughts—the accompanying verses came to me:

"IN MEMORIAM

W. G. M.

"Intrepid warrior for the Stars and Bars,
His cannon spoke with adamantine lips
In proud defiance of that grim eclipse,
Which made our fight the hopelessest of wars.

Emerging from the red, red glare of Mars,
Where oft he stood with death at instant grips,
Athrill with life e'en to his finger tips,
He won a place among the peaceful stars.

Whether it shone upon the Crater's brim;
Or on fair Richmond's once beleagured hills,
Or on the England that he loved so well,
His joyous light nor storm nor chance could dim.
Its memory still our souls with radiance fills.
But Gordon's stories which of us can tell?

Nov., 1920.

B. L. G."

In another letter at this time he wrote: "One of my sonnets which McCabe seemed to like is entitled 'The Dying Confederate', which has found favor elsewhere."

"THE DYING CONFEDERATE.

Mark iv. 39.

"I am the last of an undaunted group
That braved the whirr of shot, the scream of shell;
Who proved the definition: 'War is Hell';
And now Death holds me in his lasso's loop.

"Gad, said old Jacob; see! Here comes a troop.
Sight of those people makes my bosom swell,
As I remember how our rebel yell
Struck terror, as we made our eagle swoop!

"Good women say: Bow to God's sovereign will,
And calm the tempest raging in thy breast;
And, as they bend them o'er my dying bed,
They whisper in soft accents: Peace, be still.
It was not thus He laid the storm to rest:
Be muzzled and stay muzzled, Jesus said."*

Yet another of his friendships was with Dr Edward S. Joynes. Both Joynes and Gildersleeve were his seniors by a good many years, but a difference of age never made with him a difference of congeniality. As a young man he numbered among his closest friends those who were his seniors, and as he grew older in years—he never grew old in mind or heart—his most intimate associates were a group of much younger men whose contact, he was wont to say, "helped to keep him young".

Dr Joynes had been before the War a professor of languages in William and Mary College, and after that time successively in Washington and Lee, Vanderbilt University and the University of Tennessee; and he finally became in 1882 professor of Modern Languages in the University of South Carolina. Here he remained until he retired as professor emeritus in 1908. He was a scholar to his finger-tips and a great philologist. He had been a student under Gessner Harrison at the University of Virginia, and for three years his assistant professor.

As a writer he was master of a vigorous and limpid style, and with his scholastic accomplishments, like Gildersleeve, he com-

* Dr. Gildersleeve died in January, 1924.

bined a humor and a personal charm which appealed strongly to all others who were scholarly and humorous.

In 1904, when Dr. Joynes was in the final year which the Psalmist allots to man as the normal span of life, he wrote a letter to his "young" friend, reminding him of their earliest meeting.

(From Edward S. Joynes)

"South Carolina College,
Columbia, S. C., Jan. 14, 1904.

"My dear McCabe:

"Can your old eyes read pencil on a pinch?

"Your letter calls for no answer, but it touched the chord of memory. You ask me for more 'personal reminiscences', and I'll give you one—and that is, of the first time I ever saw you.

"It must have been in the summer of '65—or possibly, '66. At any rate, you had just determined to open a school in Petersburg but had not yet done so. I was visiting my brother* and he invited you to meet me. I remember that evening as if it were yesterday. I see you where you sat, and how you looked—so young, I thought, and so inexperienced. Of course *then* I thought myself very wise! I remember that I looked on you with great sympathy, and gave you such counsel and encouragement as I could; and that I was deeply impressed with the young fellow whom I was meeting for the first time, and that we *made friends*.

"My brother—*ah, quel homme!*—was, as I am sure you remember, deeply interested in you personally and in your plans; and we three spent a long evening together in earnest talk and counsel. His boy, John, was one of your first pupils—a boy of brightest promise, from whose loss his father never recovered.

"Do you now, perhaps, recall that time? When next did I see you? Do you remember? It was at Lexington, Va., where after a few years you paid us a visit. The particular incident thereof that I remember was the ride with you and Professor Harris down to the canal-boat, as you were leaving. Do you remember Harris—'*Old Nick*'—with his brilliant eccentricities, his dry jokes, his endless paradoxes and love of disputation, reminding one of Carlyle's "Everlasting Nay"?

* * * * *

"These two incidents of our earlier acquaintance remain very vividly in my memory, and I thought I would recall them to you.

"*Meninense juvat!* In the old times one of the constant questions for debate was: Which gives the greater pleasure, hope or

*Judge Joynes, President of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia.

memory? We have, doubtless, in our day argued both sides. But *now* we know the answer: It is *hope* in youth, and *memory* in old age. Hope is the speculative fortune of early life, but memory is the laid-up treasure of age, of which nothing but loss of reason can rob us. 'Lord, keep my memory green', is the title of one of Dickens' short stories, which I have often uttered as a prayer! And now, both you and I are old fellows—but both, I trust, with our good share of the treasures of memory.

"I read with great pleasure of the honors and rewards that come to you from so many sources, at home and abroad. I know no man who has got more out of life than you have; but that is only because you have put so much into life. Truly, we all reap what we sow. I am always glad to hear from you.

Very truly your friend,

Edward S. Joynes."

Of other "friends at home" there was none with whom he was in closer sympathy, and who was more nearly a "friend at home" than Colonel Archer Anderson, of Richmond. They lived not far apart in the same city, after the school was moved from Petersburg; they had like literary tastes, the same lofty and passionate memories of the Confederacy and the same first love for Virginia. They were intimates of fifty years and more, "with confidences unrestrained and with an understanding so complete that never between them could a question arise". McCabe wrote of him in one of his Historical Society "Reports", following his death a few years before his own:

"In respect of extraordinary native talents he had no superior among his contemporaries, while in the number and variety of his accomplishments and activities, who, indeed, was his peer?—a brilliant and daring officer, who enlisting as a private soldier, rose to be chief of staff of one of the great Confederate armies, and who might in sober truth, have become the Napier of the momentous struggle in which he bore such conspicuous part, had not his invincible modesty impelled him to decline the mighty task—an exquisite classical scholar, who had been trained in the best universities at home and abroad, and who to the day of his death could read his Plato and Tacitus in the original 'with his feet on the fender', as Emerson aptly phrases it—a marvelous linguist, who wrote and spoke with elegance and precision most of the languages of continental Europe—an orator of the very first rank, the power and witchery of whose eloquence thrilled and swayed

applauding multitudes on great historic occasions—'learned in the law', though he engaged in active practice but a few years in his young manhood—possessed of consummate mastery of scientific economics and scientific finance, which in happy combination with robust common sense (one of his salient characteristics) compelled the smiles of fortune in his long career as a commanding figure in the industrial life of this city—in short, 'the Admirable Crichton' of our time, who touched and adorned life at many and widely varying points and left every activity he essayed the better for his touch.

"These were things that every Virginian (and, indeed, men and women far beyond our borders) could judge and admire. But to his countless friends among all sorts and conditions of men to whom his genial presence on our streets was a familiar sight, to his colleagues on this Committee,* to whom he was a sagacious counsellor for so many years, and especially to those who knew him yet more closely in the home circle, admiration was unconsciously so dominated by affection that one gave little thought to his varied attainments or his notable achievements in great affairs.

"Who among us that does not love to recall his delightful personality—his impressive form, his clear-cut features, untouched by any shadow of ignoble thought, full of power and authority and insensibly reminding one (as was said of him by a friend even in his lifetime) of the august 'presentment' of the noblest of the Antonines, as yonder in the Louvre he looks down upon us across the centuries in sweet and compelling dignity—his winning smile, and high-bred gracious manners, that were but the visible promptings of a generous heart overflowing with unaffected 'good will towards men'—his lambent wit and mellow humor, that flavored all his lighter talk among his intimates and gave an irresistible charm to his conversation—his genuine humility as to his own acquirements, his eager, generous praise of the achievements of his friends—his utter lack of condescension in his intercourse with his humbler fellows—his quick, unfailing sympathies for all 'afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate'—his constant benefactions, which he kept studiously concealed even from his intimates—his playful tenderness with children—his real genius for hospitality, wherein he ever shone as the ideal host—recalling all this and countless other gracious characteristics, who shall wonder that he was admired of all men, alike the lofty and the lowly, who might call him friend, and that in the inner sanctuary of 'the dearest spot on the earth' to him, he was, in very truth, the idol of wife and children, or that he was loved with passionate

*The Executive Committee of the Virginia Historical Society.

fervor by those who enjoyed the privilege of his intimate friendship and who felt subtly rebuked and humbled by the unconscious beauty and nobility of his stainless life."

(From Archer Anderson)

"Richmond, Nov. 24th. '92.

"My dear Gordon :

"I have been reading tonight for the third time your paper on the M. A. degree. It is a masterly discussion, and it seems to me must finally dispose of the question. No better piece of work in the interest of education has been done in my time in Virginia. The reform now happily instituted is a great step towards placing the University abreast of the foremost Schools of the country, and will, I believe, produce at once rich and abundant fruits.

"I was delighted to see in this evening's paper that the President of Harvard has recognized your place among the brilliant Latinists of the day by an appointment to some commission, the exact nature of which is not clearly set forth. But, as far as you are concerned, this is only the beginning of what I want to see in the near future. I desire to see you at the head of a School in the University devoted to the teaching of Latin on the literary side. In the next ten years you would kindle a fine enthusiasm by bringing your students' minds into actual contact with the thoughts and style of the great masters of Roman letters, and not merely talking about and around them or laboriously dissecting the mechanism of their speech.

"By George! I should be tempted to go and sit under you myself and try to renew my youth.

"Come over soon for another talk.

Yours faithfully,

Archer Anderson."

The Committee referred to was one appointed by the National Council of Education for the purpose of investigating and making a report on the general subject of "uniformity in school programmes and in requirements for admission to college". Accompanying the letter defining and detailing the work of this Committee was the following note to McCabe, under date of November 21, 1892, from Dr Charles W. Eliot, then President of Harvard University and chairman of the Committee:

"Dear Sir:

"I respectfully ask your careful consideration of the following letter, which invites you to an honorable and promising piece of work on behalf of secondary education.

Very truly yours,

Charles W. Eliot."

A letter of a later date from Colonel Anderson refers to a piece of genealogical work then recently done by McCabe, demonstrating the impossibility of a claim set up on behalf of the alleged descent of General Baden-Powell from Captain John Smith, the founder of the Colony of Virginia.

(From Archer Anderson)

"Richmond, Va., March 7th, 1906.

"My dear Gordon:

"I read your interesting letter in the *Times** of yesterday with great pleasure. I am sorry for B.-P. in not having such an ancestor as John Smith, and sorry for J. S. in not having such a descendant as B.-P. The line would have looked well at top and bottom. Maybe B.-P. meant to claim him as a collateral ancestor only. Is there any chance for such a claim? A great many people use the word loosely, when they mean only 'collateral ancestor'. Perhaps the vague element suits them. I remember a case, however, where that feeling did not enter. Macaulay tells of Queen Victoria talking with him about James II, and saying that she could not defend her 'ancestor'. 'Not your ancestor, madam', he replied; 'your Majesty's predecessor'.

"My 'Life of Froude', by Paul, has been returned, and I intended to send it to you today but forgot it. I will try to remember it tomorrow.

Yours,

A. A."

(From Archer Anderson)

"Richmond, Va., June 3rd, 1906.

"My dear Gordon:

"I thank you for giving utterance to what we are all feeling about Colonel Carter's† death in your article of this morning in

*McCabe published an article entitled "General Baden-Powell's claimed descent from Captain John Smith" in the (London) *Saturday Review*, Jan. 19th, 1907.

†Col. Thomas H. Carter, Acting Chief of Artillery, Second Corps, A. N. V.

the *Times-Dispatch*. It is a tribute worthy of the heroic man. He deserved every line of it, as thousands of his comrades will attest; but few could have found the fitting words, as you have done, touched with such deep emotion and such haunting remembrance of days that are gone. I have read it three times this morning. It is supremely well done. Heart and mind have spoken in unison.

"Believe me always.

Yours faithfully,

Archer Anderson."

(From Archer Anderson)

"103 West Franklin Street,
July 13th, 1908.

"Dear Gordon:

"I have read your article on Alexander's book in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* with pride and delight. It is one of the best things you have done—every sentence effective and every word true. I was sorry you felt bound to be severe on poor Bushrod Johnson, as I always understood he made a stubborn fight at Chickamauga.

"Though you criticise some of Alexander's views, he cannot fail to be charmed with your generous praise of himself and his book. I hope it may be proper to republish the article in this country in some quarter where it would find many readers.

"Good bye! Best wishes will follow you from this house on your 19th voyage to England.

Yours faithfully,

Archer Anderson."

(From Archer Anderson)

"103 West Franklin Street,
Dec. 14th, '09.

Dear Gordon:

Your letter gave me great satisfaction, though its tone was rather sad. I thought we had agreed in many talks that cheerfulness was the only course, as the browner shadows of evening descend. *Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere*—but not in a pagan spirit. Yes, if you are called before me, be sure I shall find a few words to say how I have loved and honoured you; and, in the contrary and more probable event, it will be a consolation to me to think that those nearest to me will have from you some modest and affectionate account of our friendship.

"And now that like Homeric heroes we have exchanged gifts, or rather promises, I confess a queer recollection comes over me of a play of Scribe's which old Volger made me read in my boyhood—*La Camaraderie*. I have not seen it since, but I think the plot was based on a band of aspiring young fellows in Paris in every line of art, literature or action, who agreed to push each other's worldly fortunes by word and print and deed. But when our mutual offices are rendered, worldly fortunes will not matter much.

Always yours faithfully,

Archer Anderson."

II.

Occasionally it chanced that in his sojournings abroad, he came across some comrade-in-arms who had shared with him the dangers and joys of the years of battle; and when they thus met, there was "good talk" between them of old associations and of old friends. Such an instance was that of his meeting in London more than once with Judge Anthony M. Keiley, a former Richmonder,—soldier, editor, author, legislator, and jurist,—a versatile and brilliant man, who had borne a conspicuous part in the affairs of his State and was then a self-constituted exile abroad. President Cleveland, in 1885 had nominated him as minister plenipotentiary to Italy, where his appointment was rejected by the court because of religious associations which made him diplomatically *persona non grata*. He was then nominated to the Court of Vienna, where he was again rejected for reasons not dissimilar; and in 1886 he became a Judge of the International Court of First Instance at Cairo, from which he rose to the Upper Court of Appeals in 1894.

Keiley was an unusually able and vigorous newspaper writer, and edited successively the Norfolk *Virginian* and the Petersburg *Index*. He possessed distinguished scholarly attainments, but left no permanent literary work behind him save a volume of personal reminiscences of prison life, called "In Vinculis, or the Prisoner of War", which was published in 1866.

(From Anthony M. Keiley)

"Paris,
le 3 Aout 1902.

"My dear Gordon:

"As you see from the caption (and have already seen from the post-stamp) I am unable to accept your hospitable bidding. I received your letter Saturday (yesterday) as I mounted the train at Victoria for * * * a ramble through the Alps which will consume the ensuing six weeks.

"Paris is duller than 'correcting exercises' and that you will admit exhausts comparison; so we will shake its dust from virtuous brogans and hie to Geneva tomorrow morning—if not, indeed, tonight.

"I'm mighty sorry to miss you, my old pal, and would have scoured Lunnnon town to find you, had I any clew; but Ben told me you gave him no London address: yer brute!

"Haven't the slightest notion what I'll do this year; and the Devil himself, who according to Beaumarchais, 'is very old and therefore very wise', don't know what I'll do next; but I have a notion that England will prize me out in December, in which event I may pack my sack and start off for the Durbar at Delhi, and so to China and Japan by the Golden Gate, home. I want to see the boys once more; there aren't such good fellows elsewhere on earth now, are there?—and it is evidently easier for me to go to them than the other way about.

"Drop me a line: '*Post Restante*, Chamonix', to let me know that you have received this, and that you love

Your old friend, A. M. K."

Few of his associates at home were closer to him than those who had served with him in the Army of Northern Virginia. Among these was Colonel Walter H. Taylor who had been for four years on the staff of General Robert E. Lee, first as his *aide-de-camp* and part of the time as adjutant general of the army, and who published in 1877 a volume of his experiences under the title, "Four Years with General Lee", and in 1906 another volume entitled "General Lee. 1861-1865".

(From Walter H. Taylor)

"Dear Gordon:

"Norfolk, Va., Jan. 4th, 1907.

"I have deferred until now acknowledging the receipt of your letter of 22nd Dec., hoping daily to receive my books from the publisher. After vexatious delays some came to hand today.

"I am sending you one by mail with the inscription desired by you, with the hope that you will not be disappointed in it.

"The Nusbaum Book and News Co. will send you a copy for the check you sent, which you can bestow upon some one of your foreign or Northern friends who needs enlightenment on the subject treated.

"Your visit was greatly enjoyed by us all, although it was evident to the least observant of us all that you were steadily holding yourself in all the while, and all the family wish you to come again when I am not feeling strong enough to 'butt in'.

"More than once it has been remarked to me: 'Colonel, you couldn't get in a word, could you?' Never mind, I have replied, I am going to pay him a visit, meet him at his own home, and then I'll have my innings.

"* * * Wishing you and all yours a happy New Year,
I am y'rs truly,

W. H. Taylor."

(From Walter H. Taylor)

"Norfolk, Va., Feb. 22nd, 1910.

"Dear Gordon:

"I thank you for your 'Brief Sketch of Andrew J. Venable, Jr.'. He was a splendid fellow and I enjoyed reading your tribute to his memory.

"The circle grows steadily smaller; those of us who still live should be all the more closely drawn together. What a glorious record it is that we share with those who have gone before!

"With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

Walter H. Taylor."

One who had been very near to his old Commander-in-Chief was Colonel Charles Marshall, who was General Lee's assistant adjutant general and inspector general on his staff, and who was with him at the final scene at Appomattox.

(From Charles Marshall)

"Baltimore, May 20th, 1888.

"Dear McCabe:

"Please excuse the professional look of this paper, which is the best I have at hand with which to acknowledge your kind postal and tell you how much pleasure it gave me.

"I send you two or three copies of the address, one inscribed as you desire and as I feel.

"I should like to revisit with you once more the Boulevard des Italiens, or any other Boulevard, but I fear my sight-seeing is over unless the doctor can do something to improve my eyes, or rather, my eye, which I regret to say is giving me a good deal of concern.

"Have you any notion of going abroad this summer? If you have, let me know your plans—not that I expect to be able to go with you but in order that I may have the matter in my mind.

"* * * I should like your friend Ropes to see my views of the War, but hesitate to send him a copy of the address because I have understood that it is regarded at the North as what they call 'Bourbonish' and inconsistent with the possession of a genuine love of 'the life of the nation'. I should dislike to thrust it upon one who might look upon it in that light.

"If you are not coming this way soon, I hope to see you at the University on the 29th. I expect to attend the commencement, provided my son Snowden's expectations as to his diplomas shall be fulfilled.

Yours very truly,

Charles Marshall."

From London Joseph Bryan wrote him in praise of his "editorial" on Colonel Thomas H. Carter.

(From Joseph Bryan)

"St. Ermin's Hotel,
St. James' Park, S. W.,
June 18th, 1908.

"My dear McCabe:

"When I read the editorial tribute to Col. Carter in the *Times-Dispatch* I knew as well that you had written it as if I had seen your MS. No one else could have done it, and I wish to thank you for it. To say that it was beautiful, and indeed—to an old Confederate—thrilling, would be a commonplace expression. Such an eulogy could not be produced but by a man like you about a man like Col. Carter.

"I shall never again see the like of either of you.

"I do not mind dying so much myself, (—I am reconciled to the inevitable,—) but I grieve for my State and the manhood which has been her glory when such men as Col. Carter go.

It is as impossible to replace them as it would be to restore the old Virginia society or to fight again the battle of Gettysburg.

"I am really enjoying myself here. London seems to be doing everything possible to make the Pan-Anglican delegates happy. You would be in your element. I wish you were with us. The garden-parties at Knebworth Place and Fulham were incomparable. Good bye.

Sincerely your friend,

Jos. Bryan."

None of the Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia were finer soldiers or better men than Col. Thomas H. Carter, his intimate friend and associate through many years.

On the envelope enclosing the following letter is pencilled in McCabe's handwriting: "Col. Tom Carter, 'the bravest of the brave', Chief of Art'y of 2nd Corps A. N. V."

(From Thomas H. Carter)

"Upperville P. O.,
Fauquier Co., Va.,
October 4th, 1905.

"My dear Gordon:

"I am truly yours for your charming letter. You know I always liked to hear you talk, and now I like to read your letters. I said so once in the presence of Ham Chamberlayne. He said, 'Lie down, men, the Confederacy can't spare your services!'"* I am *hors du combat* with an attack of paralysis in my right side. The doctors tell me it will be better. God grant it! I am up here in Fauquier for awhile with my two daughters. No man ever had better. Today fortnight I shall go to Tom's in your city, where I hope the great doctors can render me some little benefit. I appreciate the kind messages from your good wife, and return them with my love and best wishes for her entire recovery of her sight. Warner is a first-rate soldier, and in his day will beat our times—perhaps. You are greatly blessed in your sons—all of them,—as I am in my sons and daughters.

"I am glad to tell you that my accounts from the University are most favourable. I am greatly interested in it. I hear from Dr. Alderman and Col. Peters good accounts and pray for its prosperity. I miss the use of my exercise and of my horse here; and to that I attribute my downfall. I followed the doctors

* This is an allusion to an order once given by McCabe to his men in battle.

pretty strictly but I needed exercise. I have had it all my life, and miss it more than I can tell you.

Affectionately yours,

Thos. H. Carter."

Major A. R. Venable, whose life he commemorated in one of his many memorials to friends and comrades in arms who had passed away, wrote him in 1905 a picturesque and characteristic letter. For Major Venable, McCabe cherished a warm affection and admiration as a man and as a soldier,—a feeling and opinion shared by very many of those who were his intimates. During the War he had served as adjutant and inspector general on the staff of General J. E. B. Stuart.

(From Andrew A. Venable, Jr.)

"Farmville, Va., Oct. 3, 1905.

"My dear Gordon:

"You don't know how you touch my heart with your kind affectionate letter. Why don't you come to see me? You have nothing to do. Stay a week, and I will tell you all I know about the War.

"I have written one or two articles for the *Dispatch*, giving an accurate account of Stuart's death, and will in the near future write you a full account. Several articles have been written purporting to be a correct statement, but all of them I think inaccurate. * * *

"* * * I will merely state one fact: Stuart was not shot from behind by a Federal prisoner, but a Federal regiment had charged down the road, breaking our line temporarily. Stuart (was) on his horse on the bank of the cut in the road where the monument now stands to mark the place he was shot. They had been driven back by a counter-charge of a squadron of either the 9th or 1st,—I don't know which,—and many of the Federals were dismounted. As Stuart stood on the bank firing his pistol in the retreating column, and had emptied every barrel of the pistol, a dismounted man with sergeant's chevron, running back with his command, passed Stuart. Looking back, he seemed to be impressed with Stuart's presence and stopped and fired one shot at him from his revolver, which was the fatal shot. Now, Stuart told me this himself, and said: 'He was a gallant fellow, and deserved praise for his bravery'. But Stuart said to me: 'Now, some Yankee officer will claim to have killed me in the fight to claim the credit, and you will see it in the papers soon'.

And sure enough, at an early date * * * Alger, late Sec'y of War * * * published a statement that he had directed a sharpshooter to fire at Stuart, naming the location of the field where he stood,—when the fact of the business was Stuart was in the pines and could not have been seen 200 yds off.

"Now, Gordon, I have so much manual labor to perform that I cannot write, and have to trespass upon my daughter's time who has already more than she ought to do in her household work. I hope before I am taken that I can be able to write some of my recollections of my army service, but my laborious life and want of literary training have prevented my doing so. If possible I hope yet to be able to do something in that line.

"We are passing away, my dear friend. I am the only living member of Stuart's staff save Theo. Garnett, who was his *aide-de-camp* and secretary,—and a noble boy he is.

"I thank you very much for your sweet letter, and wish you would come to see me and bring your dear wife—to whom give my most devoted love. We would not be able to give you in our country home any 'high-falutin' city reception,—but a loving embrace, some fried chicken and old ham, and something, possibly, to kill musquitos and malaria.

Yours affectionately,

A. R. Venable, Jr."

These friendships formed in the camp, on the march and in the bivouac that were so close and compelling, grew stronger as "the thin gray line" grew thinner. Some one once told McCabe of an Englishman, who complained bitterly of the Scotsmen who came up to London and possessed themselves of all the good things that Britain could bestow.

"They get everything—in the government, in the army and navy, and in the professions" he said. "Why, I sat near three of them in my club a few nights ago. They are what you call in America a close corporation. These three were drinking together; and the toasts they drank was this: One said, lifting his glass: 'Here's tae us;' The next lifted his glass and said: 'Wha's like us?' and the third responded by lifting *his* glass, and saying emphatically: 'Damned few!' " McCabe laughed and remarked: "We old Confederates think it of each other yet."

Some of these "rebels" remained, in certain directions, "irreconcilable". One such was William C. Whittle, who was an

officer on the Confederate cruiser *Nashville*, which had the distinction of being the first war vessel to fly the flag of the Confederate States and the last to lower it in the waters of England. Later he was first lieutenant of the famous *Shenandoah*, the last of the cruisers and the one which, with the exception of the *Alabama*, inflicted the largest total of injury upon the commerce of the United States. She was purchased by Captain Bulloch for the Southern government after the sinking of the *Alabama* by the *Kearsage* off Cherbourg; and during her career captured thirty-eight ships of the aggregate value, as stated by their masters, of \$1,361,983.

(From Wm. C. Whittle)

"Norfolk, Va., April 30th, 1910.

"My dear Captain and Comrade:

"I do not know when I have been more complimented or gratified than I was upon the receipt of your beautiful tribute to the lamented Andrew Reid Venable, Jr.

"I have read and re-read it with the deepest interest. It is a just and high tribute, by one Virginian to another, both of the highest type of Virginia manhood and patriotism who in war and peace stood the crucial test of high duty.

"Such men are not improved by 'reconstruction', and I am glad to believe that there are many such still left to leaven the lump. I heartily thank you for your contribution to my collection of valuables.

"I send you, under separate cover, a pamphlet I have recently published entitled 'Cruises of the C. S. Steamers *Shenandoah* and *Nashville*'. It is but a brief portrayal of the chief features of two unique experiences, which I hope may interest you as from an 'artist on the spot'. I always think of you with fondness lasting from 1861 to 1910.

Yours sincerely,

Wm. C. Whittle."

(From Wm. C. Whittle)

"Norfolk, Va., May 4th, 1910.

"My dear friend and comrade:

"Your most kind and gratifying letter of the 2nd has been duly received and greatly enjoyed; as, too, was the paper sent con-

taining your able and strong review of the book of my cousin, Beverley Munford.*

"I heartily thank you for both. I have no friend whose approbation I value more highly than I do yours. I flatter myself that we agree in our views on the subject touched upon.

"Like yourself, I have several other friends who have urged upon me to expand my sketch of the cruise of the *Shenandoah*. I cordially appreciate the suggestion and will take the matter under advisement. I conceive it to be the duty of every Confederate to do all in his power to perpetuate true history. * * * I have never seen your article on 'Duelling in the Old Navy' and would love to see it.

Yours sincerely,

Wm. C. Whittle."

He often sent his printed speeches and addresses and his memorial writings about his dead comrades to many of the living, and responses seldom failed to come back, warm and enthusiastic.

(From Senator John W. Daniel)

"Washington, July 4th, 1888.

"My dear Gordon:

"I thank you for your great speech at the University.† You held the mirror up to nature, and her finest images were reflected in it.

"I was glad our Northern friends heard the vernacular,—rich, pure and undefiled.

"All day long I have been lamenting that 'Chaplain' McCabe did not get to Gettysburg. In the gray dawn of July 4, 1863 I left that town—the last Confederate of the Infantry that came out of it, leaving Harry Gilmore with a squad of his troopers around the debris in the public square. I would like to have been there and to have heard you there.

"Sickles' speech was worthy the time and the theme, and I know yours would have lit the scene with new glory.

"God bless you, dear Comrade. You have fought these terrible battles of peace with the heroic spirit eloquent, that could only have had its inspiration in the grandeur and sorrow of war.

Sincerely yours,

Jno. W. Daniel."

* *Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession*, by Beverley B. Munford. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1909).

† "Virginia Schools before and after the Revolution". June 27th, 1888.

Colonel Arthur Herbert is described by him in a memorandum on the envelope of the following letter as "formerly Colonel of 17th Va. Inf'y, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V., one of the bravest officers in that army."

(From Col. Arthur Herbert)

Washington, D. C.,
Jan'y 13th, 1911.

"Dear Gordon:

"Your beautiful sketch of Major Venable's life and military career was duly received. My old eyes being now much the worse for wear, Old Miss read it to me with the deepest interest—for you must know she is still an enthusiastic old Rebel and warms up to the theme of the stirring war days as much as any old vet you know.

"I was particularly struck by your allusion to Pegram, Jim Breathed, Beckham, Jimmy Thompson and Victor Girardy.

"Why can't you rescue their lives and deeds from oblivion? They deserve it; and there is no man living that could do it so well as yourself.

"The shadows are deepening around us all, and memory is ever growing more faulty. So brace up, old fellow, and like 'Old Mortality' rescue the names and deeds of your old comrades. * * *

Sincerely yours,

A. Herbert."

III.

Governor William E. Cameron, had been a gallant soldier of the Confederacy; and after the war was editor of newspapers in Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk. He was conspicuous in his generation in Virginia for his vigorous and scholarly writing, and like McCabe possessed an imagination and fancy which sometimes found expression in graceful and felicitous verse.

(From William E. Cameron)

Virginia Club,
Norfolk, May 10th, 1916.

"My dear Gordon:

"I am not unmindful of, nor ungrateful for, the constancy of your friendship or for the thoughtfulness which gives me the

pleasure of reading your touching tributes to our 'best and dearest' as one by one they pass away. If I have not made acknowledgement of these evidences that you still hold me in remembrance and affection, it has not been that time and separation have displaced you from a warm corner in my 'heart of hearts', but that my growing infirmity has rendered writing such an arduous, sometimes painful, process that when my daily task is done I fairly loathe the pen, ink and paper. If I had sent you a letter during these past five years when I wanted to, you would have a surfeit of me and my outpourings.

"The death of Walter Taylor leaves you, so far as I know, the only one of my early friends who called me 'Willy' yet on earth. I hope you are to embalm his memory as you have done that of dear The: Garnett. I was in Florida when he died and was telegraphed to for an article; but I was sick and what I sent did neither him nor myself justice.

"But this scrawl was started only to assure you of my abiding concern in all that affects your welfare, and to say that despite apparent neglect of your reminders, I am as ever

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

William E. Cameron."

Frequently letters came to him from men who had fought with him but whom time and circumstance had separated from him, and who yet none the less held him in kindly and generous recollection. Such a letter is this from Lieutenant Colonel Richardson, commander of an artillery battalion in the Army of Northern Virginia.

(From Lieut-Col. Charles Richardson)

"Willis' Mill,
Fredericksburg, Virginia,
November 1st, 1910.

"Dear Captain:

"On the battle field of Cold Harbor in the early forenoon, June 5th, 1864, you—Adjutant of Pegram's Battalion—which was in battery on the right of my Artillery, came with a message to me from Col. Pegram. Ah, well do I remember your trim figure and how observant of military etiquette you were,—carrying yourself erect, straight as a young ash-tree, the point of your sword up, the hilt against your hip. Regardless of the *minies* whizzing around you delivered the message calmly.

"Maybe the shades of forty-six winters that have passed by since that day have hid me from your view. I congratulate the Governor of Virginia on his appointment of you a member of 'the Gettysburg Commission'. I believe you will see to it that the names of delinquents shall not debase the tablet to be erected in honor of the Virginians who faced the enemy.

"With my compliments,

Yours truly,

Chas. Richardson."

From other former companions in arms, at varying times, and written on many subjects, but always interwoven with the red thread of "their War", came letters which he preserved in memory of the writers and of that heroic time. On the envelope containing one of these he had written the tribute of his admiration: "From Judge and Ex-Governor Thos. G. Jones of Alabama, formerly A. D. C. to Gen'l Jno. B. Gordon,—one of the most daring young officers in Lee's Army."

(From Governor Thomas G. Jones)

"District Judge's Chambers,
United States Courts,
Montgomery, Ala.,
Feb. 21st, 1910.

"My dear McCabe:

"It was sweet of you to think of me. Your kind reference to my connection with the Army of Northern Virginia is something which I shall always cherish along with the glorious Gordon's kind words. Only the knightly nature of one, who on so many stormy fields stood between the thunder of the guns of Pegram's Battalion and directed the storm, would have thus remembered a distant comrade who was but a bearer of others' orders in those days of long ago.

"Sad as were those days, as I climb down the hill I realize they were the happiest and noblest epochs of our lives.

"Your sketch of Major Venable, whom I learned to know fairly well by occasional glimpses of the man, is an admirable portrayal of a noble nature and the traits of a Virginia gentleman,—a type which, sad to say, is fast becoming only a memory.

"I hope time deals gently with you. With love,

Your comrade,

Thos. G. Jones."

When McCabe wished to write a sketch of his friend, Major R. W. Hunter, well known to all Virginians of his time as a charming raconteur, a wit and a delightful companion as well as a gallant Confederate officer, he applied for some detailed information to Colonel R. Preston Chew, like Hunter a resident of the lower Shenandoah Valley. Chew had at one time commanded Stuart's "Horse Artillery", Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; but it turned out that he had had no contact with Hunter until after the War. His response to the inquiry was kindly, and incidentally touched in a humorous way on McCabe's occasional habit, according to Mr Johnson Barbour, of illustrating a fecundity of conversational powers which was disconcerting to others who also possessed not only the ability but the desire to "talk".

(From Colonel R. Preston Chew)

"Charles Town,
Jefferson County, West Va.,
May 15, 1916.

"Dear McCabe:

"I received your very interesting card and read it with the intense interest that I read all your productions.

"I was in Baltimore a few days ago and called to see Dr. Gildersleeve and his wife, and he spoke very nicely of Hunter, and it occurred to me when I got your note that Gildersleeve was the very best man to give you the data about Hunter's military service. He was with him a great deal during the war and Hunter went there often, being a cousin of his wife. I discovered he was anxious to keep busy with his pen, and I have not the slightest doubt he would take great interest in writing you all about Hunter and his war record. I never served with Hunter and did not know him until after the war.

"As to the photograph, will say that I have always had rather an aversion to having my face put into a photograph or painting, and never had one taken until just about the time I was married. * * * Lately I have had many parties after me with the same request, and I think I will have some taken and send you one. I hardly know any one else who could induce me to do this; but whenever I have been with you, you have always relieved me absolutely of the onus of conducting the conversation, and being trained as a soldier to keep quiet and being naturally a silent man, I have found this something to be especially grateful for.

"I will write to Miss Caroline, and try to get the letters you refer to. Will write to her today. Hunter was one of the most entertaining men I ever met, and when I went to Washington I liked to take a day off and listen to his anecdotes and recollections of the days we spent in the army.

"I wish you would come to see me next month. We have here the most beautiful country in the world.

"With kindest regards to your wife,

Yours sincerely,

R. P. Chew."

IV.

Among his associates in the University days, was Randolph Harrison McKim, later a soldier of the Confederacy and afterwards a distinguished minister of the Episcopal Church. The boyish affection which they had entertained for each other as students was intensified in later years by a common devotion to the memories of the South in the War, and cemented by the scholarship and the love of letters which each recognized in the other. Dr McKim was a frequent and able writer not only on ecclesiastical and religious topics but upon many matters connected with the War; and among his more ambitious writings was his book "The Soul of Lee", published a few years before his death. The intimate relations of their youth were maintained until the end came to them both in the early summer of 1920. Dr McKim, then in charge of a church in Washington, D. C., conducted the beautiful services of the Episcopal liturgy at his friend's funeral, and six weeks later followed him into "the land where sorrow is unknown".

Illustrative of the intimacy existing between them many of their letters to each other show their unity of thought on the subjects, very dear to both, of books and reading and of the Confederacy; and on McCabe's part occasionally abound in the "high facetiousness" in which he loved to indulge towards those with whom jesting was for him a token of devotion.

(To R. H. McKim)

"Petersburg, Virginia,

May 16th, 1891.

"My dear Ran:

"I regret that your brief visit to this ancient borough should have been clouded by a little transaction which I will discuss

with the friendly privacy of a postal card, for fear that your wife has contracted the bad habit of reading your *letters*. The hackman, (whom you endeavored to elude, you will remember), complains to me that the dollar you gave him is a counterfeit, and further alleges that you promised him 15 cents, wherewith to get a drink if he drove you up town and back in a hurry, and that you slipped into the 'Pullman' and pretended to forget all about it. I gave the man a *genuine* dollar and after mature deliberation, 15 cents for *milk*; so that with the \$1.60 I spent in going to Richmond, you now owe me \$2.75. 'Please remit' by P. O. order.

"Oh! you lucky beggar! I was so glad to meet your wife. Do fetch her here for a good long visit, so that I may get to know her better and *sympathize with* her! With love to you both,

Aff'y ever,

G. McC."

Of course, the whole incident was a 'yarn' and had no foundation in fact. The post-card was written for no other purpose than to shock its reverend recipient, who knowing the writer, was not "shocked".

Dr McKim was invited to present to the University of Virginia the bronze tablets which contain the names of more than five hundred of the students and alumni—"paladins and martyrs", as Bruce calls them in his history,*—who died in the Confederate War; and McCabe wrote to him before the address was made.

(To R. H. McKim)

"405 Cary Street, East,
Richmond, Virginia,
May 7th, 1906.

"Dear Ran:

"I am glad you are chosen to present the tablets. No man is worthier or fitter to do so, and I know you'll perform the pious task (as the old Romans were wont to say) in becoming fashion.

"I have no lists by me, but I think you will do well to name some of the men we knew and loved—William Johnson Pegram,* who rose from being a private soldier to full Colonel of Artillery, and who was killed at the early age of 23 in the disastrous battle of Five Forks, or rather was mortally wounded there, hard by

* Philip Alexander Bruce: "History of the University of Virginia", vol. 3, p. 228 and seq.

my side;—Percival Elliott* of Georgia,—mortally wounded on 'the Retreat',—our young 'Sir Galahad', Cotesworth Pinckney Seabrook* of S. C., slain at Chancellorsville;—Randolph Fairfax,* who fell at Fredericksburg;—Isaac T. Walker* of Fitz Lee's staff, killed in the Valley in 1864;—Ellis Munford,* who fell at Malvern Hill;—Sandy' Pendleton,* Jackson's chief-of-staff; David R. Barton of Winchester, who fell at First Manassas;—George Bedinger;—Austin Brockenbrough, killed at Gettysburg;—Samuel Hale of North Carolina, major, killed at Spotsylvania C. H. (I think);—John H. Maury, who served in the West;—Ro: B. McKim;—John Morris, Jr., of Goochland, of my Battalion, killed at Gettysburg;—Thos. J. Randolph of Vicksburg, killed (I think) in the West;—Wm. S. Shields of Mississippi, killed in the West;—Lomax Tayloe;—Bernard Taylor of 'Moss Neck', killed while I was commanding the 'Fredericksburg Artillery', in the action of Aug. 21st at Petersburg; Fenton Wrenn, killed at Gettysburg, and Walter Wrenn,* an M. A., killed at Second Manassas (both brothers from Smithfield, Va.) Those I've marked (with a star) I should certainly name, of our contemporaries. But you must go back farther and name Thompson Brown, colonel First Reg't Va. Art'y, and some of the men of that time.

"*Macte virtute esto!*" old fellow.

"I fear that I cannot get to the University, but your address will be in all the papers and I know that I shall enjoy it. * * *

Affectionately always,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. H. McKim)

"Dear Ran:

"Richmond, Va., Nov. 5th, 1909.

"I have your note of yesterday. I fear you think hardly of me that I have not read and sent back to you long ago your paper on Mosby. It has been quite unavoidable. I have never even looked at this first paper of yours, because I have been overwhelmed with MSS. from England and from friends here which I had already promised to look over. Mark that! Bev. Munford's MS. * * * that of Capt. Gross of the British Army, and Col. Talcott's and two others. I had promised these people; and while I could have 'skimmed' your paper, and sent it back to you with a few complimentary words, I was unwilling to do so. You were too close to me. I have a very high opinion of your ability as a dialectician, but you had set to yourself a most critical piece of work, in which you had attacked

the most able controversialist of whom I know. I had read his book* (which has profoundly impressed me), and I was not going to give an opinion on your rejoinder until I had read over again, carefully and critically, all that he had urged.

"Time failed me to do this speedily, in view of the engagements mentioned above. Unless you write me again, I shall keep your article until I can read it with due care, and then I shall send it to you. But if you want it now, drop me a p. c. and it shall go at once to you. 'Archer' thinks most highly of it and has unfolded his views. I cannot agree to what he says and have so told him. You are one of my few oldest friends left, and you know how I love you. But I will not (and you would not have me) write a perfunctory opinion, based on a casual reading of your paper. I judged from your letter before this last that you had made up your mind and did not greatly care what criticism I had to make. Still that did not shake me, nor did it shake my belief in your true affection for me. I am 'colorless' in judging *your* 'argument' as that of 'the man in the street'. Talcott has an article on the same subject which he sent me before I went to Europe in July. I sent it back and advised him to recast it, as I did not think it any *real* answer. I shall read your paper, if you can leave it with me for a little while. Don't hesitate to speak plainly and I shall not mind.

"Now, as to publishers: Neither 'Scribner' nor 'Harper' will accept 'free' such a book as you propose. They may, of course, but I do not think so. If they do, no one will be gladder than I am. I think that either would do it, if you 'guarantee' all expense. I certainly consider a book already 'damned' that is published by ———. So there you are! I am sure you can write a delightful and valuable book, and I am glad, very glad, you are going to do so. Let me know whether I shall send back the MS. or keep it for a little while.

"With love for your wife and yourself,

Aff'y

G. M.

"Have you seen Gildersleeve's 'Hellas and Hesperia'? He has sent me a copy (as he does all his books), and always with an inscription that humbles me because of his generous words."

(To R. H. McKim)

"Dear Ran:

"Richmond, Virginia,

Nov. 10th, 1913.

"Just a line. I have examined the '*So. Hist. Soc. Papers*', Sept. 1877, p. 126, and quite agree with you that Walter Taylor's

* Mosby's "Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign", 1908.

memory is at fault. As for Heth's consulting Lee about putting his Divn., that's another lapse of memory. Mosby says (p. 119 of his 'Stuart's Cavalry') as you remember, for you are very familiar with the book: 'A. P. Hill's report says that Heth's Divn. started to Gettysburg at 5 A. M., and was followed by Pender's. Hill went in command. *Gen'l Lee* certainly did not reach *Cash-town* before noon, *long after General Hill had gone*'. As for Charles Venable's letter to which you refer, it's straight in the teeth of what W. H. Taylor says in his 'Lee'. (See also Review of Longstreet's book, Taylor's 'Lee', pp. 202, 203). Love for you and your wife.

Always affectionately,

W. Gordon McCabe.

"Did you see my letter in N. Y. *Sun* of today (Monday, Nov. 10th) about the Barbara Frietchie myth? The printer mauled me in printing (in last paragraph) 'safely' instead of 'solely'."

(To R. H. McKim)

"Richmond, Virginia,

Sept. 27th, 1910.

"My dear Ran:

"I got in on last Thursday evening in the *Lusitania* after a rapid voyage of 4 days, 13 hrs and 26 min., spent Friday in New York, and came down to 'my ain countree' on Saturday evening, where I was glad to find your welcome along with that of my home-folk.

"I am rejoiced to hear, old fellow, that 'Richard is himself again', and that you are keen for the ecclesiastical 'burden' (!), that you like so much and that you are so admirably fitted to bear. I shall be very glad to get your book, and its value will be doubly enhanced by your writing in it as you so kindly promise. I shall be glad to say a good word for it in some paper later on, but I am under promise to write elaborate reviews of some important volumes just sent me by the (London) *Saturday Review*, not one of which I have yet peeped into. The Editor of that journal said to me this summer that 'he would like hereafter to turn over to me for review all books that came to them touching Virginia and the South'. The connection is a valuable one in one way: but I feel that if I am going to do anything 'permanent' (or aiming to be 'permanent') I must do it now, and I don't know whether I shall go on reviewing. However,

you'd better get your publishers to send a copy to the '*Review*', and it may be sent to me, though of course I cannot speak positively.

* * * * *

"My summer was, as usual, spent in visiting all over the Kingdom. I had my two clubs in London and everybody was most cordial and hospitable. I had the great good luck to see something of dear old Leigh Robinson, but not half as much as I wanted to. * * *

Always yours affectionately,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. H. McKim)

"Richmond, Virginia,

Feb'y 4th, 1914.

"My dear old 'Ranny':

"If we were merely what the world calls 'very good friends', I should throw myself upon your epistolary mercy and overwhelm you with apologies; but, thank God, we don't 'count letters' with each other, and I knew that *you* knew there was some very good reason why I did not, and could not, write.

"Since I received your letter, and indeed, at the very time it came, I was up to my eyes in preparing a voluminous 'Annual Report' as President of the Virginia Historical Society, reviewing the work of the Society for the past year and stating the work we propose doing in 1914. Before writing certain sections of the 'Report' I had to do a vast amount of investigation of records, and only finished this bit of work a few nights ago. I am now in the throes of writing an address on '*The First University in America*' (at 'Henricopolis', or Dutch Gap') based entirely on the records. * * *

"I sent you back C. F. A.'s letter. In our eyes, there is a touch of discourtesy in it,—but he never meant anything of the sort. It's just what is known as 'the Adams manner'. I've never been able yet to review his book, as he wishes me to do.

* * *

* * * * *

Always affectionately,

G. M."

Many other comrades in the days of the War of Secession were, as had been stated, his more or less frequent correspondents and visitors in his home; and he preserved letters, among others,

from Major Holmes Conrad of Winchester, Virginia, who was later Solicitor General in President Cleveland's Cabinet; Captain F. M. Colston, Colonel W. H. Palmer, of Richmond, who was A. P. Hill's Chief of Staff; Brigadier General John R. Cooke, 3rd Corps A. N. V.; General E. P. Alexander, whose book on the War he reviewed in *The Saturday*; General Bradley T. Johnson, General D. H. Maury; General T. T. Munford, General William Mahone; General G. W. Smith; General M. D. Corse; General Stephen D. Lee; General D. A. Weisiger and General Jubal A. Early. His writings about the War and his occasional addresses on Confederate memorial occasions attracted the attention of the old soldiers of the Southern armies in many parts of the country, and served to make for him many new acquaintances and not a few additional friends.

Between 1905 and 1916 he carried on a voluminous correspondence about various episodes and phases in the history of the War with Colonel John S. Mosby, the famous "Partisan leader" of the Confederacy; and this correspondence was accompanied by a number of visits made to McCabe's home in Richmond by Colonel Mosby. A writer in the *New York Sun*, soon after Mosby's death in 1916, describes him as "one of the most picturesque figures" of the War; and says that "he was the last of the brilliant quintet of Confederate swift riders—Stuart, Mosby, Morgan, Forrest and Wheeler—whose daring achievements crowned the Southern cavalry with glory even in defeat and made them the wonder and envy of their foes".

The same writer adds of Mosby that "he was blunt to the point of brusqueness, impatient of interruption or contradiction, with the intolerance which belongs to all imperious natures", and these characteristics are often disclosed in the eighty or more letters, nearly all concerning military events and characters which McCabe received from him in his later years.

McCabe wrote to Dr McKim when joining issue with Mosby in the famous discussion among Confederates about General J. E. B. Stuart and his Cavalry at Gettysburg, that he "had a very high opinion" of McKim's "ability as a dialectician, but that he" (McKim) "had set to himself a critical piece of work, in which

he had attacked the most able controversialist of whom he knew"; and the statement was just. Mosby wielded an able and incisive pen, was a student of events and well informed on the military history of the period of which he wrote, a practised writer and a master of the English tongue; and his statements and assertions were usually made with the same unhesitating boldness that characterized his methods of fighting. When he wished information on some disputed point or reference to an authority, he frequently called on McCabe; and in these letters are many angles to the various controversies which emerged from the War and continued until the mightier conflict in Europe aroused a newer interest.

Some of Mosby's letters to McCabe, bearing on subjects other than controversial, follow.

(From Col. John S. Mosby)

"1130 12th St., Washington,
June 5th, 1911.

"Dear Captain McCabe:

"I received your letter. It will give me pleasure to accept your kind invitation to stay with you on my visit to Richmond. I believe I wrote you that I shall go on Wednesday morning to Orange to meet a party of army officers who are studying the Va. Battlefields. It is a coincidence that my article in the Magazine section of the N. Y. *Herald* of Sunday, May 28th, describes Pope's campaign on the Rapidan and the place in Orange where Pope's cavalry came so near picking Stuart and myself up. I shall show them the place where Stuart was sleeping in a porch. On Monday, 12th, I want to go to the University Commencement. Please let the Bryans know that I am coming. I shall go on the C. & O. train that arrives in Richmond about 9.30 A. M. I shall go from Orange.

Yours truly,

Jno. S. Mosby."

(From Col. John S. Mosby)

"1130 12th St., Washington,
Oct. 19th, 1911.

"Dear Captain McCabe:

"Your letter rec'd. You say that instead of devoting my pen to ephemeral literature I ought to employ it in writing my

Memoirs. But the *res agustae domi* has compelled me to write these fugitive pieces. When I was dismissed from the Dep't of Justice I had only \$50.—all I had in the world. Now in writing a book I could get no immediate returns, which were and are a necessity. Nor have I much faith in the profits of any war-book. I have never known anybody that made money from a war-book except Gen. Grant, and that was largely due to the sympathy excited by the circumstances under which it was written.

"About January 1st I shall begin on my Memoirs. You are mistaken about the Jeff Davis episode being disproved,—just the reverse. Chapman knows all about it.

"The Stoughton article was written 25 years ago—copyrighted and published by the *Century*. They syndicated and a few weeks ago republished it. I was very much surprised at its being republished and got nothing from the republication.

"I send you under another cover a picture of myself taken when I was 18 years old—a student at the University of Va. It is from a daguerreotype.

Very truly,

Jno. S. Mosby."

(From Col. John S. Mosby)

"1212 12th St.,

Washington, March 7th, 1912.

"Dear Captain McCabe:

"I have just received a letter from Col. Chapman saying that you had not been able to find the copy of the *Southern Soc. Papers* about which I wrote you. It was lying on the table in your library, and one morning when you were asleep and I was drinking my coffee, I opened it and read a footnote that was an extract from a letter written in 1886 by Jeff. Davis, saying that Kent's 'Commentaries' was the text-book at West Point when he went there. He entered a year before Gen'l Lee did. It has been said that Rawle was the text-book on Constitutional Law when Gen'l Lee was a cadet; and some years ago I saw that Bishop Wilmer had stated that Gen'l Lee told him that he learned the doctrine of Secession when he was a cadet.* I then said that I did not believe Gen'l Lee ever said so, even if a text-book said it. When I was a Univ. student nobody could infer from a *text-book* what was taught. 'Old Gess' used to tear Anthon all to pieces, and 'Old Guff' knocked Locke into a cocked hat. Now Kent was an extreme Federalist; so was Gen'l Lee's father.

* See Gordon: "Jefferson Davis" in "Figures from American History" Series (Scribners, N. Y., 1918), pp. 17, 18.

Both belonged to the school of Alexander Hamilton. So do I,—
and I always did. I have sent you some marked papers lately.

Yours truly,

Jno. S. Mosby.

“Even if the right of secession was taught at West Point
Gen. Lee was a dull scholar, for he never learned it.”

(From Col. John S. Mosby)

“Garfield Hospital,
Washington, Oct. 12th, 1912.

“Dear Captain McCabe:

“I have just rec’d from Mrs. Waldorf Astor a letter inviting
me to Mirador and enclosing your card. It was delivered to me in
the hospital where I am confined to my bed, and it is impossible
for me to form any idea when I can leave. For this reason I had
to decline with regret her polite invitation. I am glad that she
is not so expatriated as not to retain some interest in Virginians.
If you should see Col. Chapman, show him this letter.

Yours truly,

Jno. S. Mosby.”

(From Col. John S. Mosby)

“The Alamo, Washington,
June 29th, 1914.

“Dear Captain McCabe:

“Your letter rec’d. Under separate cover I send you the pic-
ture requested. I see that you put in quotation marks words
attributed to Light Horse Harry Lee in the debate on the Va.
Resolutions. They might have been spoken by John Taylor of
Caroline, whose resolutions Light Horse bitterly opposed. They
were not spoken by the Light Horse who supported the counter-
resolutions of Geo. Keith Taylor of Prince George. The next year
Light Horse ran for Congress and was elected. He endorsed the
Alien and Sedition laws. Washington voted for him. John
Marshall was elected to Congress at the same time in the Rich-
mond district; he ran on the same platform and at the urgent
request of George Washington. The tradition of a State’s Rights
Southern party is as pure a fable as that of Romulus and Remus.

“Well, I was invited to deliver in April an address before the
Military Institute of Toronto on Stuart’s Cavalry in the Gettys-
burg campaign. I made some new points that are not in my
book, which greatly strengthens the case in favor of Stuart. I had
also the advantage of an impartial audience, and I am sure that

no one who heard me doubted that Stuart acted in strict accordance with Lee's orders. Even to *doubt* the infalibility of Gen'l Lee is heresy in Va.

Yours truly,

Jno. S. Mosby."

(From Col. John S. Mosby)

"The Alamo, Washington,
December 12th, 1914.

"Dear Captain McCabe:

"I rec'd your letter with enclosure, which I forwarded to our friend, Mrs. Nannie Astor. I also sent an answer to Putnam's letter to the *London Times*, and am sending a copy of it to *The News-Leader* which you can see. I think you will say that I have given him an effective answer and that it was to my advantage that he drew my fire.

"My tactics in war and peace have always been offensive. If you should see Colonel Chapman, you can tell him to look out for the *News-Leader*. My health is fine.

Very truly,

Jno. S. Mosby."

(From Col. John S. Mosby)

1440 Rhode Island Avenue,
(Washington, D. C.) Feb. 25th, 1916.

"Dear Captain McCabe:

"You may remember that I sent you some months ago my Bristol lecture and also an original copy of the printed order which General Stuart issued announcing the capture of General Stoughton. As a relic of the war and its association I thought that Governor Stuart might like to see it. I intend to give it to the University of Va., to keep as a war memento. So please return them to me by parcel post. To get a change of climate and the benefit of the salt air I shall go down to Norfolk on March 12th. and spend a week or so at St. Vincent's Hospital. I spent Wednesday night in a Turkish bath.

Very truly,

Jno. S. Mosby."

Colonel Mosby died in 1916 at the age of eighty-three, and his "Memoirs", edited by Mr. Charles Wells Russell were published in the following year by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HOUSE ON CARY STREET.

I.

IN the house on Cary Street in Richmond, where he conducted his school after its removal from Petersburg in 1895 till its close in 1901, he continued to reside until the summer preceding his death, when he moved to another home on East Franklin Street. In the Cary Street house he spent some of the happiest years of his life, where with his family and his friends in a leisure untaxed by anxieties he entertained his visitors, wrote his letters, articles and papers, and dwelt in the companionship of his books. In it, too, he experienced the "troubles unto which man is born" "as the sparks fly upward" in the affliction of his eldest son with an incurable and lingering malady, and in his death and the earlier death of Mrs. McCabe, who had been his unselfish and devoted companion from the days of their first struggles to success.

Walter Pater in his essay on Rossetti speaks of the house in which the poet lived as having grown to be "a kind of raiment to his body, as the body according to Swedenborg is but the raiment of the soul"; and so, in McCabe's thought this place grew to be for him. Of the friends who visited him there, whether from America or England, the mere roster would exceed the telling; and about his hospitable board, and in his "study", as he called the room where the books which he most often used were gathered, was that constant "gracious unbending of self" which accompanies the association of congenial people in a concordant atmosphere. To spend an hour, a day, a week-end, or to make a longer visit in this hospitable home—and even to be invited though unable to come—gave pleasure to very many.

James Whitcomb Riley, when on one occasion he "gave a reading" in Richmond and was hurried away without an opportunity to accept the proffered hospitality of the "Hotel McCabe", as its host jestingly called it, sent him a characteristic letter of regret.

"The Jefferson,
Richmond, March 12, 1899.

"Dear Dr. McCabe:

"Even until this last hour of my stay I have been hoping I could get a sight of you and a shake of your hand, but 'las me! the hope wanes utterly this early morning as my *sole* manager drags me on my never-ending journey. *And I could* (and would I might) stay here among your blessed people, even as in the midst of dearest relatives, so kindly, generously genuine has their welcome been to

Always their and your most grateful friend—and God bless us every one!

James Whitcomb Riley."

It was his delight to exhibit to those who came for the first time, and had never seen them, his autographed copies of the books which his many literary friends had given him or the manuscripts and mementos of varied kind and interest which he had accumulated. Among these treasures the "Esmond" always ranked first: and he had great pride in the volumes which the Laureate presented to him from time to time and which included many first editions; while on the wall of his library hung the framed spray of white heather from Tennyson of which he tells in the "Recollections".

"When I came back to England in 1889, from a trip through Russia, I went to Aldworth as usual, and as the carriage swept round the drive in front of the house I descried the poet in his broad-brimmed felt hat and great flapping cloak crossing the lawn. He waved his sombrero in friendly welcome and cried out, 'I've been telling one of your stories today at the flower-show, which I attended to please the neighboring farmers':

"Then I jumped down, and after we had shaken hands he gave me a bit of white heather in bloom, which I had noticed he was holding in his hand.

"I found today in my walk and have brought home for you what is not found here in the south of England once in ten years—white heather in bloom. It means good luck and so I'm going to give it to you'.

"One remembers the lullaby in 'Romney's Remorse':

'And gather the roses wherever they blow,

And find the white heather wherever you go.'

"I thanked him and as I did not wish to go up to my room at the time hid it behind some books on one of the drawing-room

tables, cautioning Lionel Tennyson's two boys, Eton lads, who were at Aldworth for the holidays, that if they laid a sacrilegious finger, there'd be another 'slaughter of the Innocents' on the spot compared with which that of Herod was mere child's play.

"Then I forgot all about it.

"I paid my visit and was in a railway-carriage on my way to an old friend's in Sussex when something made me remember it. Then I telegraphed Hallam from Guildford Junction and wrote him two letters in hot haste, describing exactly where I had left it, and asking that it be sent on to my lodgings or club in London. It now hangs framed over the chimney-piece in my library in Richmond. Months afterwards I sent Tennyson some tobacco and straightway received this note, dated Farringford, December 19, 1889:

"My dear White-Heather Monomaniac: Hallam has brought me from London that which makes my memories of you still more fragrant than before, i. e. the Durham.

Yours ever,

Tennyson."*

In front of the fire-place in the study, where a cheerful coal-fire burned brightly in winter-time, stood the large flat-topped desk at which he wrote. In a line on the back of the desk opposite his chair was always a long row of books on end—new books, recently sent him by friends or by editors and publishing-houses hoping for a "review", or old books—first editions, or some rare treasure of *Virginiana*, picked up from the items of a bookseller's catalogue—which were replaced from time to time by others as they came in.

His interpretation of "hospitality" to a guest was to permit the guest to do as he pleased, and if he himself had work to do to go ahead and do it without regard to his visitor's temporary occupation. When friends were staying in the house they often saw him sitting at his desk working away at his correspondence, writing his articles and papers and reviews, frequently jumping from his seat to dart across the hall to the library in search of some authority and returning almost immediately with the volume. To one observing the keen intellectual countenance, the con-

*McCabe: 'Personal Recollections of Lord Tennyson.' *The Century*, March, 1902.

centrated attention and the persistent purpose with which he worked, he suggested the appearance of some "mediaeval scholar, of those who lived and died for learning in Florence, when letters were a passion there almost as strong as love".*

Like John Evelyn he was "afire to know everything" and it was with entire sincerity that he once wrote to his wife that he sometimes awoke from sleep at night with a pang at the thought of how little he really knew and that he told Dr McIlwaine that he considered himself "a very ignorant man". No pains were too great for him to take in verifying any statement of fact in whatever he wrote; and this characteristic of accurate knowledge and exact presentation of things stood him in good stead not only in his historical and biographical work but also in his critical reviews, where to be sure of one's ground is the basis of all just criticism.

For typographical errors in books or incorrect pagination of volumes he had a horror. He touches on this horror of mistakes in printing in his "Recollections" of Tennyson.

"Like many other scholarly men, a misprint in his books was to him an annoyance so keen as to seem disproportionate to less delicate and careful craftsmen. I recall with amusement the abysmal groan that Matthew Arnold uttered when I pointed out to him a passage in my favorite 'Tristram and Iseult':

'Gazing seaward many an hour,
From her lovely shore-built tower,
While the knights are at the war.'

"The word 'knights' was printed 'nights'!

"'Tut! tut!' cried the great poet-critic, raising both hands (a favorite gesture of his). 'This is abominable, abominable!'

"I told Tennyson of it soon after.

"'Oh, that's nothing', he said, chuckling, (and Tennyson's chuckle was worth going three thousand miles to hear). 'You remember the passage in "The Princess" in which I compare the Lady Ida and her train of maidens, as they trip across the park, to a herd of lightly stepping does? The lines run:

"* * * and as the leader of the herd
That holds a stately fretwork to the sun,
And followed up a hundred airy does".

*W. D. Howells: "Indian Summer".

"Well, whether the printer was a cockney, or possessed some slight knowledge of natural history, I know not; but in the first (King & Company's) edition 'tis printed "a hundred *hairy* does":

Many typographical errors—their name is legion—have been recorded in literature and held to be amusing, as for instance the classical one where the types and the careless proof-reader converted the poet's line:

"See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire"
into

"See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire".

So, misquotations mingle with misprints in the volumes of great writers. Gosse, in his "Books on the Table", tells how "one of the first critics of our time represents Landor as saying the Evening Star was 'overheard', when it was merely 'overhead', and that the sorceress in *Gebir* complained of her 'rights' instead of her 'rites' being divulged. Another editor presented an 'ebbing sun' beating upon the shore; but Landor wrote 'an ebbing sea'."* McCabe could seldom see fun in any of these mistakes. They incensed him.

He insisted that there was a devil in every printing-office, and that, whether it was the printer's human employee who bore that title or a malignant spirit, the effect of his presence was perpetually visible. When some one told him of a Virginia county-paper stating, in its announcement of a wedding, that the bride was the daughter of a Confederate soldier who had been killed "at the battle of Molasses, where the enemy were defeated with great laughter", the obvious misprints of "Manassas" and "slaughter" excited no amusement in him. He was disposed to regard them as a species of intentional sacrilege.

Tennyson had said to him that the white heather-bloom meant good-luck, and though he spoke jestingly, probably meant it. McCabe always insisted that some touch of superstition was innate in every person who had the faculty of imagination. Whether it was because of his possession of this "cursed gift" as he called it, or whether superstition was an inheritance of his Celtic blood—

*"Books on the Table". (1921), p. 18.

dans le sang—he had it in a marked degree. In one of his letters from London to his wife, who had asked him to get for her an opal, he said: "Write me exactly what you want about the opal. My only objection to giving you one is that 'tis 'bad luck'. I suppose you've heard this years ago." On another occasion he wrote to her that he had intended taking passage home on a certain ship, but that when he learned that the vessel was to sail on the 13th. of the month, he chose another sailing on a different date. He acknowledged that this was foolish, but said that he believed the number was unlucky. His pupils in the University School early learned that he always picked up a pin lying in his way "for luck", and amused themselves by scattering pins about the steps of the school-house or on the street along which he passed to watch him gather them all up before he went on. He had a particular location for each chair in his "study", and, in coming into or going out of the room he observed an invariable course of entrance or exit among them. This habit was seized upon by some of the mischievous younger members of his household, who, to his discomfort, would occasionally for a joke change the positions of the chairs to see what direction he would take in his movements.

His correspondence was a very large one, especially in the years after he retired from the school; and the big desk was usually heaped with carefully arranged piles of letters from correspondents at home and abroad, the envelopes of which he was accustomed to label with the name of the writer and often a brief statement of the contents.

Some of the letters written by him to Mr. Richard Austen-Leigh, who is himself not only a book-lover but also a book-writer and a book-publisher, are more or less typical in kind of his friendly epistles to many of his other intimates abroad and depict his daily interests and thoughts in the time when they were written. Mr. Austen-Leigh came to America in the winter of 1902-1903 and visited at the house in Cary Street with a letter from Mrs. Ritchie; and later McCabe saw much of him in England.

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"405 Cary Street, East,
Richmond, Virginia,
Jan'y 8th, 1903.

"Dear Mr. Leigh:

"We shall be delighted to see you on Monday and the longer you stay the better we'll like it.

"There is not much to see here unless you happen to be interested in our Confederate War, but there is cordial welcome and that atones for much. Trusting to see you soon, believe me, dear Mr. Leigh,

Yours sincerely,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"405 E. Cary St.,
Richmond, Virginia,
Jan'y 6th, 1903.

"Dear Mr. Leigh:

"Your letter of today has just this moment reached me and I hasten to say that you will find me at home and very glad to see you again—only I shall not let you off with such a shabby visit as 'inside of a day'. We don't do things that way in our 'Old Dominion', and when you are among Virginians you must do as Virginians do.

"Telegraph your train and I shall meet you; but if you haven't time for that, 'come right along', as we say, and 'Cabby' will drive you to our modest home where welcome awaits you and any other friend of dear Mrs. Ritchie's.

Yours sincerely,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"405 Cary Street, East,
Richmond, Virginia,
April 23rd, 1903.

"My dear Leigh:

"* * * Your last letter came just as I was leaving home and I took it (and others) with me, fully intending to write to you from 'the University' in New York, but I'm a poor wretched epistolary sinner and in some way my letters never do get themselves written when I'm away from home. 'He gives twice who

gives quickly' says our old Latin saw; so sit right down the minute you get this and tell me that you grant me plenary absolution and that you're coming back next autumn to pay us a 'sure 'nuff' visit.

"I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed the numbers of the *Light Green*, you were good enough to send me and especially *The Cornhill* containing the article on Stephen Spring Rice. To my mind it is a model of good taste, of restrained deep feeling and of lucid statement—in short the perfection of what such a tribute should be.

"After all, such men as Stephen Spring Rice make the real strength of your great nation. Apropos of nothing, I may remark casually that I never saw such a blunder and botch as your War Office officials made in the tragic case of Sir Hector Macdonald. To my mind, they did the worst possible thing for 'the good of the service' in blazoning to the world this shocking affair and driving the man to desperation. A little common-sense, a little tactful 'management', a little just recognition of the man's splendid services, and this dreadful scandal and stigma upon the good name of the British Army need never have been known. Now that it has been dragged out into 'the fierce light', what possible good has been done anybody or anything? A medical board should have judged him 'unfit for further service' and he should have been 'retired'. Of course, I know nothing save what I have seen about the case in the public prints. * * *

"Thank you cordially for your good offices anent the missing numbers of the *Saturday Review*. You say, 'they can supply the 5 volumes you want at 10/ each. They say that the first two are badly bound and the others in good condition'.

"I don't care about the 'badly bound' part of it, so that the vols. are clean and complete and fit to be rebound, uniform with those I have. * * *

"Can you find out where I can get that Cambridge 'skit' containing the lines:

'And though he wrote it all by rote,
He did not write it right'?

"I wish you were here now. A great 'Confederate Bazaar' is going on, the proceeds to be devoted to building a monument to Jefferson Davis. It is all very pretty and brilliant and if you are not too old to still have an eye for handsome women, you would be abundantly pleased.

"I suppose that I shall, as usual, get over some time during the summer, in which case I shall certainly beat up your quarters and we'll dine and loaf together and go off for an 'outing' somewhere—Oxford or Cambridge, where I know some very nice men.

"Give my best love to Mrs. Ritchie (to whom I'll write in a day or two) and remember me cordially to her household.

"All here send you their best and kindest remembrances and so I rest, dear Leigh.

Yours most sincerely,
W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"H. M. S. 'Campania',
Saturday Evening, Oct. 3rd, 1903.

"Dear 'Chancellor':

"I cannot leave the shores of 'Old England' without telling you again of my unaffected gratitude for all your royal hospitality and kindness to me.

"I shall never forget it, but always 'mark with a white stone', as the Roman phrase was, my delightful stay at 'No. 8 St. James St.'

"Now that I have really found you, I shall be quite unwilling to lose you again and trust that notwithstanding the disparity in our ages the friendship begun under such delightful auspices shall continue to grow in closeness as the years go by.

"We have countless tastes in common and if the dictum of Sallust be true, *Idem velle, idem nolle, amicitia*, I fancy that our friendship is quite secure.

"Don't forget to send me the 'Poems', and occasionally a line which I shall always answer promptly. And next year '405 E. Cary St.' is to be your headquarters, whence you shall make friendly sallies to every point of our 'Old Dominion'.

"My parting love to dear Mrs. Ritchie when you see her, and to the Maurices whom you *must* go to see; and so I rest, dear 'Chancellor', with faithful regard.

Yours affectionately,
W. Gordon McCabe."

II.

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"Richmond, Virginia, U. S. A.
Nov. 28th, 1903.

"Dear 'Chancellor':

"'Twas good to see your familiar hand again and to get the '*Parodies, Old and New*', which I've read again with increased admiration and delight. They are really, to my mind, clever 'to the nth. degree' and I must beg you not to forget me when you publish anything else, or grave or gay.

"* * * Richmond *does* seem a little slow after nights at 'the Reform' and 'the United Universities', and the play: but if you'll come over this spring I can plan some little visits which I think would interest you. You really ought to see some of the Colonial places in our 'Old Dominion', which Thackeray so much delighted in. Of course, the gracious old plantation life went with slavery and the shabby 'tide of progress' has swept away much that was charming and beautiful; but there's enough left worth a little visit to these old manor houses.

"* * * How are our friends, the Ritchies? I've had two letters from Maurice, one from Lord Wolseley and one from Mrs. J. R. Green, but nothing from dear Mrs. Ritchie. However, I know that her time is fully taken up and there has been no special reason for me to expect a letter from her.

Yours most sincerely,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"Richmond, Virginia,

May 20th, 1904.

"My dear 'Chancellor':

"I must throw myself on your mercy and cry '*peccavi*'. I've been travelling a large part of the spring—Charleston, Savannah, Palm Beach, Jekyl's Island, Mobile, New Orleans, thence northward by the Mississippi route—winding up with three or four weeks in New York, Baltimore and Washington—and you must know from your own experience that letters never do get themselves written under such conditions. As the darkeys say, I 'toted' your letter about with me, together with one from my dear old friend, Mrs. 'Willy' Boyle of '*Elsing Hall*,' Norfolk; but in some way or other the 'convenient season' never came and here are both letters on my desk, looking me reproachfully in the face. I did write to our friend, Mrs. Ritchie, on hearing the news of Leslie Stephen's death, but on reflection I didn't send the letter, deterred by a natural sort of shrinking from any semblance of intrusion on the sanctity of her grief; for, in truth, I knew it must have been a great grief to her.

"Your letter was delightful and was read out by me to my wife and 'Max' amid 'long and prolonged applause.' If you are really a Christian of the Biblical sort (and not the thinly-veneered 20th. century article labelled 'Christian'), just sit right down and write me another letter of the same kind.

"'Max' and Allen Potts were specially interested in what you said about your acting and the next time you come on to see us

we are going to 'tip the wink' to the 'Richmond Dramatic Club' and 'put you on', if you will, as the 'star'. That photo. of R. A. A. L. as 'Mrs. Malaprop' still occupies the post of honor on the chimney-piece of 'the Missus's' morning-room.

"On my way back home two weeks ago from New York I stopped in Washington to see the Holmes, and Mr. and Mrs. Justice made the kindest inquiries about your well-being. We had a grand dinner (for *young* folks, sirrah!) at which Miss Alice Roosevelt and Miss Durand, daughter of the English Ambassador, and other 'buds' added to 'the gayety of nations', and I think—oh! yes, I think—that Holmes and I made the female heart suffer and kindled green jealousy in the eyes of the young *attachés*!

"* * * I meant to do a lot this winter in the way of studying and writing, but I haven't done one blessed thing except read a lot of books. I fear I'm getting to be like old 'Casaubon' in 'Middlemarch'. I'm glad that Maurice's 'Sir John Moore' went so well; and thank you for sending the review in *The Times*. I saw Capt. Mahan in New York and had a pleasant talk with him, in which he told me that he was preparing a review of the book for the *N. Y. Sun*. This review has since appeared and I shall send it to Maurice, who kindly sent me the volumes inscribed 'to the Editor's best helper'. What a simple, modest, delightful fellow he is! * * *

"Always, dear Leigh,

Yours cordially,

W. Gordon McCabe."

"P. S. When you publish that 'Guide to Eton' I shall expect an 'autograph copy', unless you want to be cut off in the blossom of your sins."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"Richmond, Virginia,

Sept. 14th, 1905.

"Dear 'Chancellor':

"I was 'woundy' glad, as Sancho hath it, to get your chatty letter and the various papers you were good enough to send me. Then a day or two ago came *The Saturday* containing your most interesting letter anent the Eton lists, which I am just sending off to a friend. * * *

"*The Eton Chronicle* containing the partial list of American Etonians I gave to Stanard, our Secretary, that he might publish in the *Magazine*. Of course, you will not hesitate to use the columns of the *Magazine* for any queries you may wish to make. If you complete your lists, 'twill stand '*aere perennius*' and Cam-

bridge should give you an LL. D. Very interesting, too, were the *In Memoriam*, *A. A. L.*, and the *Chronicle* containing the too brief sketch of 'The Lower Master,' and not the least, 'From a College Window', and proud I'd be to meet your 'Perry' and 'Perry's friend', whose feelings anent the 'duty' of sociability I share to the *n*th. degree.

"* * * I am always, dear Leigh,

Yours cordially,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"Richmond, Virginia, U. S. A.,

Dec. 20th, 1905.

"Dear Leigh:

"* * * Gen'l Ro. E. Lee's 'Military Papers' have been sent to me (in a great oak chest) for me to examine, classify and (if I elect after examination) to edit. Of course I am not unmindful of the honour done me, but I shan't be in a hurry to make my decision, for 'tis a tremendously big job and means about two years' hard work.

"Always, dear Leigh,

Yours affectionately,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"5 Barton St., Westminster, S. W.,

Oct. 13th, 1906.

"Dear Leigh:

"The book was given to me in 'The Athenaeum' on yesterday and I fetched it over to Baddeley's castle and unwrapped it last night.

"'Tis a thing of beauty, that, as Master Pepys was wont to say, 'do please me mightily'. Thank you a thousand times, my dear young 'Benedick', and it shall have a place of honour among my autograph copies from Tennyson and Browning and Holmes and all the rest of them.

"The Latin motto (Lucan, isn't it?) went straight to my 'unreconciled' old heart and it was a happy thought of yours to write it.

"I am staying over another week, so hard is it for me to tear myself away from 'the tiny mother isle set in the silver sea',

(as the late William S. casually observed), and I shall see you of course before I go. * * *

"With faithful regard,

Yours affectionately,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"Richmond, Virginia,

Sept. 30th, 1909.

"Dear Richey:

"The books came all right, (among them, as I was *very* glad to see, 'The Life of Richard Burton', by his wife), but no bill, so I suppose you paid everything. Send the bill in your answer and I'll send you a P. O. order or draft for the amount. * * *

"How comes on the *mag. op?* I came away without having a look at it, but send over your *first* 'trial sheets' and I'll go over it carefully.

"* * * I think I wrote you from the ship that I saw a great deal during the voyage of your cousin, Arthur Trench. * * * If he can stand two old people, we are going to invite him to come to us for his Christmas holidays. * * *

Your affectionate old friend,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"Richmond, Virginia, U. S. A.,

Feb. 14th, 1910.

"My dear Richey:

"I finished reading your 'Jane Austen' on Saturday night, having given three days and nights to it, and am delighted with it. I think you're sure to win *κῦδος*. by publishing it, and a fair amount of 'tin', but of the latter you're the best judge. As you will see, I have taken you at your word and made copious 'suggestions'. You will understand that they are offered only as 'suggestions', and if you don't see fit to adopt any of them I shan't mind—not in the least.

"* * * I've made my suggestions in pencil purposely, so that a good bit of india-rubber may wipe out all my impertinences. I certainly should keep in the book the whole of the Leigh-Perrot trial. It is one of those 'human documents' that are always interesting.

"I've treated your MS just as I did one of Annie Ritchie's novels ('Susanna'—name changed afterwards to 'Mrs. Dymond'), and Sir Frederick Maurice's 'Sir John Moore', when handed over

to me to wreak my own sweet will upon. I don't doubt that you will be as amiable as were these two dear old friends.

"Do publish in dainty 'format', thick paper, uncut edges, plain boards, paper-label. I do love books with paper-labels, don't you? When Castlereagh walked into the 'Congress of Vienna' in simple evening dress, the room crowded with envoys blazing with stars and cordons *galore*, Talleyrand looked at the quiet English gentleman with admiration and said: '*Ma foi! C'est bien distingue!*' So about books.

"After your book is finished, get Harold Hodge to hand it over to me for review in the *Saturday*, and I'll 'hand you down to fame'. He has recently sent me two books to review, and I've just sent off (a fortnight or more ago) 'a middle' on one and am just about to tackle the other,—two bulky volumes dealing with the 'Documentary History of American Industrial Society', which *looks* as if it would give me no end of trouble. The one I sent off ought to appear about the time you get this letter, but I know not whether 'twill suit him or not. * * *

Yours affectionately,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"Richmond, Virginia,

March 12, 1912.

"Dear 'Richey':

"* * * Thank you for your kindness in sending me the *Saturday Review*. I like to look over it. I sent Harold Hodge an article the other day, but it may be too long for him to publish. Here is the letter I promised to get for you, and I shall soon be sending you the numbers of the 'William & Mary Quarterly Review of History', if I can get them as no doubt I can. * * * Hallam Tennyson sent me his 'Tennyson and his Friends' as soon as it was published but I haven't read it yet. It will take me long to answer the numerous letters that came to me at Christmas and New Year from England. * * *

"Thanks for sending me the notice of dear Maurice's death. God rest his soul! He was a gallant gentleman.

Your devoted old friend,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"Richmond, Virginia, U. S. A.,

"My dear old 'Richey':

Feb. 5th, 1914.

"I have been up to my eyes for more than a month preparing a voluminous 'Annual Report' as President of the Virginia His-

torical Society, and having finished that weighty (*you* may call it *heavy*) document, I am now in the throes of preparing a lecture on the 'First University in America' which I have promised to deliver first before the 'Society' and then before a literary club in Lynchburg.* So desperately driven have I been that I've had to decline several very tempting invitations to deliver 'orations'. * * *

"But in all this swelter of work there has been a very delightful touch of real sunshine—your 'Jane Austen'. It's charming, and very proud I am to have my copy with the inscription 'from one of the authors'. * * *

"Charles Francis Adams wrote from London in December, asking that I review in one of the Southern papers his Lectures on our War, which he delivered before the University of Oxford in Easter and Trinity Terms, 1913 (Clarendon Press: title, 'Trans-Atlantic Historical Solidarity'), but though I've partially read the book, and found parts very good if not very new, I've never been able to find time to write any sort of decent review—indeed, any review, decent or otherwise. * * * 'Evens!' (as Thackeray was fond of exclaiming) when am I going to get a breathing-spell! Apropos *de bottes*, I want you to read in my 'Annual Report' my fling at Mr. A. G. Bradley for his *Blackwood* article; and above all my estimate of Custis Lee (Lee's eldest son). It's the first time the story has been told, and I trust you will like it, even if a bit 'rhetorical'. * * *

Ever affectionately,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"Richmond, Virginia, May 17th, 1914,
Sunday night.

"Dear old 'Richey':

"* * * I suppose you long ago received the April No. of the 'Va. Magazine of History and Biography', and mayhap you've glanced over my voluminous 'Annual Report'. If so you will have seen how the printer has 'mauled' me, especially in the concluding portion, which contains a sketch of Gen'l G. W. Custis Lee, eldest son of our greatest captain. * * * He (the printer) utterly ignored all my French accents, printed 'May 25th' instead of 'May 2nd' (an important date), while 'St. Crispian' appeared as 'St. Swithian', and the spelling in one or two places was 'some-

* He had delivered an address on this subject at the dedication of a monument marking the site of "The First University", which was erected by the 'Society of Colonial Dames', May 31, 1911 Page 53, Vol. I.

thin' orful'. I've had the sketch of Custis Lee reprinted (just some copies for friends), and if you wish a 'clean revise', I'll send it to you. * * *

"'Lord, how I have babbled', as saith ye good Sir Philip Sidney, but here I am at the end of my paper and of your patience. * * *

Yours ever affectionately,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"Richmond, Virginia, U. S. A.,

May 21st, 1916.

"Dear old 'Richey':

"* * * Thank you very much for the two books, which are most interesting, especially 'The First Hundred Thousand K. I.'"

"* * * I've given over all reading except that dealing with your great war, which is essentially our war as well. * * *

"I had a long letter from Tennyson a month or six weeks ago, in which he gave me the details of the death of his youngest son, Harold, who was blown up in the destroyer 'Viking', by a German mine seven miles off Boulogne. He transcribed for me, knowing how fond I was of the lad, a letter which Harold wrote weeks before he was killed and carried in his pocket to be delivered to his father and mother in case of his death. It is a very beautiful and touching letter. * * *

Ever affectionately,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"Richmond, Virginia, U. S. A.,

March 17th, 1919.

"Dear Richey:

"Pardon a plebian p. c., but I am too unwell to attempt more. I saw in a N. Y. paper today an announcement of the death of dear Annie Ritchie—no particulars of where, or when or why. It was a great shock to me, and I need not tell *you* a great grief to me. Can you not send me some papers giving some sketch of her life and death—perhaps some magazine or weekly? I

take only *The Spectator*, *Blackwood* and *Weekly Times*, but for some reason the last hasn't come since early in Jan'y. * * *

Yours ever affectionately,

G. M."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"105 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.,
December 3rd, 1919.

"Dear Richey:

"Much water has flowed under the bridge since last I wrote you, but the fault has been mine only in small degree, for mine ancient enemy (acute indigestion followed by nausea) has off and on held me in its fell grip for weeks and weeks; and so, letters from all my old friends had to be postponed until I should feel more 'fit' to wield my 'facile and powerful pen' (quotation from an editorial in a Petersburg newspaper, touching mee noble self!)

"However, I have been confident that, letter or no letter, you rested sure that I kept you fast in my 'heart of heart', as Hamlet hath it.

"(Do you remember the *sole* remark made by King William IV during the august ceremonies incident to his signing the 'Coronation Oath' at St. James's Palace? Never a word quod he until he had painfully signed, and then he threw down the grey-goose quill and exclaimed with royal emphasis, 'Well, d—n this pen!' The point of this story lies in its application).

"To resume. * * * We did not get back to town until October, and then I suddenly determined to move from my old home on Cary Street. * * * So I was fortunate enough to secure a three years' lease on Mrs. Urquhart's house * * * on Franklin Street. * * 'Twas a gigantic task to move the accumulations of twenty five years from that fine old mansion in the 'unfashionable' quarter—the chief item, the packing and unpacking of above 7,000 books! You know what *that* means better than most men do. * * *

"* * * Thank you most heartily for the *Cornhill* containing the article on dear Lady Ritchie. Hester sent me a copy, too, and wrote that they were all immensely pleased with it. I was only so-so. It lacked 'the light touch', it seemed to me. She herself did this sort of thing in the most delightfully inconsequent fashion, which yet left us with a very vivid picture of the personality she sought to portray. Tastes will differ. * * * And before I forget: You said in your letter from Florence that you were reading Horace Walpole's letters to Maria. I delight in

them all. You can buy books cheaper than I can. I want you to order for me 'The Letters of Horace Walpole' (supplement) edited by Paget Toynbee, 2 vols, handmade paper, (Oxford University Press). I have the limited edition of the 'Letters' edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, 16 vols. red buckram, paper labels, Clarendon Press, 1903-1905. (260 sets on handmade paper.) My copy is No. 69. 'signed' Helen Toynbee. I want extra labels for each volume (in case I have the volumes rebound). All my 16 vols. have these extra labels. If you can't get them cheaper from any other bookseller, then from Hugh Rees, Ltd, 5-7 Regent Street. Order the vols. from him, and be sure to direct that they be most securely packed. I have an account still at Rees's shop, so tell him to charge to that account. But insist on the careful packing. * * * Just drop all your own business and attend to this. I don't in the least mind the torrent of unseemly profanity that this 'commission' will provoke or evoke. * * * (The 'servant question' is frightful here. We've had 5 cooks in 9 weeks!)

Ever affectionately,

W. Gordon McCabe."

(To R. A. Austen-Leigh)

"105 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Virginia,

Jan'y 27th, 1920.

"Dear old 'Richey':

"You are surely the kindest fellow in all the world! No matter how busy you are (and I know how strenuous your business life is) you always find time to do nice things for your old friends. * * *

"* * * Mine was at best but a sombre Yule-tide, for news came (about that time) of the death of three old friends in England—Evelyn Wood, Sir Wm. Osler of Oxford and Capt. Fred'k G. Bird, R. N. of 'Hethel Hall' near Norwick. Unanswered letters from all of them were lying on my desk—had been lying there for weeks—awaiting the 'more convenient season'. Bird had sent me overseas some magnificent cock-pheasants for my Christmas-dinner, and a few days after Christmas came news of his death. Osler's death, too, was a grievous shock to me, for in November I had received from him a delightfully droll letter begging me to come over and cheer him up a bit, saying he had sent me two of his recent monographs, etc. etc. Alas! the monographs have never come. But *paullo feliciora canamus*, to alter Vergil a trifle; and let me begin the *feliciora* by thanking you heartily for the copy of 'From Friend to Friend', which you

were good enough to send me. I read it through from cover to cover, almost '*d'un seul coup*', and enjoyed it very much, as did my wife, especially (what Hogarth was wont to term) the 'thumb-nail sketches' of Mrs. Cameron and 'the Kemble girls'. They all have the intimate touch which no 'art' can counterfeit or compensate for. * * *

"Last week came in fine shape 'The Supplementary Letters of Horace Walpole', and delighted my heart and eye. The 2 vols. match exactly the (Mrs.) Toynbee edition in 16 vols. (hand made paper, 260 copies). Then came the bill to Messrs. Spottiswoode from the 'Clarendon Press' (no, the bill was slipped into one of the volumes), which I transcribe:

1 Walpole Supp'l.....	1.13.4
Less o/c	1.8

£1.11.8

"Hoop-la! How you ever got the books at such a reduction I simply cannot imagine, and I do wish you'd tell me in your next letter. Thank you again and again! * * *

"* * * I've been very 'seedy' for months on end. * * *

"I think a sea-voyage and a good 'loaf' would do me good, and am revolving in my powerful mind a plan to come over in July * * * for an extensive motor trip, northwards and southwards, * * * not hustling through the country, but stopping at various places for several days at a time. You may not be free. If not, say so frankly and we'll arrange something else. I remember vividly still a motor-trip that Tom Lounsbury, Judge Howland, Fanny Howland and I took ten years ago down to the Land's End and up the west coast (Tintagel, Clovelly, etc.) and so back to London (*via* Cheltenham, Oxford, etc.). We were gone about two weeks—too much ground covered for such a short time—but it was all very jolly and the inns very comfortable. If we can manage it, you are to retain your old position of 'Chancellor of the Exchequer'. In this position you ought to be able to so 'doctor' the 'budget' that Mercedes' expenses would practically amount to nothing! Surely your hand has not lost its cunning! I'd like to have some time in 'Lunnon' and to pay a visit or two. Alas! nearly all my old friends are gone, and there are not many visits to pay. * * * Remember me to Fraser, Douglas Freshfield and Tedder when you happen upon them in the 'Athenaeum'. If you don't get my 'Annual Report', Va. Hist. Soc., let me know, and I'll send it. 'No gentleman's library should be without it'. I don't want to miss that copy of 'Vanity Fair' if it's a clean, good one. But I grow

more particular about my books as I grow older. I leave it all to your decision. What's the good of having an old friend, if you can't use him and bother him whenever you like?

"* * * 'See how large a letter I have written you with my own hand', as St. Paul says to the Galatians.

"Always your affectionate old friend,

W. Gordon McCabe."

III.

He was elected President of the Virginia Historical Society in 1903, and held the office from that year, with an intermission of three years, until his death. It was a congenial position to one of his tastes and acquirements, and to it he gave some of the best work of his later years. Of his "Annual Report" for 1916, the *Richmond News-Leader* said editorially what may be said, with variations, of all his "Reports" written for the Society.

"This delightful summary of the labors of the Virginia Historical Society during 1916 is Virginian of Virginia. Nothing just like it comes from the pen of any living American writer. Nothing that approaches it in interest and literary finish is to be found among the reports of our learned societies.

"We look forward yearly to the publication of Captain McCabe's report not merely for its content but for the contrast it always affords. The usual fruits of genealogical study are juiceless and insipid; Captain McCabe flavors them with metaphor, sweetens them with friendship and colors them with a sane philosophy of life. History, as it is usually written, is a hard-cased mummy, dry with the wrappings of centuries and unearthed by some Saharan sand-digger; Captain McCabe makes history as vital as a flashing thought, as moving as a multitude.

"As he passes through the streets of old Virginia towns or rides in a coach between Colonial plantations he is neither pedagogue nor pedant, but he knows a thousand kindly stories of every house he passes by the way, and he can tell you of every man he meets. Thus, in his report for 1916, he has occasion to mention the journal of one Francis Michel who came to Virginia from Switzerland in 1701. It so happened that Michel was in Williamsburg when official proclamation was made of the death of William III and of the accession of Anne. Michel gave an account of the ceremonies, which Captain McCabe has elaborated into one of the most perfect sketches we have read.

The future historian who writes of that period of Virginia history will show an amazing lack of critical appreciation if he does not 'lift' Captain McCabe's narrative in its entirety.

"So, again, with a little apostrophe published to Mat Pryor, whose name chanced to be attached to one of the documents published by the Society during the year; so, also, with a heart-stirring reference to the Purcell battery, prompted by a biographical notice of Colonel John B. Purcell, long a member of the Society. Needless to say, the necrology of the report is a series of character studies etched with a skill that Macaulay would not have been ashamed to own and finished with the soft touches of Thackeray's 'English Humorists'.

"Captain McCabe, we trust, will live to write half a score additional reports for the Society, each of which, we doubt not, will contain the same philosophy, the same English, the same fire. But as the years pass by these reports will become separated and much that they contain may be lost. Busy though he is, we feel constrained to call upon Captain McCabe to take the sketches and biographies from these reports, to add the delightful miscellanea of his long career and to publish the whole without delay. This is a service the Captain owes the State and the children of the State."*

It was his especial delight to write in these "Annual Reports" about the Confederacy and its heroes. In recounting in that for 1913 the various gifts and bequests to the Society during the year, he writes:

"2. A bronze medal, voted to Miss Margaret Freeland 'as an Alumna of the Virginia Military Institute' by the survivors of the 'Cadet Battalion of 1864', and by her bequeathed to this Society. This medal, known as the 'New Market Medal' carries with it a greater significance than attaches to the usual Confederate war-badge, for it was not conferred on all the members of the 'War Battalion', but only on such of them as took active part in the brilliant action of May 15th, 1864.

"As some of you of this generation may look upon it lying in our case of relics with careless eyes, knowing nothing of what it means, and as the story is a part—and part most glorious—of Virginia history, it seems but proper to pause a moment here and recite the story, 'lest we forget, lest we forget'.

"Miss Maggie', as she was familiarly known in Lexington, devoted her whole life, in storm and sunshine alike, to 'mother-

* Richmond (Va.) *News-Leader*: Wednesday, April 25, 1917.

ing' the lads of the Cadet Corps whom she fondly called 'her boys'; and it was mainly through her untiring zeal that the necessary funds were secured to erect on the parade-ground the noble monument typifying 'Virginia Mourning her Dead', executed in Rome by the sculptor Ezekiel (himself one of the 'fighting cadets' and desperately wounded), to commemorate the headlong valor of the lads who in the very 'May-morn of their youth' fell on New Market's glorious field.

"In loving recognition of her life-long devotion to the corps the surviving cadets at their re-union in 1903 when the monument was unveiled enrolled her as 'Alumna', and voted her their most cherished decoration.

"To our keeping this noble woman confided it at her death, and reverently shall it be guarded so long as this Society exists, to remind those who come after us, 'far off in summers that we shall not see', of that day fraught with so much true though mournful glory when these eager boys ere the dawn was on their cheek (for many of them were but fourteen or fifteen years of age) went storming into the fight with Scott Shipp and Henry Wise and Frank Preston at their head, filling the ever-widening gap between the veterans of the 51st and 62nd Virginia—'marking time', for a moment, under a withering fire of canister, to dress upon the colors as if upon parade, and then, in perfect alignment at Shipp's resonant 'Forward', sprang along the slope and mingling their fierce, wild cries with those of the men of the 62nd, stormed and carried Von Kleiser's guns on the ridge and by the magic touch of virgin steel transformed impending disaster into decisive victory.

"It was their first baptism of fire, but it was also their baptism of eternal glory.

"In all the history of war there is no story more replete with tender pathos and romantic sadness—no story fuller of martial inspiration than that of the desperate counter-stroke driven home by this handful of mere boys, when fate hung in the balance and Siegel's entering wedge of seasoned veterans threatened to rive asunder the stubborn little army under Breckinridge that barred the way.

"New Market will not, it is true, rank as one of the world's great battles, considering the smallness of the numbers engaged. It was, in truth a fierce combat, rather than a pitched fight; yet is there a glamor of pathetic glory about it which will cause it to be recalled in song and story when many of the world's great battles are forgot."

It was in his biographical sketches of deceased members of the Society which he wrote from year to year for the "Reports" that he was particularly felicitous,—as witness that of Wilson Miles Cary in the "Report" for 1914.

"Wilson Miles Cary, son of Wilson Miles Cary, and seventh in descent from Miles Cary of Bristol, England, the first immigrant and progenitor of the family in the Colony of Virginia, was allied by blood to well-nigh every historic family in the State.

"He was born at 'Haystack', Baltimore county, Maryland, December 12th, 1838, and died at 'Belvoir', Fauquier county, Virginia, the country-seat of his cousin, Fairfax Harrison, esq., August 28th, 1914. Though born in Maryland, he was essentially a Virginian by blood and tradition. There has always been a Wilson Miles Cary in Virginia from the earliest days of the Colony—full seventy years, indeed, ere Spotswood and his 'Golden Horseshoe Knights' rode across 'the Ridge' and drank their Royal Master's health on the summit of 'Mount George' ('in Virginia red wine, white wine, Irish usquebaugh, brandy, shrub, two kinds of rum, champagne, canary, cherry-punch and cider')—sometimes, indeed, more than one of that name at the same time—and happily for the State that name is still worthily borne in this community.

"Briefly, he was educated first at good private schools and then at the University of Virginia, founded by his great-great-grand uncle, Thomas Jefferson. He proved a good soldier in the armies of Lee and Johnston, and on the conclusion of the war returned to Baltimore, studied law, and was admitted to the bar of that city. He was fairly successful, but it may well be doubted whether a man of his retiring disposition would ever have won substantial success as a forensic advocate. There was a greater difficulty still. He was by temperament and inclination a bookish man who loved study for its own sake and not for any alluring prospect of pecuniary results. The truth is that his heart was not in his work, and 'the law' we are told 'is a jealous mistress'. Thus it was that in no long time, when offered the position of Clerk of the Baltimore Criminal Court, he gladly accepted. The work was indeed laborious, but he performed it with such scrupulous fidelity and intelligence that year after year, for many years, he was re-elected to the position. But after office hours his time was his own in which to prosecute his studies, which he 'specialized'

more and more in the direction of early Colonial history and genealogy. At last he became so absorbed in these specialized studies that he resigned his office and devoted himself exclusively to his chosen field. There was scarce a county court-house in Virginia or Maryland, scarce a library public or private, that contained Colonial records and manuscripts, in which his slight figure was not a familiar presence. Court officials, in town or country, were glad to be obliging to this pleasant-spoken gentleman who evidently 'knew his business' and whose gracious manners had no touch of that cock-sureness suggestive of 'Ph. D.' and 'made in Germany', so often offensively characteristic of the scientific fledglings of the 'New School'.

"His name, as the years went by, became widely known to special students of family history as that of a highly-trained expert in Virginia and Maryland genealogies, and it was with a view to further investigations in this special domain that he went to England and resided there for several years. Happy years they were of persistent yet congenial toil,—of working steadily among the manuscript treasures of the British Museum and Public Records Office and poring over 'Parish Registers' in London and in various parts of the kingdom. In the pauses of his work his time passed pleasantly enough among new-made friends in London (which has a glamor and charm for many of us that no other city on earth possesses) and in visiting some of his far-away kinsmen (yet none the less his kinsmen) in the country, where he met, we may be sure, welcome far different from the cold reception accorded at first young Harry Warrington—the younger of Thackeray's 'Virginians'—when he had crossed the ocean to make acquaintance with his English cousins and to see with his own eager eyes the old 'home-nest' in the pleasant Hampshire country that his grandfather, Colonel Esmond, had so often fondly described to him at the new 'Castlewood' in Virginia.

"No wonder that 'Will' Cary, as his intimates called him, met cordial welcome wherever he went in England, town or country, for he was one of the most agreeable of men in conversation, with a great fund of racy anecdote about the 'Worthies' of Colonial days when the manners and customs of our 'Old Dominion' were quite those of the mother-country, and possessed in addition the easy yet dignified manner and the softly modulated voice which the English folk regard as indispensable to 'good form'.

"It may be noted here as yet another instance of hereditary 'recurrence of physical type', that he bore a marvellous re-

semblance both in face and bearing to what contemporaries pronounced the most characteristic portraits of his great kinsman, Jefferson.

"He never married, but grew old quite contentedly among his beloved books, 'those sweet unrepublishing companions' as Goldsmith fondly calls them; and so, with the grave sedate step we remember so well he went his way down the long path towards the westering sun, the same simple, kindly, courteous gentleman, his coat untricked, indeed, of any guerdon of the world's applause, yet to the end 'through all the tract of years wearing the white flower of a blameless life'."

The intimate connection of Colonial Virginia with England is indicated in two extracts from the "Report" for 1917, in the President's accounts of gifts, bequests and donations of publications to the Society during that year.

"3. *The Chaumiere Papers*. Containing Matters of Interest to the Descendants of David Meade, of Nansemond Co., Virginia, who died in the year 1757. Edited by Henry J. Peet.' This monograph comprising (with other papers) the Autobiography of David Meade, eldest son of David Meade, grandson of Andrew Meade, who migrated to Virginia towards the close of the seventeenth century, is one of the rarest bits of 'Virginiana' in existence, only a limited number of copies having been privately printed in 1883 for distribution among the Meade family in America.

"David Meade married a daughter of Sir Richard Everard (Colonial Governor of North Carolina) and through this marriage his descendants (though it is not mentioned in this autobiography) are unquestionably of the 'blood royal', as may be read in the stately 'Clarence Volume' of 'The Plantaganet Roll of the Blood Royal' by the Marquis de Ruvigny.

"David Meade, the autobiographer, was born in Nansemond Co., Virginia in 1744, sent to England to be educated (where he was for five years at Harrow under the special care of the Head Master, Dr. Thomas Thackeray, great-grandfather of the famous novelist), returned to Virginia in 1765, married, became a member of the House of Burgesses when twenty-five, 'purchased a seat upon the Powhatan, or as it has been illy named modernly, James River', long survived the Revolution and in 1796 moved to the new state of 'Kentucky', where at his seat of '*Chaumiere des Prairies*', near Limestone, he wrote this autobiography (with

no idea that it would ever be printed) at the ripe age of eighty-six or thereabouts. It is not only rich in genealogical details of a family famous in Virginia annals, but is replete with what Hogarth called 'thumb-nail sketches' of the foremost figures in Colonial and Revolutionary days. Presented by George J. Peet of New York city (a lineal descendant of David Meade) through the President of the Society."

"5. *'Expenses of Virginia Boys at Eton in the Eighteenth Century'*. These itemized accounts (printed from the originals presented to the Society by the late Dr. Andrew G. Grinnan) are for the boarding and personal expenses of two Virginia lads (Alexander and John Spotswood), sons of Col. John Spotswood, eldest son of Governor Spotswood, who were sent to Eton in 1760 by their guardian, Colonel Bernard Moore of 'Chelsea' King William county, Va., and kept there until 1764 when they returned to Virginia. The lads were 'Oppidans' (i. e. not 'Foundation Scholars') and lived in the house of Dame Mary Young, who was evidently a second mother to them as is proved by two letters to her still extant, one written by Mrs. Margaret Campbell of London (mother of their stepfather), who was most kind and hospitable to the forlorn youngsters, and the other written from London by Young Alexander Spotswood himself on the eve of his sailing for home. The bills were promptly paid for the first two years, but after that no remittances came. Yet good Dame Young continued to treat them as young gentlemen of 'quality' were wont to be treated in those days, not only boarding them but supplying all their needs, even to pocket-money and 'tips' out of her own purse. They had a great aunt and uncle living in London, both well-to-do people, but neither of these would assist them nor even receive them into their homes during the school-holidays. Soon after their return to Virginia, Alexander, according to agreement (so he asserts), remitted the amount due Mrs. Young to William Hunter, a merchant in London. But almost immediately on receipt of the money Hunter became a bankrupt, and so poor Dame Young never received a penny in return for her outlay on the lads during their last two years at the famous school. The boys were apparently rather boisterous lads brimming over with high spirits, but from Mr. Austen-Leigh's 'Eton College Lists, 1678-1790', (which we have examined), they seem to have stood well in their classes. As is well known, Alexander became a Brigadier General and John a Captain in the Revolution.

"Some years after the death of Mrs. Young her executrix and sole legatee, Mrs. Plumtree, sent an attested copy of the former's will (the identical originals now in our possession), to

Mr. Henry Mitchell, merchant of Fredericksburg, Virginia, and at the same time wrote a pleading letter to General Alexander Spotswood, who was then a gentleman of good estate, begging him in moving terms to pay the account. But Spotswood claimed that he had already paid Hunter years before and refused her plea. Spotswood may have been legally within his rights, but all the same we wish that he had settled the debt, for this good 'Dame' as we see from these accounts had for two years paid out of her own pocket for the lads' clothes, shoes, books, coach-hire, and innumerable other things deemed becoming the position of a young 'Oppidan' attending that aristocratic school—fully trusting to be repaid.

"Such precise information touching the daily life of an Eton boy in the eighteenth century is rarely to be found anywhere, but interesting as it is to us we are confident that this unexpected 'find' will bring especial joy to the heart of our old friend, Richard A. Austen-Leigh, Esq., M. A. (a member of the Society), who a distinguished Etonian himself and an antiquarian of pronounced merit, has made a special study of the history of his old school, and whose books (the 'Eton College Lists, 1678-1790' mentioned above, and his superb quarto entitled 'Bygone Eton') are recognized authorities in England today."

IV.

A number of the biographies in the "Reports", especially of his former army-comrades, were reprinted separately in pamphlet form, and these he sent to his friends in this country and in England. The most notable of them, perhaps, were the memoirs of General Custis Lee, Captain Robert E. Lee, Joseph Bryan, Theodore Garnett, Dr George Ben Johnston, Alexander Cameron, Colonel John B. Purcell and St. George Tucker Coalter Bryan. Innumerable letters from scholars, historians and literary men and women came to him in acknowledgement of these brief memoirs as they appeared and about the "Annual Reports" as they were printed in the "Virginia Historical Magazine", the quarterly publication of the Society. Dr Philip Alexander Bruce wrote to him that "the reports are not only the best literature of our own day, but they are contributions of the highest value to Southern social history"; and he added "I know a good thing of that kind when I see it—my studies for a generation have been

along that line,—and I can, without conceit, make a claim to discrimination in my appraisal. I trust that the day will come—I believe it will come—when this personal analysis, these fine portraitures, will all be gathered together into a volume to make them available in general. If we could only induce you to write your reminiscences! What that volume would be to your friends, the public and future historians these annual studies of yours foreshadow in a most unmistakable way. It would give your name a permanent fame, such as few men of our time, however great their literary pretensions, have won.”

Dr Edward S. Joynes wrote:

“Have I not heard that you intended to write a history of the Virginia Convention of 1829-30? You have produced a number of beautiful things, of more or less temporary character. Now you owe it to yourself and to the old state of Virginia—so proud of you—to produce some monumental and permanent work of Virginia history.”

But with his many interests, he had as little purpose of making “fame” an object of his special pursuit as had the scientist, who when asked why he had not made money, replied as if surprised: “Why, I have been too busy all my life about other things to think of making money.” Yet no man valued more than did McCabe the just approbation of his friends and of those who were capable of correctly estimating the things which he actually did. And he had no such cynical feeling about fame, and especially the fame which had been won by valor and often by death, as was entertained by one of his Northern friends who in acknowledging a copy of the memoir of General Custis Lee wrote:

“Thank you very much for your pathetic memorial of Custis Lee. I ought to sympathize with you because this man never really had his chance. But I can’t do it. Chance for what? To meet the fate of the eight out of ten of his class of ’54 who met death on the field? No, sir. I’m glad Davis kept him in Richmond and so saved the life that Custis Lee was to make beautiful. Why regret that he failed of his ambition

to do and dare and have his body mangled and torn and dead at maybe twenty eight? I tell you, sir, I could weep now at the thought of the ruthless killing of the best and bravest of those boys in the 'sixties. It was inconceivably wicked and absolutely useless. Fame? Let the boys earn it by living rather than dying."

This writer's scorn of "fame" was not confined to that which comes from "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth", and to demonstrate its general insignificance he tells in the same letter the story of "the Radcliffe girl who the past winter went to see 'D'Israeli', and confided to a friend that she never knew whether D'Israeli was in the Old or New Testament, but confessed she could not find him in either".

Gildersleeve wrote to him of his sketch of Capt. Robert E. Lee, Jr.

"I am sending you my latest 'Brief Mention', delayed somewhat by my absence from Baltimore. You will be amused (perhaps) to see how Bob Lee's favorite Latin verse figures in the Journal.* Many thanks for your tribute to that fine man. You never wrote anything better. Your hand has gained in cunning, if that is possible."

In the same strain Lady Ritchie sent a message from across the sea:

"I have been charmed by your account of the Proceedings of your Society. Two days ago we went—Hester, Billy, and Meg and I—to hear Arthur Balfour's discourse to *our* Society, the Library Association, which was also delightfully alive and with a meaning to it."

General Roger A. Pryor's brief note was:

"Dear McCabe: Cordial thanks for your beautiful tribute to our friend and comrade. 'Time's wing but seems in stealing o'er to leave you' brighter 'than before'. May you write the epitaph of faithfully and affectionately yours, Roger A. Pryor."

Some of his closest friends and most intimate companions who liked to "get a rise out of him" wrote about these memorials

* "The Journal of Philology", of which Gildersleeve was editor.

in a vein of jocularly and "high facetiousness", behind which always lay the recognition of their charm and literary value and historical significance.

Dr William H. Welsh, of Johns-Hopkins, acknowledged one of his "Reports", in 1915, thus:

"Dear McCabe: No wonder the Virginian clings to life when he faces the new terrors which you have added to death.
* * *

and then makes amends for the jest by adding:

"It is a joy to get this reminder of your activities in the historical field, and I have read all the necrologies which you have marked, and more too. They are really most interesting and charming, and so far as I can judge, discriminating. I am sure the current of your life must be running smoothly and happily. What a loss to American scholarship and letters is the passing of Lounsbury!

"We have had a truly delightful course of Turnbull lectures from Sir Walter Raleigh on the English Romantic poets and critics. I wish you could have heard the ones on the Reviewers, Hazlitt and Coleridge. He was my guest at the club, and I enjoyed him immensely. He is of your stripe, as far from the Philistine as possible, and with plenty of wit and esprit. He has two boys in the War—one wounded at Neuve Chapelle. With affectionate regards.

Mr James Branch Cabell gives this apt turn to his note of acknowledgment of one of the "Memoirs":

"I have long envied the felicitous way in which you paradoxically enliven the *Virginia Magazine* with necrology, and this autographed example of the feat I shall honestly treasure"; and Dr Lyon G. Tyler tells him that his "Robert E. Lee, Jr., is a gem—a beautiful tribute to a worthy man".

Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, who was one of his best friends in England, like Dr Welsh, loved occasionally to "chaff" him and wrote in 1909 about one of the biographies which he described as "eloquent":

"Many years ago one of my first cousins and I met frequently at funerals, at which he was always the most cheerful and inter-

esting personage. When we were burying his father, I said to him: 'My dear Edwin, on these mournful occasions you impart such an air of cheerful contentment to the proceedings, that I beg of you, if you can, to attend my funeral. I am certain it will be much more cheerful than it is in other circumstances likely to be'.

"He said he would do his best, but he has failed.

"Now, don't you fail me. I want to engage you to write my obituary notice. If you have any doubt of remaining you might start on it now, and especially while your pen runs so marvellously.

"Chaff apart, your eulogy of Bryan is delightful reading."

Such letters about the "Annual Reports" and the biographies might be multiplied almost indefinitely; but the chapter must be closed with one from his life-long friend, Governor William E. Cameron, scholar and poet, and another from Colonel H. W. Feilden, described on the envelope by McCabe as "once a young officer in the 42nd Highlanders ('Black Watch') who came to the South in 1861-1865, and served as a Captain on Gen'l Beauregard's staff. I first met him in 'Battery Wagner' during the Siege of Charleston in 1863".

(From Governor Wm. E. Cameron)

"Norfolk, Va., June 2nd, 1909.

"My dear Gordon:

"Several days have gone by since receipt of the copy of your fine tribute to Joe Bryan, without furnishing me the opportunity to acknowledge and thank you for it. Very difficult it is for the pen driven by affection to avoid exaggeration of the virtues it depicts; particularly so in a case where from a human standpoint overpraise seems scarcely possible. You have done full justice to a character which came near to meriting the epitaph 'altogether lovely' and you have done so without picturing a god when the likeness of a divinely touched mortal was called for. I re-read the address with a renewed pleasure, and shall preserve it as a memento of the dear friend to whose memory it is dedicated, and of the author as well. I feel it a deprivation not to see you oftener, but none the less sure am I that neither time nor separation has weakened the ties which unite us from of old. And I am, my dear Gordon, now as always,

Warmly and faithfully yours,

William E. Cameron."

(From Col. H. W. Feilden)

"Rampydenne,
Burwash,
Sussex,
20 June, 1914.

"My dear Colonel McCabe:

"I thank you most heartily for your kindness in sending me your glowing tribute to the memory of Major General Custis Lee.

"Your address is an admirable one and you have much enlightened me in regard to the life and character of the man.

"Naturally one expects much from a son of Robert E. Lee,—a son who passed out first in his class from West Point; and doubtless, had fortune placed him more immediately in command on the battle-field, he would have been among the greater leaders of the C. S. America.

"However, I think it is well that such a pure and noble life should have been spared for fourscore years, and that his influence on younger generations should have been permitted by Providence.

"Had he been thrust into the battlefield almost certainly he would have met the fate of the majority of his class-mates.

"What a 'glorious roll' you have recorded. As an Englishman I am pleased at your associating the name of Edward Freer with these worthies.

"There is no finer passage in Napier's book than his tribute to that young hero. In late life I have scrambled up The Rhun, and shed tears of triumph at the spot where Freer fell.

"After a lapse of fifty years my heart still beats warmly to the tap of the Confederate drum and the fire-riddled flag. I do not believe that history can point to a more patriotic, devoted and gallant band of men than the heroes who fought in the Army of Virginia; and it is well that you have placed on record in noble English the character of one who, if not permitted to share in the glories of battle, yet did yeoman's service for the cause. I trust you are well, and with every kind wish, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,

H. W. Feilden."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SCHOLAR, A POET AND A HISTORIAN.

I.

NO one of his friends in America stood closer to him in intellectual sympathy, in love of letters and in scholastic achievement than did Thomas R. Price, who possessed in common with him memories of gallant service in the Confederate army and a patriotic devotion to Virginia. Price, a few years the elder of the two, had had academic opportunities that McCabe lacked. He had graduated from the University of Virginia with the old Master of Arts degree, two years before the latter begun a course there which war prevented him from concluding. The next three years he had spent in travel and in study at Berlin, Kiel, Paris and Athens. He had run the blockade from Europe in 1862 in order to enter the Southern army, and had served with distinguished gallantry as lieutenant on the staff of General J. E. B. Stuart. Later he was transferred to the engineer corps and was made captain, holding that rank until the close of the war.

With the touch of pride in the achievements of the men who had fought for the South that remained a passion with McCabe as long as he lived, he said of Price:

"Beyond all honors in scholarship and letters that came to him in after years he counted the honor of having served the Confederate cause, which in his maturer years became to him, as it were, a religion".

In the same year in which his friend opened the University School in Petersburg, Price began his educational life-work as the joint-principal with John M. Strother of a classical academy for boys in Richmond. Thence he passed after three years to a professorship in Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, Virginia, where, as was said of him by Dr Philip Alexander Bruce, "he so suggestively and luminously taught his native tongue as to

fully justify his imperative demand" that English studies in the scheme of a liberal education should be put on a plane of equality with Latin and Greek.

But the ancient classics had entered as deeply into Price's mind and heart as they had into the mind and heart of his friend. The one was a Grecian as the other was a Latinist; and when Gildersleeve went from the University of Virginia to Johns-Hopkins in 1876, Price succeeded him in the chair of Greek in the Virginia institution, and Gildersleeve said of him in his farewell address: "If I have turned out, in the twenty years of my professional career, only the one noble scholar who is to succeed me, I should not think my life a failure."

From the University of Virginia Price was called in 1882 to the chair of English language and literature in Columbia College, New York, where he remained until his death. Like McCabe he was a man of strong feelings and affections, though less demonstrative of them; and it has been said of him that his vision of men and books, of politics and of society was through their emotional medium. In a memorial address, in which McCabe on behalf of his widow presented to the University of Virginia Price's fine library, he said:

"Who of you that knew him well that does not recall the compelling charm of his presence in all social intercourse, his air of distinction, his grave courtesy, with just a flavour of the old world manner as he bent over some lady's hand; his winning smile, that could so subtly express either affection or amusement; his unaffected modesty; his easy graceful talk, touched by the play of a lambent wit that never left a sting."

With all his scholarly accomplishments and mastery of the English tongue Price published but little. His "Teaching of the Mother Tongue", "Shakespeare's Verse Construction" and monographs on "King Lear" and a few other plays practically exhaust the list. His achievement in life was his work as a teacher "He had the faculty", Dr Woodberry, his colleague at Columbia, said of him, "of making learning a social thing"; and he communicated his faculty in the class room instead of through the printed page. What little he wrote, however, had the charm of an indescribable touch.

With a fine observance of the amenities of life, Price was nevertheless almost contemptuously independent in his literary judgments. "What do I care about Oscar Wilde as a man?" he once said to McCabe when the Wilde scandal was at its height. "He is an admirable writer of both English prose and poetry. That is enough."

The correspondence between the two goes back to 1869, and continues with more or less regularity until Price's death in 1903.

(From Thomas R. Price)

"Richmond, 20 Mch '69.

"My dear McCabe:

"I am more than half ashamed when I look at the date of your letter, and compare that of mine.

"In the month between, however, lies the howling wilderness of my Intermediate Examinations—that valley of the shadow of *Dummheit*. After that came a hurried trip on business to New York. Even now I have scarcely gotten my work to run smoothly in its wonted channels.

"I am always so glad to hear from you that I trust you will take me with all my backslidings and keep me on your list. The adage of giving only 24 hours to a whole day lies at the bottom of all my sins against my friends. But for that I should be the most regular of correspondents, the most methodical and faultless of business men. I always intend to do so right, and in the whirl of the hours make out to do so little. When I confess to such faults in method and accomplishment, I need not add how unfit I am to give even friendly counsel in that solemnest of all problems, the giving away of one's time. I feel profoundly the evil of which you speak—that to make one's self thorough in either of the languages, the other has in some measure to be left uncultivated. I began with Greek,—have been forced largely into Latin,—and now stand, like the historical ass, between the two bundles.

"In this, however, fortune does perchance better for us than we could have done for ourselves. It seems to me that I can see far off looming a land of promise where the two studies, so akin yet so various, melt together into a whole of scholarship which could not have contained itself in either. Even as we struggle on, it seems that what we do in each helps us on in the other. We are both better Grecists because we know Latin,—far better Latinists because we know Greek. They form in literary study,

as the nations did in history, the complement of each other, essential to him who would keep his spirit even-balanced, the channels of his enthusiasm open without stint towards every, even the most widely apart, perfection. The whole failure of the modern French culture seems to me to rest in their unwise fostering of the Latin at the expense of the Grecian spirit—in the crushing out of the free, lawless vigour of the Hellenic genius under the law-inflicting, narrow and artificial system of the Latin. I think we may hold fast to the hem of each one's garment, and draw tight enough at least to make each give us her blessing. I try to work them together, and with constant reference to each other. I divide my evenings in alternation between them—the first part to writing, the latter to reading. And in translating from one into the other, I think I have found a way which, if persevered in, must end in making me a scholar. I am always working up something for my Senior classes. By combining here a rigid analytical method at first with the synthetical at the close of each exercise, I think you do both them and yourself a deal of good. The necessity of keen and obvious discrimination, of close thinking and transparent processes such as one feels in the presence of a keen-witted class, is the best stimulus I know to working well.

"Under these circumstances you cannot be surprised that I have not much leisure nor longing for writing. The first man I am bound to educate, the only one where my conscience is keen enough to make me feel the moral obligation, is myself. I am trying to do him some good, to give him some accuracy now, and hereafter some breadth of range. When I have done with him, I shall send on a letter to the Harpers and try to unite with the *manes* of the dead Anthon and the *Geist* of the living Brooke in educating the people.

"I am ashamed to send my nonsensical letter as I was before of not having written it. Please present my regards to Mrs. McCabe, and favour me when you can with news from yourself and your studies. I have written standing at the counting-room desk, and hence written in haste. I am yours very truly,
Thos. R. Price."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"Randolph-Macon 24 June '71.

"My dear McCabe:

"Your welcome letter found me at the galley-work of Final Examinations. You will know how to pardon me for having postponed my answer. Now, when I have time to write, I fear

lest you, lucky fellow, have left Petersburg behind you. I send my letter on the venture.

"Holiday is too sweet to spoil by school Greek. Yet you are no doubt right about εἰπεῖν with the Infinitive. I think there is always a marked difference between the two constructions. If I had understood you, we would have agreed from the first.

"I am so worn down and jaded by examination work that I have nothing pleasant to feel or to write. I can only give you my congratulations, not my company as you were kind enough to suggest, on your summer cruise. I despair of Europe. I am not good enough, I fear, to go thither when I die. It's very heroic to die in harness, yet deuced disagreeable. That is all a poor fellow in my trade has to look ahead to.

"Now, however, I shall have, after the dreary speech-making and jollification of next week is over, a breathing space of three months to take my rest in. I have some pleasant reading at my elbow which I am eager to begin. I have just received Plautus in Ritschl's new edition with his excursus, and Grimm's German Mythology. It is lucky that if we can't go to Europe we can make Europe come to us. But for all that, the service of eyesight is worth so much more.

"I am Plautus-mad, and the next time I meet you I want to show you my extracts from Plautus' poetry. The old fellow has touches worthy of Tennyson,—little scraps of delicious thought and picturesque phrase thrown in that give one a new insight into the poetic depths of the hard, prosaic Roman character. Might not this, e. g., go into the 'Two Voices'—

Quisnam istic pluvius quem non recipiat mare?—

"I should like to be with you and see Germany in her triumph. I should dread, however, to look on poor Paris in her shame. I read yesterday in the *Tribune* a correspondent's long account how fire and artillery had laid waste so many streets that I remember. If it falls in your way, call in the Rue Fleurus No. 2, right by the west gate of the Luxembourg, and see how my old landlady, Mlle. Francastel, has fared these many days. If that ancient but sweet-tempered maiden still survives 'the shock of empires and the crash of thrones', you could not find a pleasanter lodging in all the city than where she lived. The windows looked out into the garden and café of the Luxembourg Theatre (where I have seen old Dumas lounge and puff cigarettes), with a side-view into the Luxembourg Gardens. The landlady was courteous and cleanly, and, for a Frenchwoman, a moralist. Her condition, I remember, on my taking the rooms

was that any ladies, who should spend the night with me, should leave before breakfast!

"The thought of those pleasant days always sets me to gossiping. My best wishes for your journey,

Yours truly,

Thos. R. Price."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"Randolph-Macon 6 Jan. '75.

"My dear Gordon:

"You have heard of the resolution come to by Dr. Gildersleeve: he is going to leave Virginia for Baltimore. I was horrified at the news, yet I cannot feel surprised at his action. He wrote to me several weeks ago, telling me that he was resolved on the change, and urging me, with the promise of his outspoken and earnest advocacy, to declare myself a candidate for the Greek Chair at the University. After long hesitancy, for I cannot tell you how I dread the invidiousness of such a comparison as my succession to him involves, I have resolved to try for it. Of course now, since I am at liberty to speak, I write to ask your help and backing. I want to go before the Board backed by the acknowledged best men of my profession in the State. In the appointment of the new Board in February there is a danger of intrigue that makes me doubtful of my success. But to tell the truth, I had rather be put forward by Dr. Gildersleeve as 'his candidate', and supported by the few Greek scholars of the State, than to receive the appointment. With our kindest regards to Mrs McCabe and to all yours, including the young Brambach,

Yours very truly,

Thos. R. Price."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"Randolph-Macon 8 Jan. '76.

"My dear Gordon:

"I am sorry to trouble you just now, for I know that at this season of the year your busy life is busier than ever. But I wish to send in my papers to the University about the 20th (the Board meets on the 26th), and so I must begin to gather the letters on which I rely. Please let me have yours. In writing it, do me the favour to lay some stress on the success I have had in stimulating the study of Greek. The percentage of students studying Greek to the whole number of students is larger with us than in any school on the elective system, North or South,

whose catalogues I have seen, larger even than in the curriculum colleges. When I can get hold of our official reports tomorrow morning I'll give you the exact figures. You will, I know, agree with me in thinking that this is a fact to be emphasized; for you know all the drawbacks and difficulties that make our young men so averse to Greek study.

"I was grievously disappointed at not meeting you in Richmond last week. I went down to hear Mr. Barbour, and did not learn till I got there that your engagements had hindered you from coming over. The ceremony in honor of our poor friend was very beautiful and impressive. Mr. B's eulogy was very simple, tender and grateful.

"Abbot has sent in, of his own accord, a very handsome letter. The story that we heard was I think utterly unfounded.

Yours very truly,

Thos. R. Price.

"P. S. By reference, I find that within the last five years, 1870-75, out of 992 matriculated students, 540 have studied Greek: that is, 54½ p. c."

II.

(From Thomas R. Price)

"University, 20 Sept. '76.

"In unpacking my books I came upon a good little tract by Wagner on Latin Orthog.—It may be useful to you: if so, keep it till your work is over. I am trying to get settled in my big, old rickety house. It is an awful job. Remember that when you come, I keep the McCabe House. Is the Siege of Petersburg ended?

Yours truly,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"My dear Gordon:

"University, 3 Nov. '76.

The *Dispatch's* garbled and mangled report of your great speech only makes me long for the full treat, and redoubles my regret that I could not escape from hard work to have the pleasure of listening to you in Richmond.

"Even by that report I can see that the speech was worthy of you and of the occasion. Of course, it will be printed somewhere in full, and of course I wish to learn when and how to secure a copy.

"Accept my heartiest congratulations.

Yours very truly,

Thos. R. Price."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"University, 7 Jan. '77.

"My dear Gordon:

"I have acted on your advice and brought up the whole matter of preliminary examinations in a very earnest way before our faculty. I am chairman of the committee for preparing circular on method, compass and time of the preliminaries. In a week or so I hope to have the thing ready for battle and, I hope, success. In my own department I shall demand:

1. Full knowledge of the *Attic Inflections* as given in Goodwin's Elementary or Curtius' Greek Grammar.
2. Knowledge of Attic Syntax as given in the same.
3. Power to translate at sight any passage from Xen. Anab. Books I, II, III.

"Peters and Smith are my colleagues on the committee. If you will make any suggestions, I shall try to get them carried out.

"With kindest regards to Mrs. McCabe,

Yours very truly,

Thos. R. Price."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"Univ. 3 Apl. '77.

"Dear Gordon:

"In filling up the committees for the next meeting of the Educational Association in July, I have put you on the committee to report on Text-Books and Methods of instruction in Latin. Do give a page or two, at any rate, to stigmatize some of the nasty books that are debauching our schools, and to urge greater and greater pains in teaching inflections. Even if you cannot or will not be present, and I know how you hate to be bored, you can do good by having your report read before the Association and printed for teachers to read.

Yours very truly,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"University of Va., 24 Mch '78.

"My dear Gordon:

"The Educational Association, when it re-elected me as President, promised me that the Vice-Presidents would aid me in filling up the committees, in finding fit men to do the work, in per-

suading them to do it and in corresponding with them about it. One of whom you are which.

"The 12 standing committees are Mod. Lang., Pure Math., Appl. Math., Chemistry, Nat. History, History, Geography, Discipline, Moral Science, English, Greek, Latin. Each committee ought to consist of three members.

"Please help me in getting good men to serve on as many as possible of these committees. If you know any young fellows of sense and ambition, stir them up and set them to work. After you get their consent, give me their names and I'll get the Secretary to write the formal letter of appointment.

"The next meeting will be in Hampton early in July, a pleasant place at a pleasant season. There will be large attendance. Do what you can to help me in making the meeting respectable. I am ashamed to ask you to do any report-work yourself, but if you could take Greek or Latin—

"I have lots of other things that I wish to write to you about but I am writing letters for dear life.

Yours very truly,

Thos. R. Price."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"University 22 April '79.

"Take my warmest thanks, dear Gordon, for your gift-copy of your charming little Battle-Ballad-Book. The reading of it has been all the pleasanter to me because it took me back to that bright day in N. Y. when we sipped our wine together, and you told me of your plan. It is thoroughly stirring and sounding and sound, and gives me much delight. I have been horribly unwell of late, hardly able to creep out to lecture and to labour through current work. At last I begin to feel stronger, with renewed appetite for books. I may run off for a day or two soon if my doctor persists in advising it, and if so, I'll manage to see you if only to shake hands.

"Col. Peters and I have locked horns on *moritura*, Aen. iv. 415. He says that it expresses *concession*. I, that it expresses *result and consequence*. Decide between us.

Yours truly,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"University, 4 May '79.

"Dear Gordon:

"Your acceptance of the place on the examining board would be a good thing not only for you but for the Virginia profession

and Southern education generally. I earnestly advise you to take it. I am in hopes of bringing some of our graduates up to the ambition of appearing before the board, and have been talking to Col. P. about it. The splendid way in which our men come out before the army and navy boards makes me hope that our system in the Academic schools, too, would justify itself in the same way. I am still very unwell, but my classes are working so nobly on the last stretch for their finals, it makes me altogether unwilling to give up and go away from them. I am forced, however, to give up all work that is not rigorously needful. I fear that I can't carry out my plans of a trip to join with you. Your doctrine about Virgil's participle is exactly right, but I can't get the Colonel to see it.

Yours very truly,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"University, 15 Feb. '80.

"My dear Gordon:

"Tell me what you think of a scheme that I have been revolving for a week or so in my mind, and, if you think well, tell me whether you can say a word to help me in carrying it through.

"Much as Lysias is read now in school and college and much as the habit of reading him is growing, there is no easily accessible translation of him in the market and no reasonably good English translation of him, so far as I can learn, at all. The Harpers in their series of translations do not include him. Now, I have read him so much, worked from him and after him so long and so carefully, that I think I could do right well the job of getting his exquisite sentences into plain and direct English garb. I should like to try myself on the *tour de force* of so translating him as to combine the closest fidelity with very plain and idiomatic English. The average manner of English translation is so free and easy, so inexact to construction, so loose and inartistic, that I should like to have the chance of setting a good example for school translation. If you think the thing worth doing could you introduce me to the Harpers, or even draw their opinion as to whether they desire and would publish? I should of course ask the freedom or briefly annotating on points of history, antiquities, etc., and of even defending my rendering, in case of doubt by a brief note, and of prefixing to each speech a short introduction and analysis. I think that in case of agreement I could have the work neatly and solidly done by next Christmas.

"My classes have done beautifully in their Intermediates. In a day or two I shall have finished the papers and be ready to go back to my regular work. I am reading at odd times in the 12th Aen.—and the enjoyment of the consecutive flow of the great poem is very delightful. Another scheme that I am full of is an edition of Virgil's similes completely annotated for use in High School and College classes, the same idea barring the metrical translation that Green worked out in his Homeric similes.

"By the way, in working out the Virgilian participles the examples in the 11th Aen.—*emissa* 696 and *conata* 585, have brought even Col. Peters' conservatism over to my view of the function of the perfect participle to express result. I am going to work the Latin and Greek examples up in a paper for the next *Philological*. The light thrown by the *Participle of Result* upon the Greek construction is wonderful. All this, of course is ἐν αὐτοῖς ἡμῖν εἰρημένα.

Yours very truly,

Thos. R. Price."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"University of Virginia, School of Greek,
"My dear Gordon: 30 March 1882.

"I wrote you a long letter last night, but this morning before mailing it I received yours of the 28th-29th. I tear off a part of mine as it is no longer applicable, and send you the rest to give the other exciting events of the days since Monday.

* * * * *

"As to the special study and teaching that I have done in Shakespere and Chaucer, it was my habit while I taught English at R. M. C. for 6-8 years, to give one year of my course, the Junior, to uninterrupted philological reading of Shakespere and one year, the Senior, to the reading of Chaucer, with regular courses of grammar-work, Abbott and Skeat & Morris respectively, on the language of the two writers. I do not believe that anywhere in the world, at that time, the writings of these two great masters, from the grammatical and critical side were read by any teacher with his classes so long and so carefully and with such minute accuracy of detail. I read them just as I read Homer and Theocritus, say, with my Greek classes, with closer study of every syntactical form and with historical investigation of every word and every inflection.

"To cover the nature and extent of my philological study in Europe, I send you the letter that Archer Anderson wrote on that

theme to the Board of this University. To it I may add that the direction of my philological studies to Teutonic and English philology came to me from the impulse of Prof. Haupt of Berlin. I found in him, to my amazement, the recognized head of both Latin and Teutonic philology, great in each because so great in the other. From him I learned that it was possible to combine the study of my own English language with the study, so dear to me, of the Greek, and that the study of English could in practice be made fruitful only by conducting it on the methods of the more exact and scientific philology of the classical languages. All good that I have done, or am capable of doing, comes from the application in my own professional life of this germanic ideal given me by Haupt.

"When I passed from his hands into those of Prof. G. Curtius, I the first American scholar that had ever joined his classes, and began with him the exact study of the comparative Indo-germanic grammar I saw that there was a special field of work open for me as an English-speaking man in working up first the English and then the Teutonic as a whole, or a sister-group to the Greek. In this way, as you know, I brought one by one the Anglo-Saxon (*pace* Freeman), the Modern Gothic, the Old Norse, the ancient and modern Danish and Norwegian, and the Platt-Deutsch within the area of my philological work. My purpose is, so long as I live, to make Teutonic (including English) and Hellenic philology jointly and undividedly my field of labour.

"I write to catch the mail in such haste as hardly to take time to form sentences. You, however, will catch the thought that I am laboring to express.

"I add to A. A.'s letter the letters given me 6 years ago by Curtius, Dr. Duncan and Dr. Gildersleeve. They may suggest to you something to add or to omit. But keep the originals; they are very precious to me.

"You must decide, from what you know or think, whether there is time to make it worth while to add another paper to the admirably effective letter that you have already sent in.

"I shall look forward with delight to your coming next week.

Yours aff'y

T. R. P.

"29 March '82. On Monday I had a telegram from Mr. Paton, Dr. Agnew's brother-in-law, urging me to come on to New York so as to be there by Thursday morning on the invitation of the nominating committee, to confer with them. On Tuesday came Mr. Paton's letter explaining the telegram and

telling me that the committee had unanimously resolved to nominate me on Monday next, and were confident of having me elected but wished 'for most important reasons' to have a personal interview with me before going further. I telegraphed to Mr. Paton that I should be there on Thursday morning, if he, after receiving my letter, should still advise me to come. In my letter I told him to treat me, as he had always treated me, with the affection and interest of a father and not to let me come, if the coming could compromise my dignity as scholar or gentleman by any appearance of personal solicitation. I told him of Mr. Harper's visit also, and confessed the hope that this would make my coming unnecessary. My letter reached Mr. Paton yesterday. To-day, just as I was packing to take the afternoon train, came Mr. Paton's telegram: 'Your coming not expedient as Mr. Harper has seen you'. I, of course, stopped my packing and stayed at home. So the matter stands now. From Mr. P.'s letter, it is plain that he is acting in consultation with Dr. Agnew and Mr. Nash. You will, I hope, approve my course. I will let you know what further news I get.

"The suspense is worrying, but I am escaping from it by working hard on my Virgil-paper to be read, Gildersleeve writes me, on the 14th of April.

Yours aff'y,

Thos. R. Price."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"University of Virginia, School of Greek,

16 May 1882.

"Only when we come together again, dear Gordon, can I have the chance of telling you the humours of my New York trip. The gentlemen of the Board, especially Mr. Harper and Dr. Agnew, did the honours to me in the grandest way. Mr. Harper's dinner on Saturday was the most splendid feast that I ever saw in the world. There was a great company of famous New Yorkers, and I had the honour of taking Mrs. Harper in to dinner. All Friday and Saturday I was hoping to meet you, and your not being there was the drawback upon the pleasures that I had. Dr. Barnard and Dr. Drisler showed me every kindness and aided me in all ways with counsel and explanations. I shall have hard work to adapt my teaching to the old collegiate curriculum system of classes, and there are some complications and entanglements that only time and reasonableness can set right: but the spirit I met with was fresh and conciliatory. My old friend, Mr. Paton, who took great joy in all that was done

for me, told me that I made a good impression. Amid the perfect polish of the people that I met, and in the rather stately ways of meeting, it was hard to see what they thought of me. But Dr. Drisler is a glorious old fellow and I feel sure that he likes me and will help to pull me through.

"In coming here I spent a few hours in Baltimore and learned from Dr. Gildersleeve that you had left a few hours before my coming. * * * In our talk Dr. G. told me of Wheeler's notion of applying for my professorship here, and we resolved, if we can, to bring him into the field and combine the heaviest possible support upon him. Since then I have heard from Wheeler himself, and have given him the facts that he needs to make up his mind. In a few days I hope to learn that he is resolved upon the candidacy. If he comes forward his claim will be a prodigiously strong one. A graduate of Harvard, favorite pupil and afterwards tutor under Goodwin; then fellow at the J. H., enthusiastic student under Gildersleeve, who considers him the best man he has taught at the J. H.; then student in Europe on a travelling fellowship from Harvard and Ph. D. from Bonn, with splendid letters from Bucheler and Ussner; then offered a professorship in Univ. of Cincinnati and professor at Bowdoin, and author of several good papers on subjects of Greek philology,—it is impossible for a philologist of 33 to have made better use of his time or to be more richly worthy of the professorship here, or more competent to make much of it. I feel for the first time since you declined the candidacy, that there is here a man that I can cheerfully work for; the man's letters and his theories of philology are admirable; and what I hear as to his personal and social character is good and hopeful. Keep yourself free to take up his cause as the best hope of the University, and to fight with Dr. G. and me for him.

Yours as always, very truly,
Thos. R. Price."

III.

(From Thomas R. Price)

"212 Second Avenue,
21 Dec. '84.

"My dear Gordon:

"Your letter was the brightest bit of writing that I have seen for many a day; and if I can ever shake hands with you again I shall touch with warmest respect the hand that has been shaken by Tennyson. The mighty old man, with his mighty sinews of thought and emotion so veiled and hidden from vulgar gaze by

the soft and shining polish of his skin! I would cross the Atlantic only to look at his face and see before he passes away the eyes that have pierced deeper into the subtleties and powers of our language than any other eyes since Shakespeare's. Some work of mine, bare grammatical drudge-work, has lately led me to go through the entire range of his poetic creation. How marvellous and rich and varied it is! and with its wealth of thought and sweep of emotion the details of style are so delicately wrought as never to admit a blunder nor even a doubt. Is there any mistake any where in all? I have not found one.

"Again our paths cross, and I lose the chance of seeing and welcoming you in New York! I go to Richmond on Tuesday, the 23rd, to remain until Saturday, the 3rd of January. You are, Alexander tells me, to be in New York. When will you be back in Petersburg? If there be a lap of a day, I'll run over to see you.

"I have your Bingham, but I have not had time to read beyond the preface. That is exquisitely done. Dr. Lewis tells me that it is excellent throughout, except in some newly discovered points of quantity? I don't even know what he means. * * *

Yours truly & aff'y,

Thos. R. Price."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"University Club,
Madison Square,
8 Jan. '85.

"My dear Gordon:

"After a bitter spell of work, for the closing weeks at Columbia make the hardest demands on my working powers that I have ever encountered, I am free enough today to have time for an hour's *loaf* at the club, and even to write a letter to a friend without having anything to put in it.

"How are you getting on, and what are your plans for the summer? Are you off to Europe, as I somehow heard the rumour, or shall I have the pleasure of meeting you in Virginia? I thought much of going to spend the summer in Sweden, but the war-clamor frightened me; and when that was over, the terror of being so long and so far away from my little girl fell upon me and kept me in America. So we shall summer at a farmhouse in Botetourt county; and after a bit of idleness I shall settle down to a heavy pull of summer work. I mean first to finish up my little edition of the A. S. war-poems, of which all the heavy parts are done, and then to set to work on roughing-out a school

edition of Lysias for the Harper series and an annotated edition of Tennyson's Idyls of the King. I am going to consult you this summer on how to get at the authorities followed by Lord Tennyson in his treatment of Keltic antiquities, topography, etc. There is a whole world of new knowledge here, into which I am eager to enter.

* * * * *

"I met Mr. Stedman Saturday night at the Century reception, and found his delightful talk more delightful even than usual in that he talked much in praise of you. He spoke of your letters as the best that he had ever read.

* * * * *

"Write me when you have time of yourself. With love to Mrs. McCabe,

Yours aff'y,

Thos. R. Price."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"Century Club,
109 East 15th Street,
Monday afternoon, 14 Feb. '87.

"Gildersleeve has been, as you can think, during his short visit here in an immense whirl. I secured, however, his company today for a lunch at the University Club and had the talk that I wished.

* * * * *

"The Sappho lecture was an immense hit. I have never seen an audience happier in what it heard nor in its intelligent responses. G. is deeply gratified by his triumph, and the best company in the world. I'll write, as things come to my knowledge.

Yours aff'y,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"Copenhagen, Vesterbrogade 3 III,
15 Dec. '91.

"As the Christmas-time comes again I feel the longing, my dear fellow, for the long talks that so many Christmases have brought us. How are you all? How is the school, and especially the head-master. And what are the chances for the new degree system at the University, and for keeping you for another term in the place in which you have done so much good?

"I have had good luck so far in all my plans, and immense profit from my 'year off'. Of all plans in the world, I think, for a scholar's holiday or retirement I should commend this dear old city with its enormous wealth of books and museums, its quiet inexpensive ways of living and its kindly hospitable people. We came here by the 1st of August and settled down in pleasant roomy quarters. For a month or so I gave myself up to the study of the modern language. A month of perfect autumn weather, in September and October, we spent in travelling about in Denmark, especially in that west coast region of Jutland whose ancient dialect has such a fascination for me. It was all full of enjoyment and good weather, cool and sunshiny, every day of all the thirty.

* * * * *

"Since I came here from my Jutland tour I have been working hard on the grammar and literature of the Old Norse. Stefanson, of the University, a born Icелander and a splendid scholar, has kindly taken me in charge. With him I am going through the ancient literature and mastering the language. It is a knowledge that will aid me, I feel, in every step of my historical teaching, and give a somewhat different turn to all my conceptions of the sources and tendencies of English speech.

"Dr. Stephens, the great Runic scholar, has been also delightfully kind to me, bringing me often to his house and introducing me to his colleagues. I wish you could see his library, over 35,000 volumes, with its precious things of northern literature and art.

"We shall, if all go well, stay here till March. The climate is much less severe than I expected,—much less severe than ours, and we seem all to keep well. Write me all you can of yourself.

"With love to Mrs. McCabe,

Yours as always,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"New York, 7 June, '95.

"My dear Gordon:

"Accepting your kind invitation, I should like, as a passionate lover of our University, to write frankly to you what I think to be the right plan for organizing the department of modern languages. In this, of course, the old plan of the one undivided professorship will have to be abandoned. There is no scholar now, in these days of specialized knowledge, that would account himself capable of holding such a professorship or be willing to scatter his labor over so vast a field of disconnected studies.

When the division is made, it should be made on the line that separates the Teutonic from the Romance languages. On the Romance side there would be French as chief study, with Italian and Spanish as subordinates. On the Teutonic, those would be German as chief; and, as the modern Scandinavian languages and Dutch would hardly as yet be called for, the professor could give full courses in Gothic and Old Norse, languages that are absolutely essential to the scientific knowledge of English philology.

"For the teaching of French, Italian and German, the Board should recognize, I think, that for University culture the trained habit of teaching the great literatures of these three languages should far outweigh phonetics and technical grammar. It is through the professors of Italian, French and German that our young men are to be kept in touch with the great literary movements of modern Europe; and the scholars to be chosen for these professorships should be men able to interpret literature and fit to inspire enthusiasm for literature. If under such teachers our young men gain a free and ready access to the great modern literatures, the habit of speaking the foreign language and such accuracy of pronunciation as that calls for will when the need arises care for itself. You will be fortunate in having many able men to choose from.

* * * * *

"I hope to be here until the end of June, and to see you before I go.

Yours as always,

Thos. R. Price."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"University Club,
Madison Square,
23 Feb. '96.

"It makes me glad to think, my dear old man, that you'll be here this week. Give me an hour for a breakfast, or a lunch, or a dinner as it suits you, either here or at my house. I've a thousand things to talk over with you. I have, I hope, persuaded our committee to give the Hertz library, 12,000 volumes of Greek and Latin philology, to the University. We have \$2,500 on hand and we think we can raise the other \$1,200. I got yesterday a letter from Skeat at Cambridge, giving me noble praise of my little 'Language and Literature', and telling me how it was relished by Mrs. Churton Collins' friends.

"Say next Sunday, if you can, either breakfast or lunch.

Yours aff'y,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"263 W. 45th St.,
20 Oct. '97.

"How delightful a talk would be with you, dear old man, about the Tennyson biography! I am deep in it: the copy reached me the very day, the 6th, on which I began my Tennyson course. It has made a complete recasting of many of the old lectures needful; for now there is historical certainty where, when I wrote, there was only surmise and hearsay.

* * * * *

"My Tennyson class is the biggest I've ever had in the University, over fifty!

With love, yours,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"263 West 45th St.,
11 Dec. '97.

"My dear Gordon:

"A torturing attack of the *grippe* has kept me in bed and in great misery since last Tuesday. Thus I have not been able to send you the scheme of our entrance-examinations. By Monday, Polk says, unless there be a relapse I may leave the house.

"Lawrence came to spend last evening with me. We talked much of you. The New England folk, he hears from Stedman, are in a rage with you for refusing to make the speech for them.

"While confined in bed, I have finished my careful notation of the references in the Tennyson biography to the several Tennyson-poems. It will be of endless use to me in my course of lectures on Lord Tennyson. I have now sixty graduate students at work on the poems.

"In this matter the published index is, as I told you, defective. Do you think that the Lord Tennyson would care to have my register of references in order to correct and complete his index for the next edition? If so, I'll have it carefully copied out for him and ask you to send it to him. I have aimed to include every mention in the biography of every one of his poems, so as to be able to trace the origin of each poem and all its connections with the poet's life.

"We shall spend our Christmas vacation at home. Can't you, if you come to N. Y., take your Christmas dinner with us?

Yours affectionately,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"263 W. 45th St., N. Y.,
6 June '98.

"It gives me a warm glow in the heart, independent of the weather, my dear boy, to feel that I have in my pockets the tickets that will take me and mine southward. After pausing in Baltimore for Wednesday to see John Tabb and to be at Emma G.'s wedding, I shall be in Richmond by Thursday evening—912 W. Franklin. * * * Keep a few hours for me for a long talk, and change your mind about going to the University. We were to have chummed together at Harrison's with Dr. Gildersleeve,—the next room.

"Hurrah for Hobson and those brave Alabamians! Would to God that they had a better cause to dare and die for! But it is good to see that, under shame and humiliation and all bitter wrong, those boys of our blue blood have kept the old heroic spirit unquenched.

I am, aff'y,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"Berlin, 26 Feb. 99.

"The letters from home, my dear fellow, tell me that you have reached Richmond safely, and are making rapid tracks to recovery. How glad I am! Some day, when we are together, you will tell me how it all happened and how many legs were broken. The number, in the newspaper accounts that reached me, varied from two to a dozen or so. You and I are too much advanced in life to be setting up for centipedes; and in New York at Christmas time two legs are as many as a clubman can well manage.

"I am hugely enjoying what I feel is to be the last holiday of my life. The long nights of the German winter, with no lectures to get ready for the next morning, have been delicious for great masses of reading. I have not delivered my letters of introduction and so I have kept all the time for myself. About the middle of April I shall break up my quarters here and go for spring and summer either to Rome or to London. It is not yet decided. * * * How I long to see Italy again! The magnificent rendering that the Royal Theatre is now giving of Julius Caesar with all the public buildings and palaces and Roman streets waked up to the results of modern archaeology has made me Italy-mad. When shall I meet you? In London? I shall sail from Rotterdam about the 20th of April.

"I hear nothing about the vacancy at the University. That professorship would have no charm for me. I should some day if it could be arranged like the Librarianship. But who knows? I shall be sixty next month.

"With love to Archer when you see him, and to Mrs. McCabe,

Yours most aff'y,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"University Club,
Fifth Avenue & 54th Street,
Saturday night, 11 Oct. 1902.

"Coming in to ask you to breakfast with me tomorrow, I have just heard from the clerk of your having left. There were still so many matters to talk over with you.

"Quiet your nerves now, and set to work on your great history. I so long to see one of our Virginia set immortalize himself and our army by a great work of historical style. God has given you the chance.

"Our cook came yesterday and our waitress today. So the world begins to wag on once more. * * *

Yours affff'y,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"Columbia College, New York,
24 Nov. 1902.

"The story of your young hero, my dear Gordon, seems to be told on p. 348 of *Annual Register* for 1897. It was when the Gordon Highlanders assaulted the heights of Dargai, 18 Oct. 1897. He was a piper named Findlater.

"No time yet for the other matters in your letter. Our dear University is placed in grave peril. And yet, I should rather see you write your history of the Army of Northern Virginia. That would live after you and I are gone.

* * * * *

Yours aff'y,

T. R. P."

(From Thomas R. Price)

"The Nevada,
2025 Broadway,
15 Jan. 1903.

"The Christmas passed, my dear old man, without a glimpse of you, or a word. The vacation gave me leisure to get myself

well of a frightful spell of lumbago; and I was ready for work at the college-opening. It is a grievous matter, this getting old, with so many pains in so many places, and so few pleasures in any.

"I send you, along with your novel, one that will amuse you. The *Revue Blanc* called my attention to its wonderful cleverness.

"I am hard at work on a careful study of Marlowe in his verse-art and his method of dramatic construction. It seems likely to grow into a little book. Have you ever read his translation of the 1st book of Lucan? It is a wonder of beautiful verse-forms, and he makes such delicious mistakes in his Latin as to show what a genius he had.

Yours aff'y,

T. R. P."

One other letter, written May 7, 1903, closed the correspondence. Beneath the signature to this last, "Yours most affectionately, T. R. P." is written in McCabe's chirography: "May 8th, 1903. He died a few hours after writing these few lines. 'There cracked a noble heart'. God rest his soul."

In his speech presenting Price's library to the University of Virginia, he said:

"His whole soul was fired with unflagging purpose to enlarge the boundaries of his own knowledge; he was an enthusiastic and conscientious teacher; he was as singularly careless of fame as he was notably untouched of any of these ignoble jealousies that so often beset men of genius and learning; he was, in short, as Dr. Butler, President of Columbia, wrote in his report on his death to the trustees 'eager to produce men and scholars rather than books'.

"But the paramount reason of his publishing so little is to be found, I think, in his literary fastidiousness—his passion for perfection of form, which was the 'dominant of his study and teaching'. He had all Sainte-Beuve's horror of the '*a peu près*'; he 'loathed the smug face of facility'; he was tireless in seeking the elusive word; unwearying in his quest of some hovering, subtle rhythm of phrase, some haunting cadence that witched him with its beauty half-revealed and mocked him with its music as it fled. Yet he was indued by nature with a delicate ear, 'the supreme touchstone of perfection', and in his graver papers writes with most convincing lucidity and precision, while he has the happy art of imparting to his lighter sketches and studies an aroma of delicate and playful humor, a felicity of allusion,

an ease and grace of diction, a certain note of distinction, that makes them a joy to every reader of refined intelligence.

"Whatever the award of time as to his place in scholarship and letters, he has at least left behind him to those of us who miss him and still hold him in our hearts a legacy which time cannot touch—the fragrant memory of his tender heart and open hand, the remembrance of his spotless integrity and stainless honor, of duty scrupulously fulfilled to the very end and of all those stern and gentle virtues that noble souls reckon the highest."

IV.

In the wide range of his long career, there were some friends, like John R. Thompson, and Lady Ritchie and Thomas R. Price and Archer Anderson,—to mention only a few—to whom he opened his heart and received, as he gave, of their warmest affections. There were others with whom his associations were not so close and more transient, but whom, in a less intimate contact, he won to himself by his transparent and unvarying charm of courtesy and kindness and generosity.

Of these was the Reverend John Banister Tabb, a former Confederate soldier of his generation, some years his senior, a scholar, a teacher and a poet of unusual distinction. Their personal acquaintance commenced in 1901, when Father Tabb begun the brief correspondence which ensued between them by writing to ask him the address of a "common"—not a mutual—"friend" then residing in New York.

Tabb was a Virginian by birth and inheritance, a "blockade-runner" in the Confederate navy, a prisoner at Point Lookout, Maryland, where, "first attracted by the music of his flute", he formed an acquaintance with a fellow prisoner, Sidney Lanier, which ripened into an intimate friendship that lasted until the latter's death. After the War, Tabb became a teacher, and later begun to study for the Episcopal ministry. These studies led him finally into the Catholic Church, in which he received the orders of priesthood in 1884. He had been a professor in St. Charles College, Maryland, and continued to hold that position until his death in 1909. Many of his poems, all short,

are felicitous in their delicacy and simplicity, and often as witty and humorous as they are at times tender and gentle. This faculty of humor is shown in the verses sent by him to McCabe in the following letter:

(From Rev. John B. Tabb)

“St. Charles College,
Ellicott City, Md.,
17 March, 1901.

“Dear Mr. McCabe:

“I thank you sincerely for your cordial note, and for the dash that implies so much more than would any roundabout compliment. From the State of ——— I received the other day, a volume containing a sonnet on *myself*. This was more than I could bear, and the lines I enclose came ‘unbidden’ and irrepressible as the song of the lark.

“I hear Dr. Price is to lecture soon in Richmond. Please present him my affectionate regards, and believe me,

Yours very cordially,

John B. Tabb.”

*“To an Ante-mortem Undertaker,
who embalms me in verse.*

“If I were dead
And yet had read
The praise you have applied,
Methinks I’d be
More speedily
A body *mortified*.

“And would that now
I might avow
A spirit quite becalmed;
But, truth to tell,
I seem to *smell*
The thing you have embalmed.”

Two more of Father Tabb’s letters reveal the inevitable sequence of McCabe’s acquaintanceship with an author: the poet sent him one of his books.

(From Rev. John B. Tabb)

"St. Charles College,
Ellicott City, Md.,
23rd March, 1901.

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"Which shall I send you, *Poems* or *Lyrics*? The latter for the first time (though in the 5th edition) is clear of mistakes. Whichever you prefer you shall have without delay.

"Strange to say, I have never learned the use of tobacco; but I fear, though in this world I haven't acquired the habit, I shall *smoke* in the next, where every dog has his day.

"I am sorry to hear what you say about Dr. Price. May warmer days cure him.

"Did you see in *The Bookman*, some two years ago, two articles on Keats by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson? They were *against* the two exquisite odes, 'To the Nightingale', and 'The Grecian Urn'. I hope he saw my comment:

Alas, the '*Fancy cheats*' anew
As she of old was 'famed to do',
And of her victims blinder none
Than William *can't*-C. Wilkinson.

"With renewed thanks for your cordial invitation.

Sincerely yours,

John B. Tabb."

(From Rev. John B. Tabb)

"St. Charles College,
Ellicott City, Md.,
March 27th, 1901.

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"Thank you sincerely for the copies of your address, which I'll read with much interest. I am glad you want *Lyrics*; for as you have *Poems*, I want you to mark in each volume what is *best*, so as to help me to retain only such when the two are put in one. The present collection was made by the publishers and much is included that I shall withdraw. You need only number the pages to indicate what you prefer, and so do great service at little expense.

"By a singular coincidence, after reading your last letter I opened the 'Life of Tennyson', and there among the visitors

on his birthday was your name. How did you feel in that group of the nobility? Show my little book how to make its obeisance, and believe me—all the more from your having known my brother,

Yours very cordially,

John B. Tabb."

In his later years Father Tabb lost his sight, which had been defective from early youth. His courage and fortitude, made firm by an unquestioning faith, are expressed in his quatrain called "A Prayer in Darkness":

"The day is nearer unto night
Than to another day;
If closer to Thee, Lord of Light,
Let me in darkness stay."

This friendship began in their later years, and the interchange of letters between them during the period of its continuance was not infrequent.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOME COLONIAL HISTORY.

I.

THE boundless energy which had never exhausted itself in his conduct of the school, in his travels in many countries and in his active participation in educational movements and events, after the close of the school in 1901 found a wider field for the pursuit of all other interests; and the business ability and thrift—in the best sense of that abused word—which he had exercised since he emerged from the war of the 'Sixties with no other worldly possessions than "one suit of clothes", had brought him to such a condition of financial ease as to render further money-making a secondary consideration.

His interest in Virginia history, with especial reference to the periods of the Colony and of the War of Secession, took form in papers contributed to both American and English journals and periodicals, and his pen continued busy with writing the story of Virginia as Colony and Commonwealth.

It was during this time that he contributed many of the articles and papers mentioned in a former chapter to English periodicals and journals.

He aided Captain Robert E. Lee in the preparation of his book, "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee", which was published in 1905; and he collected a mass of material from many sources, both in America and England, for an elaborate life of that distinguished character in Virginia Colonial history, Nathaniel Bacon known as "the Rebel". This material during one of his absences in England strangely disappeared and was never found, as in the case of Lounsbury's work on "The House of Fame".*

In the meantime he made a number of literary and historical addresses, wrote articles and letters in his chosen fields for many American newspapers and stood always, at home and abroad, at

* See ante, page 106.

the head of the lists of controversy, armed *cap-a-pie* to do battle in behalf of Virginia and the Confederacy.

His contributions to English periodicals and publications were especially valuable in correcting and disestablishing many errors prevalent in Britain with regard to the War between the States; and the ignorance of even educated Englishmen on this subject was enlightened by his wide knowledge and his facile gift of literary expression.

In his studies of Colonial Virginia two figures stand out conspicuously among those who planted the English-speaking race in the American wilderness. One of these he elaborated in a scholarly and illuminating paper entitled "Captain John Smith's Travels", published in *The Oxford and Cambridge Review*, (Michaelmas Term, 1907); and the other, in his address on "The First University in America, 1619-1622", in which, with an unusual wealth of historical detail, he tells the story of the educational institution founded by Sir Thomas Dale at "Henricopolis" or "Dale's Town", and brought to naught by the great Indian massacre of 1622.

The paper on Smith is a review of a modern edition of that worthy's "General History of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles, together with the True Travels, Adventures and Observations and a Sea Grammar", in two volumes. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons, Publishers to the University MCMVII. The following extracts serve to show the reviewer's estimate of the founder of Virginia:

"These handsome volumes, the mere sight of which must challenge the admiration and excite the covetousness of every true bibliophile, appear opportunely, just when Englishmen are stretching 'hands across the sea' to their Virginia kinsmen who are now celebrating the Tercentenary of the first permanent English settlement in the New World made yonder at Jamestown in May, 1607.

"The success of that venture, which Mr. James Bryce recently declared 'one of the most momentous events in the history of the world', was due beyond question in chiefest measure to the courage and constancy, the instant readiness of resource and the un-failing common-sense of one man—the English yeoman's son, 'John Smith of Willoughbie juxta Alford in the Countie of Lincolne'.

"But for him there had been no 'Virginia Plantations', no 'Summer Isles', no 'New Englande', for had that venture at Jamestown failed (as time and again was imminent) before August, 1609, when what is known as the 'Third Supply' arrived, it is not merely probable but well-nigh certain, as Mr. Edward Arber contends, that the 'Pilgrim Fathers' had never sailed to New England, 'but, if anywhere, to Guiana, there to perish among its forests and swamps'.

"Throwing overboard all the episodes in Smith's career, which are so strenuously questioned by his detractors, allowing all the discrepancies between his earlier and later narratives, which these captious critics insist upon, there is still enough and far more than enough not only in the undisputed portions of his own books, but in the contemporaneous "Relaytions" of his comrades (some of whom had served under him in Transylvania), to prove that the infant colony on James River was, during the first two years and more of its existence, held together by the iron will and dominant common-sense of this resolute young Englishman. Long before he was titular 'President', Smith by sheer force of character had taken the first place in the actual management of affairs.

"Appalling as were the perils without from the wily redskins, the danger was even yet greater within from the cowardly treachery and incapacity of a clique who were constantly plotting his overthrow.

"To the stout soldier who had seen service in France and in the Low Countries, who had fought the Spaniard on the sea and had been left for dead on the stricken field of Rothenthurm, it was a new and joyous experience to beat at their own game the crafty Powhatan and ruthless Opechancanough, but it was a more perplexing problem to this blunt, straightforward, rough-and-ready pioneer how to checkmate the cabals of Wingfield and Ratcliffe and malignant 'Master Archer'.

"Thrice, within the first two years of settlement, the disheartened Colonists (once under the leadership of their 'President', Wingfield), broken in spirit by famine and disease, plotted to seize the pinnace, the only vessel left them by Newport, abandon the enterprise and sail for 'home'.

"But each time Smith came down upon the conspirators with a heavy hand, though at peril of his own life, swearing curtly that he would sink the pinnace with 'saber and culverin' if they persisted in their purpose.

"Yet, beset by these instant perils within and without, Smith never for a moment loses his head, finding in each new danger but fresh device—daring at times to the point of seeming rashness in dealing with his wily foe, but only when his cool brain sees that

the only road to success lies through sheer audacity—in all other cases not only willing but eager to use peaceful methods with the Indians.

“His steadfast purpose is to found not a mere trading post but a permanent English settlement, to the glory of God (for our doughty captain was a godly man), to the glory of King and country, and, no doubt, incidentally to the glory of Captain John Smith. And, pray, why not the last?

“To that end he administers affairs with admirable common-sense and direct force of personal example—working with his own hands in planting, building, fortifying—at intervals exploring and trading—punishing sharply insubordination and laziness of gentle and simple alike—and, when unjustly censured by the officials of the London Company for failure to carry out their preposterous demands, telling them bluntly in his *Rude Answer* of their folly in expecting to ‘finde in Virginia gold or a route to the South Sea’.

“Just as things were looking brightest for the permanent success of the little settlement, Smith was grievously injured by the accidental explosion of a bag of gunpowder, and as his hurt was beyond the cure of rude Virginia surgery, reluctantly sailed for ‘home’.

“He had left things in a most flourishing condition, but within six months pandemonium had broken loose, the colonists reduced by starvation from five hundred to sixty souls and the whole enterprise on the point of being abandoned, when the arrival of the new governor, Thomas West, Lord Delaware, with his well-provisioned ships, saved Virginia to the King. It was in that six months’ ‘Starving Time’, as it was called, that Smith’s fellow-colonists, friends and foes alike, learned through dire disaster and ‘the repentance of tears’ to recognize the measure of debt they had owed to the prudence, resource and courage of their old leader.

* * * * *

“If one wants to know what manner of man he really was, and how he bore himself in danger or difficulty, one must accept, not the captious criticism of cloistered critics, but the testimony of the men who shared with him his perils and labours. After he left Jamestown because of his grievous hurt, this is what was said of him by two rugged soldiers, Pots and Phattiplace, who had long been his tried and trusty comrades: ‘What shall I saye’, writes Phattiplace for himself and Pots, ‘but thus we lost him, that in all his proceedings made justice his first guide and experience his second, ever hating baseness, sloth, pride and indignitie more than any dangers; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead himselfe; that would never see us want what he

either had or could by any means get us; that would rather want than borrow or starve than not pay; that loved action more than wordes and hated falsehood and covetousnesse worse than death, whose adventures were our lives, and whose losse our deaths'.

"May England always have 'Pistols' of such ilk in her hour of need!

* * * * *

"Apropos of the Jamestown Tercentenary, the daily and weekly press has teemed with articles dealing directly or indirectly with his career, yet there have been but few of them not disfigured by the most absurd blunders touching Smith himself, Rolfe and Pocahontas.

"Only a few months ago the oldest of English illustrated papers told us that Smith, after his rescue, married Pocahontas! As a matter of fact, Smith never married anybody. He died a bachelor and, so far as the records show, left not even a collateral descendant.

"Naturally, during this Tercentenary celebration, there has been a great Smith revival in America.

"Let us trust that these attractive volumes will be the means of kindling a like intense interest in the land that Smith loved and served with such single-minded devotion. In that hope we cordially commend them to our readers as a veritable 'human document' that should stir their English blood and make them proud that they are of the same breed as this much maligned but unconquerable hero and patriot, who in all perils and difficulties and disasters, whether by land or sea, proved himself to be in very truth what, with noble simplicity, he signs himself at the close of his Preface to his *Accidence for Young Seamen*:

"'To Christ and my country a true Soldier and faithful Servant'."

II.

In his more rhetorical "Address" upon the little known subject of "The First University in America, 1619-1622", which he made to a refined and cultivated audience that gathered under the auspices and in the company of the Society of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Virginia to witness the dedication on its site of the permanent memorial of the earliest institution of higher learning on the new continent, he told at length the story of its foundation and of the man who was its founder.

After drawing a picture of the surrounding country as it existed in history at the time of the address, in which he painted

in eloquent language the seats of many adjacent Colonial worthies and spoke of their romantic and patriotic achievements and associations, he continued :

"Yet glorious as are the crowding memories of the scene, today our chief concern is centered on the spot whereon we stand—site of the ancient town—this shaft and tablet mark and of the noble enterprise that pure religion and undefiled purposed to dedicate to the service and the glory of Almighty God, and that wisest statemanship had planned for the broad upbuilding of the 'budding state'.

"Here was 'Dale's Town', as 'twas called of 'common folk', despite its royal name of 'Henricopolis', or 'Cittie of Henricus', in honor of 'the expectancy and rose' of England's fair state', Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James the First and grandson of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scots, who had he lived to reign had surely averted from his own kingdom at home and from Virginia as well the many tragic vicissitudes that were destined soon to shake the very fabric of the whole realm.

"Though 'untimely death', as Shakespeare terms it, snatched him away ere he had rounded out his eighteenth year, he had already become the idol of the nation by reason of his high martial spirit, his extraordinary proficiency in all manly accomplishments (for he was a daring horseman, skilful in 'tossing the pike' and 'putting the bar', a crack player at tennis and golf, as well as an expert archer), and in chiefest measure because of his outspoken frankness that contrasted so sharply with the subtle duplicity of his crafty father. From early boyhood he was grave and thoughtful—precocious far beyond his years in his intimate knowledge of military and naval matters, strict in his attendance on public worship and ever bore himself, we are told, with princely dignity.

"In a thoroughly corrupt court he would suffer no coarse stories nor profanity in his presence, yet he was endowed with a fund of quiet humor and possessed a nimble wit.

"Those about him loved him above all for his generous and fearless loyalty to such of his friends as lay under the jealous displeasure of his narrow-minded father.

"With Sir Walter Raleigh, the most versatile genius of his time—brilliant soldier who had won marked distinction on the fields of Jarnac and Moncontour fighting as a volunteer under Coligny on the side of the Huguenots—daring seaman, the peer of Drake and Frobisher and Lord Thomas Howard, and picturesquely dubbed by Spenser 'the Shepherd of the Ocean'—presently to be desperately wounded while leading the van in the 'War-Spite' as

the fleet forced the entrance to the bay and captured Cadiz—chemist, physicist, cartographer, archaeologist, statesman, poet and man-of-letters who could hold his own at the ‘Mermaid Tavern’ with Shakespeare and Marlowe and ‘rare Ben Johnson’—with Raleigh, ‘Admirable Crichton’ of his age, the young Prince was on terms of intimate friendship and regardless of consequences to himself often visited him when confined in ‘the Tower’, once declaring in an outburst of boyish contempt, ‘Methinks my father is the only man who would keep such a bird in a cage’.

“He had, in truth, nothing in common with that weak, treacherous and pusillanimous creature, James Stuart, but his whole being throbbed responsive to the old Viking blood that coursed through his veins, coming to him from his mother, Anne of Denmark.

“Fired by Raleigh’s enthusiastic schemes of colonization, he not only gladly became the first patron of the ‘Virginia Company’ but, as our historians should know, he was in an especial sense the patron of Dale who had been in close attendance upon him from his infancy to his ninth year.

“At the time of his birth Dale was in the Dutch military service, but almost at once the ‘States General’ sent the doughty old soldier and sailor over to Scotland to become a member of the retinue of the young Prince then in ward at Stirling, and in that capacity Dale served for nearly eight years.

“Thus there grew up on the little lad’s side a deep affection for that stern yet kindly veteran of ‘blood and iron’, while the latter cherished for his young master a devotion that was well-nigh romantic in its passionate intensity.

“When the Prince was in his ninth year, Dale, who was highly esteemed by the ‘States General’, was summoned back to his military duties in Holland, but Henry never forgot him, and when at the age of sixteen he was created Prince of Wales, June 4th, 1610—the very day, as chance would have it, that gloomy news came of the desperate condition of affairs in this colony—he at once sought and obtained from the Dutch ambassadors (who had come over to England to attend his investiture) a promise to send back to him his trusty old servant for service in Virginia.

“Dale, having received leave of absence from the States-General, joyfully obeyed the summons of his young master, arriving in England towards the end of January, 1611. There he remained only a few weeks—just long enough to confer with the members of the ‘Quarter Court’ of the ‘Virginia Company’ as to his instructions and, incidentally, to marry Elizabeth Throckmorton, cousin of that other Elizabeth Throckmorton who had married Raleigh. In March he sailed from Land’s End.

"The colony was, indeed, in a desperate plight, decimated by fever, scurvy, and other diseases. Sir Thomas Gates had gone back to England (July 25th, 1610), but only for a time, to obtain necessary supplies and to urge that more colonists be sent out at once.

"Lord De La Warr—the first to be commissioned 'Lord Governor and Captaine General of Virginia' for life—a pious, sagacious and prudent executive, whose valor in the Low Countries had proven him worthy scion of that Roger de La Warr who had taken John, King of France, prisoner on the field of Poitiers—Lord De La Warr had been stricken with malarial fever and, with life trembling in the balance, had sailed away, much against his will, with Argall in April (1611), leaving but 150 survivors at Jamestown. He himself was destined never to return.

"He and Dale passed each other on the seas, the latter arriving at Jamestown about the same time that the Lord Governor reached England.

"Gates on reaching England had but confirmed the evil tidings that had reached the 'Virginia Company', and De La Warr on his arrival found the Council gloomily weighing the question whether it was not best to 'abandon the action' (i. e. the enterprise) and recall the gaunt remnant still left in Virginia.

"But ill as he was, De La Warr's gallant spirit remained unbroken and he besought the Council, having put their hand to the plough, not to turn back, declaring with generous warmth that he would adventure 'all his fortunes upon the prosecution of the Plantation'. Stout old Gates vigorously supported him, attesting 'with a solemn and sacred oath', say the 'Minutes', that Virginia was 'one of the goodliest countries under the sunne'.

"Not a few of us there are, I think, that after three centuries still hold to Gates' opinion, and it is pleasant to know that some of the De La Warr stanchness is yet 'to the fore' in our 'Old Dominion', and that his family name of West is perpetuated to this day in West Point on the York (at first called the 'Dela-ware'), while 'Shirley', the noble old manor-house of the Carters on the James, preserves for us the name of his wife, fair Mistress 'Cissillye' Sherley, daughter of Sir Thomas Sherley, whom he married in 1596.

"Dale, titularly 'High Marshall', but virtually clothed with all the powers of Governor, sailed from Land's End, as we have seen, on March 27th, 1611, and after a safe voyage, touching at Kicoughtan to put the colonists there to work planting corn, sailed up the river and reached Jamestown on May 29th.

"He was soon to be followed by Gates whose title had been changed from 'Lieutenant Governor' to 'Lieutenant Generall' and who was, of course, his superior.

"But it is to be noted by those who read between the lines of the records that even after the arrival of Gates Dale seems to have had with the former's full consent an absolutely free hand in the active direction of affairs, for these two sturdy soldiers had been close comrades in the Low Countries, campaigning together as simple captains in the English contingent employed in the Dutch service, and undoubtedly Dale's was the more energetic and masterful spirit of the two, though Gates himself was a very able man.

"May I pause just a moment here to observe in passing that Professor John Fiske is utterly wrong in asserting, as he does in his delightful 'Old Virginia and Her Neighbors' that Gates was in Virginia with Dale only 'for a small part of the time'. Gates was here for nearly three out of the five years of Dale's service, arriving in June, 1611, and not sailing for home until March, 1614.

"Fresh from the records, I have, however, found so many mistakes in the majority of histories touching this time that it seems rather invidious to single out Professor Fiske's blunder.

"Straightway on his arrival at Jamestown Dale's trained soldier's eye told him at a glance that Jamestown, both from a strategic and sanitary point of view, was an unfit place for the permanent seat of government. In those rude, empiric times there was no Colonel Gorgas with his marvellous scientific sanitation, and owing to the surrounding 'fennes' and marshes the place was yearly scourged by deadly malarial fevers, while its proximity to the fine roadstead that gave safe anchorage to sea-going ships rendered it specially vulnerable to the fleets of Spain.

"It was no doubt this last consideration that weighed most heavily with him, for Spain was ever his *bete noire* and every Spaniard his natural enemy—a veritable 'child of the Devil'—and, like Sir Richard Grenville in Tennyson's stirring ballad of '*The Revenge*', the stout old seaman-soldier could boast that he had 'never turned his back on Don or Devil yet'.

"He knew and all England knew as well (though James Stuart in his eagerness for the 'Spanish match' pretended to doubt) that Philip of Spain viewed with growing jealousy and alarm the English settlement in Virginia, which once firmly established, must prove a menacing naval base for harrying his rich possessions in the West Indies and on the 'Spanish Main'.

"His decision once made, Dale's energy was, indeed, phenomenal. In little more than fortnight of his arrival, he sailed up

'the King's River' in June in search for a more salubrious site for the seat of government, and finally selected the spot to be known popularly thereafter as 'Dale's Town', which he describes as 'a high land invironed with the Mayne River, near to an Indian town called Arsahattocke—a convenient strong, healthie and sweet seate to plant the new Towne in, from whence might be no more remove of the principall seate'.

"Returning at once to Jamestown to superintend personally the necessary preparations for building, he came back to this 'healthie and sweet seate' about the middle of September (having left Jamestown on a flood-tide a day and a half before), bringing with him 350 picked men who were not only to build the new town and later to till the soil, but who above all were to garrison what then (mark!) was the farthest Western outpost of the Anglo-Saxon world!

"Having with his customary energy and foresight already prepared, as I have said, the greater part of the material needed, within the extraordinarily brief space of ten days he strongly fortified seven English acres of ground.

" 'This towne', writes Captain Ralph Hamor in rich and varied orthography (that, like Byron's prosody at Harrow, is 'such as pleases God')—'This towne is situated upon a neck of a plaine rising land, three parts invironed by the Maine River; the necke of land well impaled makes it like an Ile; it hath three streets of well-framed houses, a handsome Church, the foundation of a better laid (to bee built of Bricke), besides store-houses, watch-houses and such like. Upon the verge of the River there are five houses, wherein live the honester (i. e. the more honorable) sort of people, as Farmers in England, and they keepe continually Centinell for the towne's securitie'.

"Rich corn-lands across the river to the South and West were also impaled and strongly guarded by block-houses and forts, while Dale further strengthened the town against any sudden foray of wily savages from the North by cutting a deep *fosse* across the narrow neck of land already impaled, which *fosse* was called 'Dutch Gap', because it was of the same type as those he had been accustomed to construct in his campaigns in Holland.

"You must bear in mind that when Dale was thus busy in building and fortifying Prince Henry was yet alive and well, eager to further to the utmost the moral welfare and material development of the Plantations, and Dale, who was rigidly truthful, took a pardonable pride in writing to him in the middle of January, 1612, within four months of the time when the first timbers were laid, that he had 'made Henricus much better and more worth than all the work, ever since the Colony began, therein done'.

"One pleasant human touch, that goes straight to our heart, there is in the midst of his quasi-official letter—when the rugged old soldier, who evidently remembered his patron's fondness for 'the noble and royal sport of falconry' and who himself, like Hamlet, 'knew a hawk from a hand-saw', tells him that he has sent him as a little present 'a falcon and a tassall'.

"Alas, early in November of this same year (1612) the young Prince was suddenly stricken with typhoid fever and passed away within a few days.

"So great was the dismay occasioned by this unlooked-for and appalling stroke both here in the colony and at 'home', where he was not only 'the bright star' as he was termed, of the 'Virginia Company' but the hope of the whole Puritan party, that it is no exaggeration to declare that Virginia came within an ace of being abandoned at once and forever.

"Even Dale himself, whose whole heart was bound up in the colony, was so crushed by the unforeseen blow that for a time his own nerve gave way under the blighting stroke.

"His letter to Mocket, on receiving the tragic news, can scarcely be read by even the coldest after the lapse of three hundred years with undimmed eyes: 'My glorious master', he writes, 'is gone, that would have enamelled with his Favours the Labours I undertake for God's cause and his immortall Honour. He was the great Captaine of our Israel, the hope to have builded up this heavenly new Jerusalem. He interred, I think the whole fabric of this business fell into his grave; for most men's forward (at least seeming so) desires are quenched, and Virginia stands in desperate hazard'.

"But it was only for a brief space that he was so shaken.

"Like Caesar he had 'wept', yet was his 'ambition' of that 'sterner stuff' of which Mark Antony speaks, bending over Caesar dead, and resolutely putting aside his poignant personal grief he redoubled his efforts for the saving of the colony—his dauntless spirit discerning in each new difficulty but fresh device.

"When news came to him that men of weight at home, some of them high in the councils of the Company, were, as we have seen, seriously meditating the abandonment of his loved Virginia, he bursts out in his rough soldier-fashion in a letter to Sir Thomas Smyth: 'Let me tell you all at home this one thing, and I pray you remember it: if you give over this country and loose it, you with your wisdoms will leap such a gudgeon as our state hath not done the like since they lost the Kingdome of France'.

* * * * *

"Of Dale's untiring activities during the critical period from 1611 to 1616 I cannot speak adequately within the limits imposed by a popular address, for in all soberness the story of his career is the story of the colony itself for those eventful years.

"Next to John Smith he was, I hold, the ablest soldier and the most sagacious administrator that came out to Virginia in the Seventeenth Century.

"He found the colony well-nigh at its last gasp, and left it confident and prosperous.

"He was a stern disciplinarian, but he himself yielded the same scrupulous obedience to his superior that he rigidly exacted from those under him. He was a terror to drones and evil-doers, but that way lay salvation for the struggling Plantation. When his men at Henrico restless under his iron discipline ran away to the Indians and, after basking awhile in listless laziness, slipped back within the palisades, he promptly shot them, in relentless adherence to the savage code 'written in blood' that uniformly obtained in the Low Countries.

"For this he has been harshly criticised by some historians, but these latter were probably ignorant of the fact that he was only rigidly carrying out his instructions as contained in the 'Laws Divine, Moral and Martial', compiled by William Strachey, Secretary of the Company, (at least in part) from the Dutch Army Regulations and sent over by Sir Thomas Smyth for his guidance—a code repugnant, indeed, to our times but, be it remembered, the very same that the 'Iron Duke' two centuries later pitilessly followed in his immortal 'Peninsular' campaign.

"Like so many of the valorous captains of 'the spacious times of great Elizabeth',—Richard Grenville and Philip Sidney and Lord Thomas Howard—his whole being was saturated with a deep, unquestioning piety, and he was as keen in disputation over some perplexing text of scripture as he was alert in handling broadsword or petronel.

"In the pauses of his strenuous life here at 'Henricopolis' it was his chief pleasure to row across the river in the evening to 'Coxen-Dale' and discuss some nice point in theology with godly 'Master Whitaker', who had come out from England with him as his chaplain in the good ship '*Prosperous*'.

"To sum up: under his administration the Indians had been pacified, the population well-nigh trebled and all the land lay in such smiling plenty that when he was summoned home—presently to command the East India fleet—John Rolfe wrote to the King: 'Sir Thomas Dale's worth and name in managing the affairs of this Colony will outlast the standing of this Plantation'.

"With him went Master John Rolfe, 'an honest gentleman and of good behavior', and his young wife, ('Pocahontas' by pet-name, 'Matoaka' by birth and 'Rebecca' by baptism), very proud of her lusty infant son Thomas, and along with them twelve young Indians of both sexes 'to be educated in England'—a visit intimately associated with the beneficent scheme that Sandys and other broad-minded members of the Company were to develop, and one fraught with far-reaching possibilities touching both secondary and higher education in Virginia".

After recounting "the wondrous reception accorded Pocahontas in England by both court and people", and narrating her death within a year (March, 1617) at Gravesend on the eve of her setting sail for Virginia, "having, as Purchas tells us, 'given great demonstration of her Christian sinceritie as the fruits of Virginia conversion, leaving here a godly memory'", the speaker continued:

"No doubt she herself in her half-shy, half-direct manner had spoken with the King about this matter that lay so close to her heart, for within a few days of her burial James issued his 'special grant and license' in a circular letter to the two archbishops of the realm, instructing them to direct the bishops of all the dioceses within their respective jurisdictions to make collections 'for the erecting of some churches and schools for ye education of ye children of those Barbarians in Virginia'—the funds when collected to be turned over to the Treasurer of the 'Virginia Company'.

"This may be justly regarded as the real inception of the nobler and broader enterprise.

"It was the earliest of several like educational efforts made during the three or four years immediately succeeding the death of Pocahontas, and as there is much confusion and, indeed, contradiction in most of the histories as to the order of these projected foundations, I crave your patience while I give succinctly and in barest outline the chronological sequence of each. The outline I may fill in at a later time, as I have a mass of notes bearing on the subject taken direct from the records. But this is neither the time nor place for their presentation.

"The 'College', as I have already indicated, was primarily designed to evangelize the Indians, but the project, once it was taken up by 'the Company', gradually grew to be more comprehensive, with the result that Sir Edwin Sandys and his adherents

(who at that time dominated the affairs of the Company) set to work to devise a systematic scheme of education for Virginia leading up from free-school to college and in further time to university. This was indeed looking far ahead, and the execution of the plan in its completeness was obviously dependent on the contingency of securing the necessary funds in the future, but the men who evolved the scheme were hard-headed 'men of affairs' who believed fully in their ultimate success.

"The first step then in their matured scheme contemplated the founding of the 'Colledge', designed not only for training Indian children 'in the true knowledge of God and in some useful employment' but also for the education of the sons of the white planters, who (as stated later in the 'Minutes' as to the 'East Indie Schoole') 'through want thereof have been hitherto constrained to their great costes to send their children from thence to be taught'.

"Good schools were also to be established exclusively for white children as the revenues from the endowment increased or as money should come in from donations and bequests.

"The 'Minutes' of the 'Quarter Court' prove that the idea of the ultimate university was never absent from the thoughts of the 'committee' charged with the execution of the undertaking, and had the comprehensive plan (embracing manual instruction for the Indians) been successfully carried through (and remember, it came within an ace of achievement), the aim of Armstrong's 'Hampton Institute' and of Jefferson's University would have been anticipated by more than two centuries.

"I. For the establishing of the college (and, in time, of the university) the collections amounted in 1619 to £1,500, equal in our modern currency to roughly \$40,000. To this 'the Company' added (I quote the exact words of the 'Minutes'): 'Ten Thousand acres of land *for the University to be planted at Henrico* and one thousand acres *for the Colledge for the conversion of Infidels*'; and in April of the next year, Master George Thorpe 'of His Majestie's Privie Chamber and one of his Councill for Virginia' (whom John Smith calls 'that worthy religious gentleman') was sent out to be 'Deputy' (or Manager) for the 'Colledge lands' which lay on both sides of the river.

"Though 'the Company' was ordered to erect the college 'at once', Sandys and his colleagues, like the wise and prudent men that they were, resolved to make haste slowly.

"Before they began actual work on the college buildings they rightly wished to feel certain of a staple endowment fund. The 11,000 acres of rich bottom lands about Henrico, already given by 'the Company' for establishing the college and university,

would constitute, given a reasonable time for proper cultivation, a magnificent endowment fund, for there grew the finest tobaccos and the cereal crops were almost sure to be abundant. So, we read in the 'Minutes', 'it was conceived fittest to forbear building the Colledge awhile and to begin with the money we have to provide Annual revenue, and out of that to begin the erection of said Colledge'.

"Meanwhile farm-laborers, brick-makers, carpenters, artisans of all sorts were sent out and put at once to work. Gifts, too, of various kinds had already begun to flow in—gifts of money, of a communion service for the college chapel, of books for the college library—all from modest donors, who (unlike certain modern philanthropists that shall be nameless) 'desyre to remayne unknown and unsought after'.

"II. The next handsome donation, in order, was a gift of £550 from some unknown benefactor who at the beginning of February, 1620, wrote to the Treasurer of the Company offering this amount 'for the educatinge and bringing upp Infidells Children in Christianitye', signing the letter '*Dust and Ashes*'.

"The letter was referred on February 2nd to a committee, and three weeks later the actual gift was made in a manner highly dramatic and calculated to arouse the liveliest curiosity.

"When the 'Quarter Court' met on February 22nd they saw upon the session-table in the room a box addressed to 'Sir Edwin Sandis the faithful Treasurer of Virginia', which (I follow the 'Minutes') 'hee acquainted them was brought unto him by a man of good fashion, who would neither tell him his name nor from whence he came'. The superscription of the letter and that of the box were compared, the writing found to be identical, the box opened, and therein was found in a stout canvas-bag the £550 (equal to about \$14,000 in modern currency) in newly-minted gold. 'The Southampton Association' added £150 to the gift thus made by the diffident '*Dust and Ashes*', and it was forthwith resolved to establish at 'Southampton Hundred' a school for white children, said school (mark you!) to be 'dependent on the Colledge' and under its control.

"III. The third donation for the building of a church or the establishment of a school was a fund collected by the Rev. Patrick Copeland from among 'the gentlemen and mariners' of the '*Royal James*' (of which ship Copeland was chaplain) while she lay at the Cape of Good Hope on her return voyage to England from India.

"Copeland having acquainted the 'Company' on his arrival in England as to amount and purpose of this contribution, the committee after discussion 'conceived * * * that there was a

greater want of schools than of Churches', as there was already a goodly number of the latter in the Plantation. They therefore resolved to establish with this fund (later increased by other contributions) a school at 'Charles Cittie' (the modern 'City Point') 'to be called in honour of the donors the "East Indie Schoole".'

"I ask your especial attention to the resolutions adopted as to this school at a meeting of the committee on Tuesday, October 30th, 1621: 'They (the committee) therefore conceived it most fitt to resolve for the erectinge of a publike free schoole w'ch being for the education of children and groundinge of them in the principles of religion, Civility of life and humane learninge, served to carry with it the greatest waight and highest consequence unto the Plantations as that whereof both Church and Commonwealth take their originall foundation and happie estate'.

"Here in his homely 'Minute' we have presented to us with pregnant terseness the true aim of all real education—the essential things that must be held fast to in the training of youth, if we would have them become good and useful citizens—all stated with a direct simplicity that is in refreshing contrast to the long-winded platitudes of those who (in the *argot* of this XXth Century) pride themselves on the hideous name of 'Educators' and who mouth their banalities as to 'The Relation of Education to the State' with a profundity of pinchbeck 'wisdom' as if one inquired of an oracle of God.

"But to prove beyond successful cavil that the committee proposed that these schools should be feeders to the college at Henrico, which should gradually raise its standards and thus pave the way for the University, I pray you listen closely to another paragraph of this 'Minute': 'It was also thought fitt that this as a Collegiate or free schoole should have dependence upon the Colledge in Virginia, w'ch shall be made capable to receave Schollers from the said Schoole into such Schollerships and fellowships as the said Colledge shall be endowed withall for the advancement of schollers as they arise by degrees and desertes in learninge'.

"It is a pleasant thought that we owe this fund indirectly to Dale, who had kindled Copeland's active interest in Virginia while the latter was serving under him in the East Indies, where the valorous old soldier-sailor fell on heroic sleep at Masulipitan on the Coromandel Coast in August, 1619. When Queen Mary of England lay a-dying, her pride broken by the loss of Calais to the French, she said to her waiting-women, we are told, 'When I die, Calais will be found written on my heart'. So in different and nobler fashion was it with Dale. Virginia was

ever the darling thought of his dauntless old heart. Far away under Eastern skies that heart was ever in the West, and in one of his last letters, penned at Jacastra in the summer of 1619, he says wistfully: 'I shall be glad to hear how Virginia prospers'."

At this point the speaker diverged from his main theme to speak of the men to whom "this systematic scheme" was entrusted—a group including a happy "combination of practical business sense, genuine culture and high educational ideals"; and of this group he notes Sir Edwin Sandys and Sir Dudley Digges, "Oxford men who had carried off University honors", the Earl of Southampton and the younger Ferrar, graduates of Cambridge, John Ferrar, Deputy Treasurer of the Company, and Sir John Wolstenholme, "merchant-adventurers" who were distinguished among their fellows, far beyond their wealth, for their hard common-sense and administrative ability.

"All things seemed propitious", he continued, "for the success of the plan which the robust common sense of these practical altruists assured them was no visionary scheme.

"True, during the three years, no brick had been laid nor timber 'squared' for the erection of school, college or university, but that was because, as we have seen, of the sagacious resolve of Sandys and his colleagues not to begin work (save in the case of the 'East Indie School') until the fertile lands that constituted the chiefest part of the endowment should have been put under systematic cultivation, thus ensuring the certainty of a substantial 'Annuall Revennue'.

"But the preparations were well in hand—the brick-makers under contract—the tenants engaged in clearing new grounds and planting corn and tobacco—the Rev'd Patrick Copeland elected as first 'Rector of the College'—masters and ushers engaged for the schools—when suddenly on that woful morning of Good Friday, 1622, the bolt shot from the blue.

"The Great Massacre' (as it came to be known), planned by Opechancanough with devilish treachery and cunning, burst upon the unsuspecting settlements up and down and on both sides of the river like a very 'besom of destruction'.

"I must send you to the pages of Smith and Purchas and Stith and others for the gruesome details. It suffices to state briefly that nearly one-third of the colonists were slain, no age nor sex spared, and no revolting element of fiendish ferocity lacking.

* * * * *

"No matter how robust our faith that 'all things work together for good'—no matter how reverently we 'bow before the Awful Will', as brave old Thackeray sings—I think that despite the abundant educational blessings that have come to us in the fulness of time, most of us must ever feel a poignant regret that untoward fate wrested from our mother-state the abiding honor and glory of having within her borders the first permanent college and university in the Western World.

"As our own illustrious historian, Dr. Philip Alexander Bruce, eloquently declares in his *'Institutional History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century'*; 'Virginia in such an institution would have possessed a foundation that would have been clothed with the deeply romantic interest thrown around the colleges of the Old World by the beautifying touch of time and by the glorious achievements of their sons on every stage of action through a succession of centuries.'"

IV.

Neither the extensive "notes" on the First University of America nor the accumulation of material for the "Life of Nathaniel Bacon" were ever put in final shape for publication; but Bacon, whose life has never been told so conspicuously as it surely would have been had he figured in New England, always remained for him an outstanding Virginia character. He was keen on genealogies and family history, and his familiarity with the story of the colony where the families of the earlier planters and "river barons" had made no small part of its annals was such that it was difficult to mention any name belonging to those of even minor prominence without awaking in his retentive memory some recollection or eliciting some story or anecdote attaching to it. This faculty, coupled with the constant inclination to follow the example of the Englishman who is always ready to "write a letter to *The Times*", led him to frequent and lavish contributions of his stores of family and local knowledge to the columns of the newspaper press; and the Richmond papers of his later years contain many such letters from him.

Among these is an interesting account of the ancestry of Nathaniel Bacon, the Rebel, written by him to *The Times-Dispatch* and published in that paper September 24th, 1905.

"The Bacon Pedigree."

"To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

"Sir:—Time and again in your 'Genealogical Column', I have noted the most absurd genealogical claims advanced, which a little first-hand investigation on the part of the writer would have proved to be without warrant.

"As these claims (commonly introduced by 'it is said', 'it is presumed', 'tradition asserts', etc.) related to men of no special historical moment, I have not deemed it worth while to enter any protest or correction.

"But when it comes to the genealogy of a man who played so great a part in Virginia Colonial history as did Nathaniel Bacon, 'the Rebel', it is pertinent, I think, to utter a protest against such loose and inaccurate statements as I find in your issue of today (Sept. 17th).

"These statements are the more astounding when one considers that ample and conclusive authorities for the genealogy of Nathaniel Bacon, 'the younger', are at hand here, not only in the State Library but in that of the Virginia Historical Society, whose learned and accomplished Secretary, Mr. William G. Stanard, a trained genealogist, could have set your contributor, "E. C. M." right in five minutes' talk.

"In your issue of today the author of the Bacon genealogy says:

" 'Nathaniel Bacon, "the Rebel", is descended from the second wife of Sir Nathaniel, by whom was Sir Nicholas Bacon, whose son, Nathaniel Bacon, was the emigrant to Virginia, and the father of Nathaniel, "the Rebel", who was born in Suffolk county, England, 1647. The father and son are both believed to have come to the Colony together, and Nathaniel, the younger, was in the Council of Virginia in 1672, gaining great popularity by his eloquence. As is well known, after his unfortunate opposition to Governor Berkeley, he died unmarried and was mysteriously buried in Accomac county'.

"It would be difficult, indeed, to cram more mistakes in the same space.

"Nathaniel, 'the Rebel', was not descended from any 'Sir' Nathaniel, or Sir Nicholas Bacon, nor was he the son of Nathaniel Bacon, 'the emigrant to Virginia', nor again, was 'the emigrant' the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon. Nathaniel Bacon, 'the Rebel', was the son of Thomas Bacon of Friston Hall, Suffolk, and of his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Brooke, of Cockfield Hall, in the same county.

"The father of this Thomas was Nathaniel (not Sir Nathaniel), son of Sir James Bacon of Friston.

"Sir Nicholas Bacon was an uncle of this Sir James Bacon, and father of the great Chancellor, Viscount St. Albans (commonly and erroneously styled 'Lord Bacon'), but not the father of 'the emigrant'. In fact, he had been dead forty one years before 'the emigrant' was born.

"As to the statements that 'the father and son are both believed to have come to the colony together, that 'Nathaniel, the younger, was in the council of Virginia, in 1672', that he 'died unmarried and was mysteriously buried in Accomac county'—suffice it to say briefly that the two Nathaniels, ('the emigrant' and 'the Rebel'), were not father and son, but were first cousins, one remove, ('my uneasy cousin', the emigrant called the younger in the parlous days of 'Rebellion'), that the emigrant came over and settled in York about 1650, whereas Nathaniel, 'the younger' did not come over until twenty-three years after (in the autumn of 1673), and, therefore, could not have been in the Council of 1672, and finally, that he was most happily married to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Duke, as is evidenced by her pathetic letters which may be read by any one today in the manuscript collections of the State Library and in the 'William and Mary College Quarterly' Magazine.

"Only a few weeks ago we were told in your 'Genealogical Column' that the Cloptons were descended from Sarah Bacon, daughter of Edmond Bacon, grandson of Nathaniel, 'the Rebel', and now we are told he died unmarried!

"As a matter of fact neither statement is true. Nathaniel, 'the Rebel', left no son, but an only daughter, Mary, who married Hugh Chamberlain, M. D., of Alderton Hall, Suffolk, physician to Queen Anne.

"Nathaniel, 'the emigrant', died childless, leaving his large estates chiefly to his niece, Abigail Smith, wife of Lewis Burwell of Gloucester.

"Comment is unnecessary further than to reiterate the truism that genealogy is worthless unless accurate.

"As to Bacon's 'mysterious burial', the exact place of it is, indeed, a somewhat mooted question, but the probabilities are very strong that his faithful adherents sunk his coffin laden with stones into the York river to save his body from the indignities, which they felt sure that Berkeley in his venomous wrath would wreak upon it.

"But of all the places there was one place, as vigilant students of that time must agree, that Bacon's followers would have been most careful to avoid after his death in Gloucester, and

that one place was Accomac whither Berkeley and his followers had fled and were then in possession.

"As to his 'unfortunate opposition to Governor Berkeley', it is odd to find thus characterized one of the noblest and most inspiring episodes in Virginia history, the pioneer movement in that great struggle for civil and constitutional liberty in the Western World which found its culmination on the plains of Yorktown. I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. Gordon McCabe,
President of the Virginia Historical Society."

The "Annual Reports" which he made to the Society during the years in which he held the office of its President are crowded with his love of colonial Virginia history, and the minutest facts bearing upon it do not escape his acute observation and entertaining comment. An illustration is afforded in his account, in the "Report" made April 3, 1919, but little more than one year before his death, of the establishment of the first William Byrd and his family in the new mansion of Westover.

"Especially" (he writes) "was he at this time keenly interested in moving his family residence from 'the Falls' to 'Westopher', lower down on the James,—a plantation which he had purchased from Theodorick and Richard Bland, and where he was now building a comfortable and commodious home, in which he and his wife were to end their days.

"There were many impelling reasons for the change. 'The Falls' was practically little more than a bare frontier post, constantly opposed to attack from the wily red-skins—not, indeed, from the friendly neighboring Indians but from the fierce tribes dwelling to the Northward and to the South, who were incessantly at war with one another and whose 'war-path', as they swept to and fro in ruthless attack and swift reprisal, lay just beyond Byrd's frontier settlement. As we have said, he was a devoted husband (as well he might be, for Mary Horsmanden was the consummate type of the English gentlewoman of the time, and from the day that she placed her hand in his at the altar, each just one-and-twenty, had never failed him in fair weather or foul), and quite apart from the peril of 'ye Salvages', her life there was inexpressibly lonely. During his long and frequent absences from this home, necessitated by his official duties or by the demands of strenuous business, she was utterly

alone; severed from all human companionship save that of her baby-daughter (born while the father was far away to the Northward on 'Indian business') and her negro and Indian servants. Though not so far away 'as the crow flies', the place (owing to lack of easy transport) was essentially remote from the currents of Colonial life, social, official and commercial. Her children (save this one) were far away in England at school, whither, with all the pride and courage of her race, she had urged, despite the sharp pangs of her tender mother-heart, that they should be sent so that they might be trained among gentlefolks and fitted for that station in life to which it had pleased God to call them.

"The prospect of permanently settling at Westover must have seemed like heaven to the brave gentlewoman. 'Westopher Parish' was one of the oldest, as it was reckoned one of the most desirable settlements in the Colony. There had been her girlhood's home whither her father, Warham St. Leger Horsmanden, the stout old cavalier officer, had brought his family on the collapse of the Royalists' cause. There he had soon won the confidence of the people and had risen to prominence, being elected to represent Charles City in the House of Burgesses and later on being chosen a member of the Council. Not until 'the Restoration' came did he return to England where, as we have just mentioned, he was now living at his country-place in Essex. At that time the county contained an unusually large number of 'gentry families', among the younger members of which Mary Horsmanden had naturally formed not a few girlish friendships. To her, it was almost like going back 'home'. As regards trade, both domestic and foreign, 'Westopher' had long been regarded as an ideal spot—'about two miles', as Byrd writes, 'above where the Great Shipp's ride'. Hard by in the same Parish Byrd's maternal grandfather, Thomas Stagge, Sr., (who through combined prudence and energy founded the solid fortune that Byrd ultimately inherited on the untimely death of his bachelor uncle, Thomas Stagge, Jr.), had established his great warehouses, in which were stored the 'sweet-scented tobaccos' which he annually exported to the Mother Country.

"But above all this, in her tender heart was the thought that now, at last, she would have her husband with her, with brief intervals, the year round and that the two together could in a year or two make a becoming home for the grand young folks when they should come back to them from overseas. So we find Byrd, who shared to the full the fond mother's longing for the home-coming of the adored children, eagerly pushing forward to completion the house he had planned—ordering through his London agents all sorts of things, which they both deemed necessary, for

the proper furnishing of a bright and cheery 'home-nest', yet not without its touch of seemly elegance too, as we find Byrd begging his wife's brother ('Brother Horsmanden') to 'send us (according to your promise) your (with yo'r fair Lady's) Picture to adorn my new house'.

"It was more than a year after the date of the last of the present letters* before the new home was quite ready for the reception of his little family, but we may be sure that notwithstanding his customary thrift and caution they found it as cosy and attractive as an open purse and loving yet practical foresight could make it.

"As there has been some confusion on the point, we must caution our readers that this house was merely a commodious wooden building, not the stately brick mansion familiar to us all today, which despite its occupation by vandal enemies in two wars, who wrought much havoc inside and out, still remains the most beautiful and imposing of all the colonial manor-houses in America.

"The latter was built by his more celebrated son and namesake, who by reason of his ready wit, great learning and varied accomplishments, happily accompanied by the *bel air* of one who had moved familiarly among the courts of the Old World, was in his generation reckoned 'the finest gentleman in America'."

He had as much pleasure in writing about "the War" of the 'Sixties as in narrating in the "Reports" the stories of the Colony; and this was especially the case when an opportunity occurred of "fluttering the Philistines."

In the New York *Sun* of November 10th, 1913, he published a letter on the Barbara Frietchie myth.

"To the Editor of the Sun:—Sir: For thirty years and more I have been a 'diligent searcher' of the columns of *The Sun*, as well as 'a consistent member' of the Westmoreland Club of this City; and holding fast, even in my old age, to the faith delivered to the elect that 'If you see it in the *Sun* it's so', I must own to a mild surprise at the editorial article in the *Sun* of November 2 entitled 'The Truth About Barbara Frietchie'.

"The *Sun* is apparently impressed, in a measure, by the researches of the 'Barbara Frietchie Memorial Association, formed in 1912 to perpetuate the true story of the old woman's heroism',

*"The Letters of William Byrd, First," printed from his original "Letter Book" in the MS. collections of the Virginia Historical Society: *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*. Vols. XXVI. and XXVII.

but chiefly by 'Barbara Frietchie's own story as told to Miss Caroline Ebert, afterward Mrs. Winebrenner, a few days after the Confederate column passed through Frederick'.

"If the Barbara Frietchie Memorial Association was really 'formed to perpetuate the true story of the old woman's heroism', and if it claims that its investigations confirm Barbara's story, then in the face of the undoubted facts the assets of that patriotic 'combination' are spurious, and that accomplished sleuth-hound Mr. Attorney General McReynolds should force it to 'go into the hands of a receiver'.

"Let me pause a moment here to say with diffidence that the *Sun*, usually so accurate in its statements, is mistaken in declaring that 'the flag flown at the spot' (Barbara's grave), was 'carried away to the last shred' by 'relic hunters'. Not only is that flag (e pluribus unum'!) still 'piously preserved' in the 'parlors' in countless 'patriot homes' throughout the land, but there are literally thousands of the 'original' and 'identical flag' which the 'heroic old woman' waved, some say 'in the porch', some say 'in the attic' in the face of somebody or other, friend or foe, when somebody marched through Frederick in the 'cool September morn'.

"Of the many, many 'originals' the son of the gallant Federal General Reno claimed to possess the 'simon pure' one, but Mrs. John H. Abbott of Frederick, grandniece of Barbara, declared that she had it. Where there are so many, all of 'undoubted authenticity', 'twere bootless to 'consider too curiously', as *Horatio* hath it.

"The genesis and growth of the Barbara Frietchie story I have dealt with before, and some fourteen or fifteen years ago I addressed a letter on the subject to the *Sun* which, it seemed to me and to many others, should have given the coupe de grace to the myth. Yet even at the time I confessed misgiving as to its complete extirpation, for like most 'patriotic' myths that take popular fancy it displayed an amazing vitality. I had the satisfaction, however, of pressing the mythmongers so hard that they shifted their ground and took the very soul out of the myth and the point out of the poem by allowing that the aged Barbara waved her little flag in welcome to the Union forces, and not in defiance of 'Stonewall' Jackson and his ragged 'rebels'. Among others Mr. I. C. Houghton wrote to the editor of the *Sun*: 'I am glad to see that you have rescued Barbara Frietchie from the realm of myth. * * * I have a photograph of her taken, taken after her welcoming display of the United States flag to the Union forces as they were passing through Frederick city. Mr. Whittier took a poet's license in making her defy with her flag the rebel General in a previous march through Frederick'.

"This being granted, wherein, in the name of common sense, consists 'the old woman's heroism'? Thousands upon thousands of 'patriotic' women were doing the same thing wherever the Union forces marched past their homes in the North and in the border States. As for 'rescuing' Barbara Frietchie herself 'from the realm of myth', I remarked in my letter to the *Sun*: 'No one, so far as I know, has ever contended that Barbara Frietchie never existed. She undoubtedly did exist and was the widow of a citizen of Frederick said' (by General Bradley Johnson of Frederick) 'to be descended from one of the Hessians brought over to subjugate the American colonists!'

"But now bobs up again the original story that Barbara did wave her little flag in the face of 'the marching men in gray', and it is this story, told by Miss Caroline Ebert, a niece of Barbara's, that the *Sun* repeats, and apparently endorses as 'the truth'.

"Says the *Sun* editorially:

"'Barbara Frietchie's own story, as told to Miss Caroline Ebert, afterward Mrs. Winebrenner, a few days after the Confederate column passed through Frederick, was not published until 1910. She died last July at the age of 75. According to her recital Granny Frietchie got out her flag to welcome Union soldiers when a little girl ran to her house to tell her they were coming up the street. She waved her flag from her porch, but the marching men were in gray. "Granny, give me your flag", said a mounted officer with kindly tact. "You can't have it", said old Barbara Frietchie telling the story, "and then I saw they were the Confederate soldiers, but I kept on waving". The officer again spoke: "Granny, give me your flag and I'll stick it in my horse's head." One of his men shouted: "Shoot her damned head off!" To him the officer said sternly: "If you hurt a hair of her head I'll shoot you like a dog. Go on, Granny, wave your flag as much as you please." It is a pity the name of the cavalier is not known, but it was not Stonewall Jackson.'

"Now it will be observed that this story told by 'the brave old lady' at the age of 96 was never published (according to the *Sun*) until 1910, nearly half a century after the event, when the niece was nearly seventy.

"Let us now hear what the nephew of Barbara Frietchie, who was also administrator of her husband's estate, wrote to the Baltimore *Sun* just nine years after the War when the events must have been clear in his mind:

"'Sir: I have just read a communication in the *Sun* purporting to set forth certain facts in relation to the life and character of the late Barbara Frietchie, the heroine of Whittier's celebrated War poem. It may not be improper to state that I am the nephew of

Dame Barbara and had the settling up of her husband's estate in the capacity of Administrator.

"This necessarily threw me into frequent communication with the ancient and venerable dame. Barbara Frietchie, my venerable aunt, was not a lady of twenty-two summers, but an ancient dame of ninety-six winters when she departed this life.

"As to the waving of the Federal flag in the face of the rebels by Dame Barbara on the occasion of Stonewall Jackson's march through Frederick, truth requires me to say that Stonewall Jackson with his troops did not pass Barbara Frietchie's residence at all; but passed up what in this city is popularly called "The Mill Alley", about three hundred yards above her residence, then passed due west to Antietam and thus out of the city.

"But another and stranger fact with regard to this matter may be presented: the poem by Whittier represents our venerable relative (then 96 years of age) as nimbly ascending to her attic window and waving her small Federal flag defiantly in the face of Stonewall Jackson's troops. Now, what are the facts at this point? Dame Barbara was at the moment of the passing of that distinguished General and his forces through Frederick bedridden and helpless and had lost the power of locomotion. She could at this period only move as she was moved by the help of her attendants. These are the true and stern facts, proving that Whittier's poem upon this subject is fiction, pure fiction and nothing else, without even the remotest semblance or resemblance of fact.

Valerius Ebert.'

Frederick City, Md., August 27, 1874.'

"Such is the explicit testimony of one who could 'speak with authority', and such must be reckoned the real 'truth about Barbara Frietchie'.

"I have not seen the true story told in part by Mr. James L. Parsons, now a Washington contractor, who was a member of Jackson's Third Brigade, 'that marched past the Frietchie house', according to the *Sun's* editorial, and therefore can offer no comment further than to say that there was no 'Jackson's Third Brigade' in the Army of Northern Virginia. Jackson was commanding a corps at the time, composed of four divisions, and neither brigades nor divisions were then designated by number but by the names of their commanding officers.

"The genesis of the Barbara Frietchie myth is no doubt traceable to an incident that occurred just at the same time as the alleged Barbara episode. In his forced march from Frederick in 1862 General Jackson passed through the village of Middletown, Md. 'In Middletown', writes Colonel (then Captain) Kyd Douglas of Jackson's staff, 'two very pretty girls, with ribbons of

red, white and blue floating from their hair, a small Union flag in their hands, rushed out of a house as we passed, came to the curbstone and with much laughter waved their flags defiantly in the face of the General. He bowed, raised his hat, and turning with his quiet smile to the staff, said, "We evidently have no friends in this town".

"I quite agree with the *Sun* as to the 'beauty and kindling sentiment' of Whittier's stirring ballad. After the lapse of so many years I can even bring myself to feel regret that the incident did not occur. But all the same, 'Dame Barbara' must come down from the lofty pedestal upon which the poet has placed her solely by power of 'poetic license', and as this is an extraordinarily tough myth, it might be well for those who have a vulgar preference for 'cold facts' to cut out Mr. Ebert's letter and paste it in their scrap-books.

W. Gordon McCabe,

Formerly Captain and Adjutant, Pegram's
Battalion Artillery, A. P. Hill's Corps,
A. N. V.

Richmond, Virginia, November 7, (1913)."

In publishing the letter, the New York *Sun* headed it: "Barbara Frietchie. A Virginia Soldier and Scholar on a Celebrated Myth."

CHAPTER XXV.

GENERALS AND FIELD MARSHALS.

I.

HIS visits to England, after the close of the school in 1901, enlarged still further the already considerable circle of his friends abroad; and his articles and papers in *The Saturday Review* and other English journals and magazines on the War between the American States gave him a vogue with those military men of Great Britain who were admirers of Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson and students of their strategy and tactics. Several of these eminent British soldiers he won as warm personal friends, visited them in their homes and corresponded with them when he was in Virginia. Among them was Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood whom he had first met as early as July, 1897, through their common friend, John C. Ropes.

Wood sent him, by Ropes, an invitation to a dinner of "The Worshipful Company of Fishmongers" which was held annually at their ancient Hall in London.

(From Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood to John C. Ropes)

"War Office,
London, S. W.,
26th July, 1897.

"My dear Mr. Ropes:

"It has occurred to me that your friend Captain McCabe might like to dine at the Fishmongers' Hall. I do not much like the idea of giving up the pleasure of sitting next to you, even for the warrior, but I daresay he would like a talk with you.

"I have got another friend dining, Mr. Courtney, the working man of the *Fortnightly Review*, who also does the literary columns of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Yours sincerely,

Evelyn Wood."

He attended the dinner and wrote an account of it to Mrs McCabe in a letter given in a preceding chapter. The occasion was the beginning of a friendship between the British soldier and

the Confederate which lasted until its termination by the former's death. Wood's sense of humor, his keen appreciation of McCabe's charm as a talker and the interest of each in deeds of "bravery and battle" are all indicated in the Englishman's letters.

(From Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood to John C. Ropes)

"War Office,
London, S. W.,
30th July, 1897.

"My dear Ropes:

* * * * *

"Would you and your very charming friend, Captain McCabe, come and lunch with me on Sunday at 1:30, or if that is inconvenient could you call about 6:30 on Sunday? I should just like to show you some prints I have got of Napoleon.

Yours sincerely,

Evelyn Wood."

Ropes forwarded the invitation to McCabe, with the addendum:

"4 P. M. Friday 30th.

"Dear Gordon:

"I found this on my arrival. I have written to Wood, saying that I could not come to lunch but that you would answer for yourself. Wood lives at 23 Devonshire Place, W.

Aff'y, J. C. R."

It is surmised that McCabe went. At any rate, thenceforward there were many interchanges of luncheons and dinners between the two when he was in London, where he never failed to vindicate his reputation with the younger Lord Tennyson of being "a sturdy diner-out".

(From Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood)

"War Office,
London, S. W.,
20th Dec. 1897.

"My dear Captain McCabe:

"Thank you very much for your kind letter of the 18th. and for the volume of Military Addresses.

"Now that we have made up our minds as to what increase of force we are going to ask the House of Commons to give us, I shall, I hope, have time to enjoy the pleasure of perusing what you have been kind enough to send me.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kind congratulations on my promotion. It is not all 'beer and skittles'; indeed a man has just been persisting in trying to see me now, at 6:15 on Sunday evening, on what he calls very pressing business. I suppose the business is not for my pleasure!

"There is a good deal of that; and what the editor of the *Daily News* wrote of me some 18 years ago, viz: that I was incapable of seeing the seamy side of my profession, is not at all accurate.

Yours sincerely,

Evelyn Wood."

(From Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood)

"War Office,
London, S. W.,
2 Nov., 1898.

"My dear Captain McCabe:

"You will think I have waited a very long time before thanking you for the Memorial volume of the Army of Northern Virginia, and so I have: it is quite true, whatever you think. Perhaps you do not think at all, but I very often think of you and of the very pleasant evening I spent with you and Hallam Tennyson.

"I knew you were eloquent, but upon my word I was not prepared for the stream of eloquence which you poured out in your address. You may think possibly: 'What has come to him now, that he starts afresh on this subject?' but I spent some four hours yesterday, 3½ of which were in the train, travelling about 64 miles in a Sunday train coming from Lord Wantage's house, with your volume and yesterday was positively the first chance I ever had of reading it. Now that I have done it, I thank you. It was no use for me to thank you in a perfunctory sort of way sooner.

"On page 130, you startle me by your assertion that Grant's army which he took into the Wilderness was 'well officered'. I admit there may have been great intelligence among the officer class, but that they were capable of teaching or leading their men to the best advantage seems to me nearly incredible.

"What you say on page 151 about the Negro division being superior in 'moral' is very interesting; but there is a world of wisdom in your quotation from Napoleon's dictum that in assaults a General should be with his troops.

"Do you know anything about the battle of Sohr beyond what is narrated in Carlyle? Do not trouble to write me out anything, but if you have any knowledge of books on the subject I shall be glad to know.

"It rather irritates me to think that so few people, at all events in the old country here, besides myself know of William Broadbent's glorious death. I do not suppose they cared to put bayonets into him after he was dead.

"When you come to England, give me an opportunity of shaking your hand and believe me to be,

Yours sincerely,

Evelyn Wood."

(From Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood)

"8th. August, 1900.

"My dear McCabe:

"Pray look in on Friday morning, for I am going North for four days Friday night. As for Maurice,* you and he are 'pot and kettle', and excellent company for

Yours sincerely,

Evelyn Wood."

(From Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood)

"Bulbridge,
Wilton, N'r Salisbury,
29th. March, 1902.

"My dear McCabe:

"I am very much obliged to you for your most interesting article concerning Alfred, Lord Tennyson. It is so very vivid and graphic that I can almost fancy I see you talking to the poet! I knew you were a distinguished soldier but I never knew, until I read this article, that you were a schoolmaster. I had often wondered how you knew so much, although I realized from the first that you were not a rude soldier like,

Yours sincerely,

Evelyn Wood."

*McCabe's note in margin: 'Sir Fred'k Maurice, K. C. B., Comm'd'g Royal Artillery.'

(From Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood)

"Salisbury,
30th. June, 1902.

"My dear McCabe:

"Very many thanks to you for the *Richmond Dispatch* of the 1st. of June.

"'Some pumpkins', indeed—I should say so, but that is a case not of a pumpkin only, but real melon.

"I wonder whether you call yourself Soldier, Teacher or Litterateur? I often sit under the monument of Whyte Melville in the Guards' Chapel and think of the sequence in which his qualities are thereon proclaimed—Soldier, Author, Sportsman. I have asked many men and scarcely any agree with me. I should have put his qualities in the order of their pre-eminence and should have written, Author, Sportsman, Soldier. He was not much of a Soldier; all he did was a march past in Hyde Park, or make war in such ways as were appreciated by the Duke of Cambridge; but any one who has read his 'Bones and I' or the 'Clipper that stands in the stall at the top', or 'Boots and Saddles', must admit that he was a great writer, and the song, 'Where the Old Horse Died' brings tears into the eyes of most men who are as fond of the sport as I am.

"Now all this long talk is that I should like to know how we are to write to you—of the three titles which do you think is your strongest point?

I talked on Saturday night for some time to a Mr. Bispham and his wife; they are living at a hotel just outside my house. He brought a letter of introduction from the Military Attache at the American Embassy.

"They are pleasant people and he, like most American people I have met, appears to be well informed on many subjects.

"My friend, I am sticking the history of Captain McCabe into my Scrap-book, and I am,

Yours sincerely,
Evelyn Wood."

(From Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood)

"23rd. September, (1902).
Abingdon.

"My dear McCabe:

"I got here ½ an hour ago and received your letter of the 20th. I was that day in Essex, shooting partridges. I've come

here for a few hours, indeed till 7:45 tomorrow morning, when I go back to Salisbury, via Oxford, Reading and Basingstoke, leaving again early on Thursday on duty. My warm greetings to you. I hope you saw the Chief. I wrote you were like Wackford Squeers, 'next door to a cherubim'.

Yours v. sincerely,

Evelyn Wood."

(From Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood)

"Salisbury,

May 16th, 1903.

"Brother Soldier :

"Or shall I hail you 'Illustrious Citizen of that Great Nation,' etc.? I always think of your expression 'Some Pumpkins'. Well, whether you are 'Pumpkins' or not, I am very much obliged to you for your kind wishes on my promotion. In your new country you go ahead very fast and I expect any fellow who is made a Field Marshal—when you institute the rank—will have his clothes, stick and everything else turned out with the same rapidity the Chicago Factory transforms a 'Porker' into a sausage. In this slow old country we are not so rapid and I have not yet got my uniform, although I hope some of it will be at Sir Francis Jeune's House this evening, for I am being presented on Monday, on promotion.

"When I have been photographed, you shall certainly have a copy, be the result good, bad or indifferent. I hope you will live a very long time and that I shall have an opportunity to shake your hand in Virginia. I want to go there before I die, but I doubt my being able to manage while I am in harness. In another 15 months or so I shall be out of office. I think I have told you my great desire to see the Hill up which Meagher's Brigade charged at Fredericksburg. In my soldierly instincts, I do not care which side it is, so long as the deed extorts my admiration. It is enough for me to read or hear of anything very gallant to want to see the place. I must not go on yarning any more and if I do not send you a photograph, do not 'shiver my timbers' as my former comrades used to say, but remind me again persuasively, as you have the gift of doing so, and

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

Evelyn Wood."

(From Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood)

"Salisbury.

23—9—1903.

"My dear McCabe:

"It is very pleasant to see your handwriting, but what an 'ungrateful codger' you are not to remember to thank me for the photograph I sent you, with the stick in my hand, too. Never mind, I will forgive you that in the pleasure of again seeing your hand-writing.

"I shall be up, I hope, on Thursday, but I am not quite certain what time, because I am on a Committee on Friday, but I leave Town again the moment after the Committee to see a Barrack about which there has been an argument. I will, if I am up in time, try number 8,* the abode of the Genius, Gordon McCabe, who is good enough for me, I am,

Yours very truly,

Evelyn Wood."

(From Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood)

"Millhurst, Harlow.

11th. April, (1905).

"My dear McCabe:

"Yes, I came up to Town on Saturday evening, but when I woke up on Sunday my great friend and host was dead, and I left the house and came back here.

"I shall be passing through London on Thursday, coming from the funeral in Berks, and will be in the Rag about 5:15 on the chance of seeing you. If you do not come in, I'll come on to the U. S. Club at 5:45 to shake your valued paw.

Yours sincerely,

Evelyn Wood.

"T. Fraser is one of my closest friends and one of our cleverest Generals."

When the College of William and Mary conferred on McCabe the degree of LL.D. in 1906, his friend wrote him as follows:

*Note by McCabe in margin: "No. 8. St. James's St. S. W., Byron's old chambers—hence the allusion to 'genius'. He did call, but I was out". McCabe had written him that he was in the "abode of genius".

(From Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood)

“Millhurst, Harlow,
30th. June, 1906.

“My dear Doctor of Laws:

“Many congratulations to the Doctors: we won’t say, ‘Physician, heal thyself’, or ‘Make your own Will’; but I am really very pleased at any additional feather in your cap. It will be as becoming to you as some more hair would be to my head.

“I am yours, with very kind regards,
Evelyn Wood.”

(From Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood)

“Millhurst, Harlow,
30th. July, 1906.

“My dear Friend:

“‘Thou comest in such convenient time that I would dine thee’, to slightly paraphrase our poet; but you must hurry down, for ‘hurry up’ would be an Americanism. So just ‘hook on’ and come on 10th. August, as ever: 4:33 ex Liverpool Street, or 5:15, or 6 P. M.

“My son will be with me, for the 10th. is the last day of his examination for the Staff College. I will have prepared for you a list of appropriate reading for the young Horse soldier.

Yours ever sincerely,
Evelyn Wood.”

(From Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood)

“Millhurst, Harlow,
5th. October, 1907.

“My dear Ribston Pippin:

“I shall be in Suffolk when you come back from Norfolk, but will write to you again and try to fix a date when I may have the pleasure of dining you, either here or in London, as the case may be.

“Please see *The Times* of 3rd. and following days.

Yours very sincerely,
Evelyn Wood.”

"I've asked the Senior. It shuts on the 2nd. Sept. If Rag is open, I'll try to get you in there.

Yours affect'ly,

Evelyn Wood."

(From Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood)

“6. 7. 1911,
Army and Navy Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.

"Here you are, my Rosy Pippin. I go early tomorrow to Up-Castle Yard, Dublin, but ought to be back before you arrive, unless my commands are changed again and I go on to Carnarvon. I am Gold Stick—little Gold—no Stick, about.

Yours sincerely,

Evelyn Wood."

(From Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood)

"4-6-1913.
Millhurst.
Harlow.

"My dear Friend:

"Will you come here Friday 27th. June to stay till Monday 30th., and please

Yours affect.,

Evelyn Wood."

(From Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood)

"7—8—1913.
Windmill Cottage,
Walberswick.
Southwold.

"Dear Young Friend:

"I am writing to U. S. Club. I hope that it is not closed. I'll ask the Secretary to let me know, in any case.

"I dined at the Athenaeum Friday 1st., guest of Australian High Commissioner, Mr. Page being top guest. He is a delightful companion and spoke with pleasant warmth of feeling for you.

"Charlie is in office daily, but sleeps in different houses, Millhurst being in the hands of painters. I am here since Tuesday night for a fortnight or so.

Yours affect'y,

Evelyn Wood."

(From Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood)

"Windmill Cottage,
Walberswick,

Southwold, June 1, 1914.

"My dear Friend:

"I read your eloquent address last evening and thank you *con amore*. That boys' charge at New Market and the capture of Von Kleiser's guns is grand.

"I am away from Harlow until the 4th. inst., but if I have a copy of 'British Battles by Land and Sea', 1st. November-April 12, Mrs. Telford will post it to you, wrapping up within it a study of Napoleon's Downfall, called 'The Venture of 1812'. My publishers omitted the more distinctive title, 'Or Napoleon when intoxicated by past Success'. * * *

"I hope you won't come over just when I am away, i. e. first week in August.

Yours affect'y,

Evelyn Wood."

A desultory correspondence followed the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, when the Field Marshal's personal interests were with the British Army in various fields where his sons were in the service. In 1918 it was resumed more actively; and one or two of these later letters follow.

(From Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood)

"Millhurst.
Harlow, Essex,
10th. July. 1919.

"My dear Friend:

* * * * *

"I believe you take the *Saturday Review*. If so read the criticism on '1914' written by Lord French. It is severe, but I

cannot say altogether undeserved. The reviewer, however, spoke of Stesichorus, and I admit he got beyond my classical knowledge, and so I wrote to him to tell me where I could read about Stesichorus, who was one of the ancients with whom I had no acquaintance. It appears from what he is kind enough to write to me that Stesichorus attacked Helen in a poem and was struck blind for doing so. I hope this won't happen to Lord French, because he is unlikely to do what Stesichorus did—recant his accusations against Helen, who was, I believe, not quite immaculate; but it is a long time ago, so we had better not say anything against her. After his recantation, however, he got back his sight. I daresay you know all about the individual, but I admit my ignorance.

"Please have a look at *Cassell's Magazine* for July, for I wrote in it an appreciation of Beatty, Haig and Foch which may interest you. Goodbye to you.

I am, yours affectionately,

Evelyn Wood."

Sir Evelyn was possessed of an abundant humor and in one of his letters written during the World War he gives accounts of the war-work of many of his friends and relatives "somewhere in France" but accompanies them with the grave request: "Please don't publish in the *Star Spangled Gazette*."

II.

A picturesque character whose pleasant acquaintance McCabe made during his visits to the Field Marshal at "Millhurst", was Alexander Walkinshaw, who had "served with him", as McCabe wrote, "for 42 years all over the world—India, Egypt, South Africa, etc. He was decorated five times for conspicuous bravery. He was Sir Evelyn's orderly while in the army and became his head-butler and personal valet when Wood retired." Walkinshaw's photograph, showing his decorations, was a conspicuous feature among the pictures of other distinguished soldiers on the walls of the house at 405 East Cary Street.

On an envelope, addressed to McCabe in Sir Evelyn Wood's handwriting, its recipient inscribed:

"From A. Walkinshaw, Bugler of the British 90th. Light Infantry and orderly for four campaigns of Field Marshal Sir

Evelyn Wood, V. C. He was (so Sir Evelyn Wood told me) introduced on parade to the Duke of Cambridge by Lord Wolseley as 'the bravest man in the British Army'."

Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C., G. C. B., G. C. M. G., died December 2, 1919, at the advanced age of 81 years. The *London Times* of the following day contained this appreciation of him:

"M. writes:

"The death of Sir Evelyn Wood removes the last of the brilliant body of officers whose names are associated with Lord Wolseley in the great changes which made the modern British Army what it is. Sir Redvers Buller, Sir William Butler, Sir Henry Brockenbury, Sir Frederick Maurice, Sir John Ardagh have all passed away, but their legacy to their country covered the *personnel*, as well as the training, of the force whose immortal retreat from Mons saved Europe in 1914. The "Wolseley clique" were no "carpet knights", but their struggles with the conservatism of the War Office were Homeric—and would have deterred less doughty champions.

"From the day Lord Wolseley became Adjutant General in 1882, the old traditions were doomed. "If", wrote the Adjutant General, with more intrepidity than tact, on receiving an adverse decision from the Secretary of State, "the future of this Army is to be regulated by the opinions of bow-and-arrow generals, this Army is doomed". One by one he called to his aid in the War Office, or in the highest commands, the comrades of his past expeditions and Evelyn Wood before he was 50 found himself at Aldershot.

"He bore many traces of his 35 years of service from midshipman to major-general. He had suffered wounds and fever; he had lost most of his hearing from sunstroke and privation in the Mutiny; he was a bad sleeper; and appeared to think by fits and starts. His promotion to the Aldershot Command in 1888 was achieved in the teeth of much opposition and a new era of training was at once inaugurated. Three days later, after a field day, the German Emperor, who had seen the Aldershot Division at the first Jubilee, said he would not have believed troops could have been so improved by one man. It was no holiday. The writer once rallied the G. O. C. on his habit of taking coffee four times a day, he being already such a bad sleeper, and one of his family who had suffered from his incessant night manoeuvres, gasped out—"He keeps the camp and all of us awake all night".

“From 1893, when he became Quarter-General, to 1901 when he ceased to be Adjutant-General, he was the life and soul of the War Office. It is not too much to say that no Department in which he served ever gained under any chief as it did under Evelyn Wood.

“Besides being untiring and resolute, he had a genius for business; indeed, he was once offered £7000 a year by an Aldershot contractor to join him. He had an intricate knowledge of every phrase of Army life, ranging from discipline to supply and, despite his drawbacks, knew twice as much of officers with whom he served as his colleagues.

“As Adjutant-General under Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief from 1897 to 1900 Evelyn Wood did perhaps his finest official work. The records would show that his estimate of the probable Boer resistance was far sounder than that of his colleagues; he delighted to recall that three generals whose appointment he had deprecated had all been sent home; and his sadness at being for the first time in his life out of a campaign was mitigated by the proposal of the Government to send him to command in the Cape Colony in 1901, and Lord Kitchener's rejoinder that no better choice could be made, but that he must resign the chief command to him and serve under him. He remained at the War Office after Lord Wolseley's retirement and proved himself acceptable to Lord Roberts, who had never before served with him.

“Of his last command at Salisbury plain (1901-1906) no better commentary can be made than to repeat Lord French's observation, when his Aldershot force was pitted against Sir Evelyn's in the manoeuvres in 1903. “If he beats me, it will only prove what every one knows, that he is our best fighting commander. If I beat him, it only proves he is our best instructor, for I have learned most of what I know from him”.

“Truly no better example of public spirit and self-sacrifice was ever furnished to young officers than by Evelyn Wood. Courageous to a fault; devoted to his profession; a candid critic; a constant friend; hospitable to the utmost limit of his resources; those who knew him best learned to discount his eccentricities and placed in proper perspective his random utterances, which prejudiced him with chance acquaintances. His ability enabled him to triumph over his physical infirmity and his general temperament made the path of duty pleasant, while giving all that was best in him to his country.”

III.

As McCabe, when first visiting England, carried in his heart and mind memories of his earliest admiration for Thackeray, and of John R. Thompson's associations with Thackeray's daughter, on which were laid the foundations of his subsequent close friendship with Lady Ritchie, so it was the Confederacy and General Lee that drew him as a magnet to Lord Wolseley whose inscribed photograph hung in the gallery of "worthies" at 405 East Cary Street in Richmond. It had come to him in 1902, with a letter from the donor.

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"The Farm House,
Glynde, 15 Sept'r, 1902.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"You have paid me a great compliment in asking for the photograph, which I send with this note. It is the latest I have had done and I hope it may remind you of your visit to Sussex.

"I can never forget the genial, open-handed hospitality I met with from every one in Virginia when that glorious and historic Old Dominion was fighting for all its sons and daughters thought and felt then to be their birthright.

"I rejoice to learn from you that prosperity has now returned to the land; and that a part of the greatest power in the world, the State of Virginia may soon become again the prosperous home of beautiful and loyal women and brave men that she was when I had the honour of being there nearly forty years ago.

"Wishing you a prosperous voyage and that you may find Mrs. McCabe well upon your return, believe me to be,

Sincerely yours,

Wolseley."

He remembered always that Lord Wolseley has said of Lee: "He was the ablest general and to me seemed the greatest man I had ever conversed with; and yet I have had the privilege of meeting von Moltke and Prince Bismarck. * * * General Lee was one of the few men who ever seriously impressed and awed me with

their natural and their inherent greatness";* and he treasured as one of his best possessions his associations with the English soldier who had been a guest at the headquarters of the great Confederate Commander in the days of the War between the States. In 1899 their acquaintanceship begun by McCabe's sending him a book—presumably Confederate and suggesting that he should write a "life" of General Lee. To this Lord Wolseley replied.

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Farm House,
Glynde, Lewes,
31st. August, 1899.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"I feel that you will forgive me if I address you incorrectly, for although I know you are a very distinguished soldier, I do not at the moment recollect your Army Rank. It is not a soldier's title but the services he rendered his country that carry weight with soldiers. I have received the book you so kindly sent me and when next I have the pleasure of meeting you perhaps you will add another favour to that you have already bestowed upon me and write my name and yours as the donor in it.

"You flatter me extremely in saying I should write General Lee's life. It would indeed be a labour of love to do so, for in a long and varied life of wandering I have only met two men whom I prized as being above all the world I have ever known and the greater of these two was General Lee, America's greatest man as I understand History.

"Very many thanks for the book which I shall read here in the quiet of the country, surrounded by the Southdowns of Sussex and near where the battle of Lewes was fought many, many centuries ago. Believe me to be,

Very truly yours,

Wolseley."

Lord Wolseley's uncertainty about McCabe's military title suggests an amusing letter which Sir Frederick Maurice once wrote him about his designation in the official notice of his election as an honorary member of "The Rag'."

*Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley's *"Story of a Soldier's Life,"* Vol. I, p. 135.

(From Sir Frederick Maurice)

“Heath Mill,
Pulborough.
Sunday, Sept. 21, '02.

“My dear McCabe:

* * * * *

“I heard from the Secretary of the Rag that they had written to invite you to be an honorary member, but, I fear, in a form that will have caused you to blaspheme. I am very sorry, but I was in no wise responsible for their putting you into the U. S. Army. My wife, writing in my name, told him that you had served under General Lee. I can only infer that he concluded that General Lee was a U. S. General! Really, that does represent, I regret to say, ‘Military History as she is writ’ in Military clubs in London. However, when I reach the little village, I will try to put matters right, if you in your rage and fury have not burnt down the whole place!

Yours ever,

F. Maurice.”

He sent Lord Wolseley a copy of his address before the New England Society, who acknowledged it thus:

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

“War Office.
London, S. W..
31st March, 1900.

“Dear Colonel McCabe:

“I am much obliged for the copy of ‘New England Society’ 1899, which you so kindly sent me. I have read it with pleasure and also with great interest. I laughed over your speech at parts and felt a moisture dim my eyes more than once, for what you said struck a chord that is in unison with the best feelings of our great race, in whatever part of the world it may have settled.

“Our language must swallow up all others by-and-bye, and surely the Anglo-Saxon love of freedom and hatred of injustice, upon which you dwelt in your speech, must become eventually the mainspring of all men’s action. That instinct, and the love of truth which our forefathers cherished, must surely bring the race together eventually, no matter how seas may separate our homes, no matter what may be our respective forms of Government.

"This to my mind is certain: the more we all hold together, here and hereafter, the better it will be for humanity, for man's progress towards a higher state of civilization and for God's peace on earth.

"Believe me to be,

Faithfully yours,

Wolseley."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Dear Captain McCabe:

"Commander in Chief,

27-6-1900.

"Since I wrote acknowledging the receipt of the book you so kindly sent me, your letter of the 14th inst. has reached me. I am much touched by the many nice things you say of me and of England in it. The nation here has been 'one' in this war* and determined to 'put it through', as our folk on your side of the Atlantic would say. We have had our ups and downs during its progress, and our Generals have made mistakes and tumbled into traps at times, but to all educated soldiers there could be but one ending to it, and that ending has now come. Men like Lee and Stonewall Jackson do not abound in every nation, but the spirit that animated them still fires the blood of us, their brethren, here in the home of the progenitors of those great soldier-patriots.

"We are now in for a row in China, and I see you are sending troops there. I hope the soldiers of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations may act together, and fighting side by side in noble rivalry show the world that 'blood is thicker than water' and that, when any great inter-national trouble arises, we have interests in common which we mean resolutely to maintain against 'all comers'. I was a very young Lt. Colonel when in 1860 we fought our way from Taku to Peking, and I know that country well, having sketched it from Tien Tsin to the hills around the Summer Palace. I shall be very glad to see you if you come here this summer, as I hope you will. Until we meet, believe me to be

Sincerely yours,

Wolseley."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Farm House,

Glynde,

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

14th Aug't, 1900.

"I have had a few days of tolerable quiet here since Parliament rose, but tomorrow I am off on Inspections and do not

* "The Boer War" in South Africa.

return until Saturday, when I fear you will be on the Atlantic with your face towards home and the setting sun.

"I wish I had seen more of you during your stay in this old country, but I have had no time for pleasure since October last. My only enjoyment is getting down here for 'Saturday-till-Monday'. Here all is quiet and peaceful, and if it were not for an abominable post and telegraph office I might forget the worries of life for at least thirty six hours every week.

"I shall, however, be a free man on the 1st Nov'r next, when I shall lie down, look at the sun—if we can see it in November—and idle and examine the backs of my books, and think.

"Did Gen'l Lee keep any diary? If not, what are the books that tell about his *inner* life and private thoughts and doings during the war?

"When next you come to England, please let me know. I may possibly go to America next year, and if so, I shall try to pay Richmond a visit.

"Until we meet again, believe me to be

Sincerely yours,

Wolseley."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Hampton Court Palace,

Middlesex,

19th August, 1901.

"My dear General:

"I have been away from home yachting and visiting in the North, which is my excuse for having failed to answer your letter earlier.

"This is my wife's summer home: the winters we spend at Glynde, Sussex.

"If you have never seen this palace, you should come here some Sunday afternoon to see its pictures and gardens. Our house joins on to it, so you might come and have tea with my wife and me.

"I shall not be here next Sunday, as we are off for the country and do not return until next week.

"I hope you are well and flourishing.

"Believe me to be

Sincerely yours,

Wolseley."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Farm House,
Glynde,
31-8-1902.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"Sir Frederick Maurice tells me you are in England. I should very much like to see you before you return home. Can you pay me a visit here next Saturday, the 6th Sept'r, to stay until Monday?

"I am writing to know if General Maurice will come also, and if he can do so he will be able to guide you to this little spot. I regret to say that my wife will not be here, but I shall have a sister and my brother, General Sir George Wolseley, staying with me.

"I hope you may be able to say Yes.

"Believe me to be

Very truly yours,

Wolseley.

"Your best train from Victoria Station starts at 4.30 P. M. I will send to meet you."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Farm House,
Glynde,
Lewes,
10-9-1902.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"Many thanks for your nice pleasant letter. I was very glad that you honoured me with a visit here, and that you saw for yourself what a little old Sussex Farm House was like.

"When you return to America it would be very kind of you to send me the latest regulations as regards the pay and allowance of all Ranks in the U. S. Army. I want it badly from official sources, for we often receive such conflicting statements on the subject.

"I hope you may have a very pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, and may find Mrs. McCabe well and happy.

"Believe me to be

Very truly yours,

Wolseley."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Farm House,
Glynde,
N'r Lewes,
Nov. 19th, 1902.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"I received your very kind letter, and the books you mentioned in it came duly to hand; very many thanks for both. Your letter is full of interesting matter. May I presume to ask you to send me a copy of your paper on 'the Rebellion in Virginia' in 1676. I should like very much to know something about it. The early history of Virginia is very little known in this country, and yet there must be much amongst the old families of the 'Old Dominion' of great interest upon the subject.

"It is very kind of you to remember your visit to the Farm House, and to talk of it in such a nice way.

"My brother has gone back to his command in India, and I hope very shortly to start for a winter yachting cruise in the Mediterranean; but the weather here is still very pleasant, and I am so fond of this Down Country that I do not like tearing myself away from it even for a visit to southern climates.

"I am afraid that there is no immediate prospect of paying America a visit, but should I do so, I shall not forget your kind invitation. I have the very pleasantest remembrances of Virginia, and of the kind and hospitable manner in which I was received there by the representatives of so many old British families.

"Wishing you all sorts of good luck,

Believe me to be

Very sincerely yours,

Wolseley."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Farm House,
Glynde,
N'r Lewes,
Dec. 8th, 1902.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"Your note and the books it refers to have reached me safely. They will be a great source of pleasure to me when I read them, but before I begin to do so, let me thank you most sincerely for your kindness in sending them to me. Anything about your war must always have a deep interest for me for many reasons.

I shall only refer to one, and it is this: that of all the wars with which I am acquainted since classical times, your great war stands out as the most remarkable event. It certainly was the most remarkable event during the time that I have been on earth. I do not go into the question of whether the South was right or whether it was wrong in what she did. But at any rate her struggle was for a great principle which she believed to underlie the Constitutions of the United States: to be in fact the basis upon which that great Government was formed by its illustrious founders. It is a point upon which, however, I feel great diffidence in expressing my opinion, but, I can as a soldier say that no struggle for liberty was ever fought with greater daring, energy, knowledge of war, or more devoted patriotism or in a more chivalrous fashion than the campaigns which will always make the Southern struggle a remarkable event in military history. All who took part in it have every reason to be proud of having done so. I often think of what a difference there would be in the future history of the world had England recognized Southern Independence as an answer to the Slidell and Mason affair, for I believe there is no doubt that France would have followed her example.

"The weather is cold here now, and I am contemplating a trip to the Mediterranean where I hope to have a long cruise in one of the very biggest yachts of this country.

"Hoping you are well and happy,

Believe me to be

Sincerely yours,

Wolseley."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Colonel McCabe,
Army and Navy Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.

"Farm House,
Glynde, N'r Lewes,
Sept. 29th, 1903.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"I have been laid up for the last five weeks from an accident, but I am now able to hobble about.

"I am very glad to know that you are in England again—tell me how long you mean to stay here, as I hope that if you are not leaving soon you will do me the honour of paying me a Saturday till Monday visit in the 'Farm House'. Shall you be here for the next fortnight, and, if so, could you come down to me on Saturday, 10th Oct.?

"I hope you are enjoying yourself in England, but you are a man of a light heart and I am sure find pleasure even in dull old England.

"Believe me

Sincerely yours,

Wolseley."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Farm House,
Glynde,
Lewes,
2nd Oct'r, 1903.

"Dear General McCabe:

"I could not catch you by a letter before you leave tomorrow, so I send this to Sir F. Maurice, asking him to send it on to you. Unfortunately I have not your Virginia address. Perhaps I may have the pleasure of seeing you here next year.

"Two volumes of my memoirs are now in print. I believe the publishers, Messrs. Constable and Comp'y, intend to bring them out at once in the United States also. I hope they may be well read in the South, for I describe my visit to General Lee's Head Quarters when I was at Winchester, immediately after Antietam. I think you and Dixey's Land generally will be pleased with the manner in which I write of that great man, General Lee.

"Regretting very much that I have missed you now, and hoping to see you the next time you come here, believe me to be

Very truly yours,

Wolseley.

"I have been laid up and unable to walk for the last five weeks. An accident, that hurt an old wounded shinbone, has caused me much trouble. W."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Farm House,
Glynde,
Lewes,
Christmas Eve, 1903.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"I am very glad that you like my story that I have published. The opinion of an experienced soldier like yourself given in favour of it is extremely gratifying.

"In summer we spend some months usually at a House in Hampton Court Palace, which the late dear Queen gave my wife for her life. There we keep whatever little things we possess that are worth having, all of which it will be a great pleasure to show you whenever you go there. It is only a half hour by Railway from Town, and there are beautiful galleries of fine and historic pictures in the State Rooms of the Palace that are worth seeing.

"It was built by Cardinal Wolsey and taken from him by his Royal wife-beheading Master, and in King William III's Reign added to, and I think spoiled, by the great Sir Christopher Wren. There is much to see there that would, I think, interest you.

"It was a great privilege having the honour of a letter from General Fitz Hugh Lee.

"My girl is a very extensive collector of autographs. Could you give her one from Stonewall Jackson?

"We are in the midst of a cold winter here at present.

"Wishing you and yours a happy and a prosperous New Year, Believe me to be

Very sincerely yours,

Wolseley."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Farm House,
Glynde,
Lewes,
9th March, 1904.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"Thank you very sincerely for your interesting letter of 25th ulto., and for the valuable enclosures it contained. I venture to ask you to post the two accompanying notes in which I have tried to convey my appreciation of the kindness evinced towards me by those to whom these notes are addressed.

"I have just returned from the Riviera, where I have been for the last three weeks. There is no place like home, and although the climate of Cannes was soothing and enjoyable beyond that of England in March, yet I came back here with real pleasure.

"I am bowed down with the amount of writing I have to get through to make up for the time I squandered doing nothing on the Riviera. So please forgive this short note, and believe me to be

Very truly yours,

Wolseley."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Farm House,
Glynde, Lewes,
March 9th, 1904.

"I find I have written you two letters on the same subject. I am bold enough to send them both to you.

W.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"I am very much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken in obtaining for me from Mrs. Jackson one of her great and soldier-like husband's autographs. I have written the enclosed letter to her to thank her for her kindness to me in this matter: I hope you will kindly forward it to her for me, as she did not give her address. I am also writing to Colonel Cutshaw.

"Why don't you write your Memoirs and describe all the gallant fellows with whom you were associated during that long and glorious War between the North and South? I am sure you could make the most interesting book, were you merely to describe those with whom you were daily in contact during that memorable campaign.

"Nothing is talked of here but the War between Russia and Japan, and I think I may say 999 out of every 1000 persons wish the little Japs success, but the Russians are fine stalwart soldiers. I stood in front of them for over a year and know what gallant fellows they are in the field. They have a horrible habit of never knowing when they are beaten.

"Thanking you much for your most interesting letter. Believe me to be

Gratefully and sincerely yours,

Wolseley."

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Farm House,
Glynde, Lewes,
August 27th, 1904.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"Upon returning home I find your letter of the 27th ulto. on my table, and I wonder as I do whether you are still in London. If you are still in town please let me know, and I will arrange that we shall have another meeting if you can spare the time for it. I am very sorry that such a length of time has elapsed since the date of your letter and my answer to it.

"I have not seen General Maurice for some time, but I believe he is still working hard at some War Office matter.

(From Field Marshal Lord Wolseley)

"Farm House,
Glynde, Lewes,

6-5-1905.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"I returned home lately after a long four months absence abroad. Half of that time was spent in a fine steam yacht of about 900 or 1000 tons, pottering about in the Mediterranean; the remainder with my wife at Mentone and then at Florence.

"I found your note of 22nd March amongst a large collection of letters awaiting my return home. But you had flown,—hence these few lines to say how sorry I am not to have seen you. I hope your voyage to and fro may have set you up completely, and that Mrs. McCabe may have recognized how wise she was to send you away for change of scene and air.

"I haven't seen Maurice since my return, but will write to him as soon as I have worked through my still only partly answered correspondence. I wish you were here today, for there is 'not a sound upon the earth nor in the air' beyond the occasional crowing of some hoarse old cock in the village who is evidently anxious to engage some neighboring cock in Battle Royal.

"My wife is at Hampton Court Palace, where she has a very good house given to her by the late Queen, of Blessed Memory; and my daughter is in Church at this moment, from the open windows of which the sound of the choir's voices in a hymn comes to me faintly at times, as if to reproach me for not being in Church to join in the chorus.

"I cannot find your address in Virginia, so I address it to Richmond, Va., which I know was that to which I sent a previous letter.

"If my girl were here, she could send you many messages.

"I hope you are well and flourishing, and that your trip to this little Island did you good.

Sincerely yours,

Wolseley."

Lord Wolseley died on the 25th of March, 1915. Lady Wolseley, after his death, sent McCabe a lock of his hair in a small gold casket in recognition of the affection which her hus-

band entertained for him, and she kept up the correspondence which they had conducted until her own death in 1920.

Another Field Marshal with whom he was on terms of friendship, though not so close as characterized those of his associations with Sir Evelyn Wood and Viscount Wolseley, was Earl Roberts,—“Bobs”, as he was affectionately called by the English Army and chronicled in verse by Kipling. In his visits to England from 1902 to 1906, he was a frequent guest of Lord and Lady Roberts in his capacity as “a sturdy diner out”, but there appears to have been no such correspondence between them, while he was at home in Virginia, as occurred between him and his other two distinguished military friends, Wood and Wolseley. Earl Roberts’s photograph was in the “gallery” at his house in Richmond and had come to him with the following letter.

(From Field Marshal Earl Roberts)

“47 Portland Place,
18th September, 1902.

“Dear Mr. McCabe:

“I have great pleasure in sending you the photograph I promised yesterday. I hope you will have a pleasant voyage back to America, and that we may meet again when I pay my long-looked-forward-to visit to that country.

Believe me

Yours very truly,

Roberts.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

SWINBURNE AND OTHER LITERATI.

I.

SWINBURNE during the last thirty years of his life lived with his friend Watts-Dunton at The Pines, Putney Hill, where, Gosse says of him, "he led an existence of the greatest calm, passivity and resignation . . . His life was 'sheltered', like that of a child, and he was able to concentrate his faculties upon literature and his dreams without a shadow of disturbance".*

He saw few people and went little into society during these later years; but one of his friends was Mrs Ritchie, who then lived at Wimbledon not far from The Pines, and of whom he speaks in a letter to his mother in 1884. The poet shared Mrs Ritchie's love for children, and this common enjoyment of their company was a bond of friendship between them.

Mrs Ritchie, on the occasion of one of McCabe's visits to her house at Wimbledon, "brought" him "to see" the poet, of whom he gives this story in his "Personal Recollections of Lord Tennyson":

"Once, I remember (to wander again, but not altogether inconsequently) Swinburne, while showing me a rare edition of a Greek classic given him by Walter Savage Landor, said, rather listlessly, I thought, to put it mildly, 'you know Landor was a great Grecian'.

"No", I said boldly, 'I know nothing of the sort. He was a good Latinist but not even a fair Grecian. His themes were often Greek, but his treatment of them Virgilian, *longo intervallo*. It seems to me, Mr. Swinburne, that you very happily hit him off in your 'Centenary Ode', when you say

'And through the trumpet of a child of Rome
Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece'.

"Why, bless me!" cried the poet, smiling in a sort of pleased surprise, 'do you remember that?' And so we got along 'like a breeze' after that lucky shot."

* Gosse: "Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne", p. 246.

Swinburne was not always so complaisant to strangers, and an apochryphal story is told of a visit to him at The Pines by two Americans, which illustrates his bearing toward those whom he regarded as intruders no less than his appreciation of such readiness of reply as McCabe showed in his apt quotation.

"Go down and see who they are", the poet said to Watts, who went down leaving him at the head of the steps.

"The American poet, Joaquin Miller, and a friend of his from Chicago", called Watts to the waiting Swinburne.

"Tell Mr. Joaquin Miller to come up, and tell his friend to go to hell!" was the startling reply which the astonished visitors heard proceeding from the gallery up stairs.

"Mr. Swinburne", called out Joaquin Miller's friend from the open door, "I have come quite a distance to see you *today*. I dislike to postpone our meeting to such an indefinite future."

"Bring them both up, Watts!" said the poet with a chuckle; and the two Americans ascended the stairway together.

II.

In the early nineteen-eighties McCabe made the acquaintance,—as in the case of Swinburne, through Mrs Ritchie—of Matthew Arnold. Arnold, as was natural for the son of his father, was interested like McCabe in education, and their association was congenial and agreeable. He had been a lay inspector of schools under the Committee of the Council of Education as early as 1847, and was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1857; and he visited America in connection with his educational interests while McCabe was teaching the University School.

In the summer of 1884 when in London, various notes of invitation and acceptance to lunch or dine passed between them. These were initiated by one from McCabe, in which he informed Arnold of his presence in London and expressed the desire to see him again, "if he still remembered him".

(From Matthew Arnold)

"Athenaeum Club, Pall Mall, S. W.,
"My dear Mr. McCabe. July 25, '84.

"Of course I remember you perfectly.

"We go out of town Monday, but come and lunch with us at 1½ on Sunday, our only free opportunity, and let me have

the great pleasure of seeing you again and of making you known to Mrs. Arnold.

Most truly yours,

Matthew Arnold.

"We are at 7 Grosvenor Crescent, Belgrave Square. Please send your answer there."

(From Matthew Arnold)

"Morenish, Killir, N. B.,
Sept. 5th, 1884.

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"Your letter has reached me in Perthshire. On my way through London I asked for you at the Athenaeum, but the Club was in some little confusion as it was going to be closed for a fortnight's cleaning, and the hall porter could tell me nothing of you. Perhaps you were at the other Athenaeum, the Junior. But then Mrs. Ritchie told me you had had a fall, and I wanted to hear how you are going on. I conclude from your not mentioning it that you are recovered, but I should like to have a line from you (at Bernim Hall, Bernim, N. B. where I shall be all next week) to say so before you sail.

"Yes, I fully hope to shake you by the hand again next year, if I live.

Most sincerely yours,

Matthew Arnold."

(From Matthew Arnold)

"Athenaeum Club,
Pall Mall, S. W., July 20/85.

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"I am very glad you can come. Take your ticket at Waterloo on Thursday by 5.20 train to Cobham. At Cobham station you will find an omnibus which will bring you close to my door. I will have the omnibus met.

Most sincerely yours,

Matthew Arnold."

(From Matthew Arnold)

"Cobham, Surrey,
March 27th, 1886.

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"Your letter I find here on my return from a tour among German schools, which I undertook for the Government. Many

thanks for it. Come out and try the Athenaeum again, since you liked it. But do not come this summer, for this summer I am to pay a second and last visit to the States and I should like to find you there. I shall make one address—about America itself—but I doubt whether at that time of year it will be possible to give it anywhere except in three or four of the great cities. But we shall see.

"It will go hard with me if I do not manage to see you in Virginia somewhere—the most attractive of all the States.

"With kindest regards from us all, I am always

Most sincerely yours,

Matthew Arnold.

"P. S. I hope to sail in May."

(From Matthew Arnold)

"Stockbridge, Mass.,

July 10, 1886.

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"I knew I should hear from you, but, alas, Virginia is out of the question this time; all our plans were changed by my daughter's urgent summons to us to come at a different time from that which we intended. At the end of August we must return to England; till that time we shall be at Stockbridge for the most part, though we have a visit or two to pay in the adjoining state of New York.

"How delightful to find at last an American who is sound on the subject of Gladstone's desperate Irish policy! Lord Salisbury has now a great opportunity; if he lets things drift he will lose it, but I hope for the best. What is wanted is a sound plan for home rule instead of a vicious and dangerous one.

"I like to hear of your boy going to England, but you must not drop the habit of coming there yourself.

Affectionately yours,

Matthew Arnold.

"Mrs. Arnold and my daughters wish to be most kindly remembered to you."

At the time when he was being urged by his friends for the chair of Latin in Columbia College, New York, he mentioned the fact in a letter to Arnold, who wrote him the following:

(From Matthew Arnold)

"Athenaeum Club,
London, Feb. 3, 1887.

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"I am unable to speak as to your special studies in Latin, but I know, in general, that your love of culture and your interest in letters are such as to fit you eminently, in my opinion, to hold a literary chair in a University or College; and a yet higher value is given to your love of culture, inasmuch as you have proved your desire and power to make this love live and work in others also. What I have heard of your labours and success at Petersburg has interested me warmly, and all the more because I have understood that it was the reading, during the war, of my father's life which set you upon the design of teaching, a design which you have prosecuted with such excellent results.

"With every wish for your success at Columbia College, I am always, my dear Mr. McCabe,

Truly and cordially yours,

Matthew Arnold."

(From Matthew Arnold)

"Holly Bank, Andershaw,
Nr. Manchester,
August 12th, 1887.

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"Your letters have just reached me here, where I have come to see the Exhibition, and now from here I go on to pay visits in Yorkshire, Westmoreland and Scotland, and shall not be at Cobham again till October.

"I wish I could shake you by the hand on Board the Umbria (?) but I go North tomorrow. My love to the Andersons. What a traveler you are! Your short summer tour from Virginia embraces Russia and England! I am glad the Columbia opening is not closed. I feared it had been.

Ever cordially yours,

Matthew Arnold."

III.

"Prince of Good Fellows", no less than prince among story-tellers, in McCabe's estimation was William Black; and he and the author of "A Princess of Thule" enjoyed greatly each other's

company, and spent many pleasant hours together in London clubs and at Black's rooms in London and in his house at Oban in North Britain. Witness this letter, and the endorsement by McCabe on the envelope enclosing it:

(From Mrs. William Black)

"Paston House,
Paston Place, Brighton.

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"I hear from Mr. Black that you and he have been trying to arrange a day to meet down here. It is very unfortunate and I am much disappointed that it should happen so with a friend of Mr. Harper's (whom I like and esteem so much), but we have really not a free day before we go to Scotland. I am very unwilling not to see you at all this June, and I wonder if you would come to our rooms, 15 Buckingham St., Strand, next Wednesday, when we shall be in town, and have supper with us at 11 P. M. o'clock.

"Please understand that this is quite informal, but it is the only arrangement I can see. Perhaps on our return from the North, will be able to manage better.

Faithfully yours,

July 24, (1885).

G. W. Black."

Endorsement by McCabe: "We had a jolly night at 15 Buckingham St. Black and I danced Highland Fling, Mrs. Black playing. Broke up at 2 A. M.!"

Some account of Black, with a few of his letters, has been given in a preceding chapter. Other letters of his follow. One was evidently the precursor of the night at 15 Buckingham Street and "the proximate cause" of Mrs. Black's note.

(From William Black)

"Paston House,
Paston Place, Brighton,
July 21, 1885.

"My dear McCabe:

"The little book (it isn't the 'Daughter of Heth'; I have no copy of that; it is merely the last edition of 'Judith Shakespeare') has been lying on my desk these last two days, for I have been too

frightfully busy to see about its being sent away, but it goes to you today, with my blessing.

"We shall be at the Hunters' tomorrow night, and hope to be able to arrange something about next Sunday, but we're in an awful muddle. The cook has been withdrawn from the household by a drunken husband; may this serve to remind you that drink is the cause of all woe.

Yours very faithfully,

William Black."

(From William Black)

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"The Reform Club,
July 17, (188-?).

"I am very sorry I missed you when I called yesterday; and it is also unfortunate that just now my wife and I have no home to ask you to, as we are staying with some friends in Surrey on a visit. However, can you and Mr. W. Harper fix any evening towards the end of next week to dine with me here, and I will run up to town for the purpose. I had also intended to call on Mr. J. H. Harper, but we have been wandering about like a nomadic tribe; perhaps he, too, could come here on the evening that would suit you. Then how about Mr. G. H. Putnam, of New York? Do you know him? I don't; but he has just informed me he is in London, so perhaps we might get a sort of Baby America convened on the same occasion.

"I shall be glad to know how all this nebulous project suits you; and should be much obliged if you will send me a line to 'The Larches, Banshead, Surrey'.

Yours very faithfully,

William Black."

(From William Black)

"Dear McCabe:

"Corranmore, Oban, N. B.,
Aug. 12, (188-?).

"I am sorry we are not to see you on your present meteoric-corruscation flight. We have been up here for the past month or so, and I don't return to the South till the middle of October. I fear, too, you must have missed a good many of your friends, but probably you will take a run down to Broadway before you leave.

"Give my love to those bold, bad boys, Parsons and Abbey and Millet, if you see them. I expect Parsons up here shortly, also Osgood.

Yours very faithfully,

William Black."

The "Broadway" referred to by Black in this letter is an English village, where the three artists were living in 1888; and is described by Henry James in a paper on "Our Artists in Europe" in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1889.

Black and McCabe had together visited the "bold, bad boys" at Broadway, more than once.

(From William Black)

"Kitchrenan House,
Oban, N. B.,
Aug. 16, '89.

"My gay young friend:

"How the mischief can I send you a copy of 'A Daughter of Heth' from an outlandish place like this? Let me know your address in that Irish-governed country of yours, and I will despatch it across the foam to you when I get South—though it's most likely the New York customs will charge you 30 per cent on it as a piece of useless antiquity.

"James R. Osgood, Esq., remained here only a few days. His premature departure saved me from the humiliation of having to send me wife and children to the workhouse. What he carried away from this poor kingdom in the shape of bullion and ingots I shudder to think of.

"Moreover Miss Anderson comes to us next week, and we shall be able to show the population *one* respectable American.

"Bon voyage!

Yours sincerely,

William Black."

(From William Black)

"Glenlyon Lodge,
Oban, N. B.,
(1892).

"My dear McCabe:

"Why the lateness of your visit to these solitary shores? I am afraid you must have found London very empty. Osgood sailed last week for his native clime. Frank Millet is away down the Danube with Alfred Parsons. Abbey is in Berkshire. Colin Hunter is in the remote North of Scotland; and so forth, and so forth.

"As for ourselves—having adventured into far wilds last year—Africa, Greece, Turkey, the Crimea and Asia Minor, in a long cruise of seven weeks—we thought we'd return this year to

the old familiar place and take things quietly, which we are a-doing of, in a small house not far from that we had a couple of years ago.

"By the time you get this I suppose you will be getting ready for the hop-skip-and-jump across the Atlantic. Remember me to Joe Harper and Harry Harper, and Osgood if you should chance to see him. Bon voyage!

Yours very faithfully,

William Black."

(From William Black)

"The Reform Club.
London, S. W..
August 10, 1892.

"My dear McCabe:

"I wish I had known sooner of your being in London, for then we might have been able to arrange an evening, whereas, after this dinner to your Deputy Consul, I have got to get back to Brighton tomorrow morning. Why do you come like a meteor and so depart? At present, I am in a tight corner as regards engagements, for the whole family of us sail on the 3rd. prox. for Malaga, Palermo, Cattaro, Athens, Santorin, etc., etc., and it seems to me as if by no possible miracle shall I be ready.

"By the way, let me have your home address, and I will send you a copy of the revised 'Daughter of Heth'. You'll hardly recognize her.

Yours sincerely,

William Black."

(From William Black)

"Paston House.
Paston Place.
Brighton, Aug. 14, '92.

"My dear McCabe:

"I sent you yesterday a copy of the amended 'Daughter of Heth', but I don't know that she is much improved. The process of altering old books is simply maddening.

"I fear there is no chance of my getting up to London before you sail. We are all working like niggers to get away to the East. Thank you very much for the offer of an introduction to M'lle Tricoupis, but we know some friends of hers in Athens; moreover, Athens is so overpoweringly interesting that it doesn't leave one much time for making afternoon calls.

"Take my blessing with you across the broad Atlantic and remember me to all good souls.

Yours sincerely,

William Black."

The happy associations of "Broadway" were continued with the "bold, bad boys" in America. Millet visited McCabe in Richmond in the early nineteen-hundreds.

(From Frank Millet)

"The Army and Navy Club,
Washington, July 5, (1903).

"Dear McCabe:

"You think, doubtless, that I have forgotten Richmond, but it isn't so. I have been very busy painting and carousing, and haven't yet decided when I shall come down. Not for a week or ten days sure, but I'll let you know in time, and will certainly see you and help you bear up under the chill of the water-cart.

"I am having one of the best times of my life here and my particular friend is Julian Cabell of Richmond. You would be much gratified and satisfied, I am sure, if you could hear the fellows who know you sing your praises.

Yours faithfully,

Frank Millet."

Millet, who died in April, 1912, was not only a painter but a writer, and like McCabe, a great traveller. He wrote magazine articles and published a book of short stories, and he had been the correspondent of the New York *Herald* and the London *Daily News* through the Russo-Turkish War.

III.

Although after his first visit to Europe he kept no formal diary, he nevertheless jotted down and preserved memoranda on the backs of letters and on scraps of paper; and from some of these, made during or after visits to Aldworth and Farringford, he probably "refreshed his memory" in the preparation of his paper on Lord Tennyson. They are interesting as showing immediate and vivid impressions, though lacking the literary form and polish that he usually gave to his finished compositions.

The following is such a memorandum made on a note written by the Laureate's son, inviting him to Aldworth for the first time in 1884, in response to a letter of introduction from Mrs. Ritchie.

(From Hallam Tennyson)

"Aldworth,
Haslemere, Surrey,
Sept. 6, '84.

"Dear Sir:

My Father has me say that he will be glad to see you at lunch any day here at 1-15.

Yours faithfully,

Hallam Tennyson."

"Haslemere, Surrey, Sept. 12th, 1884. Reached Haslemere at 1:10. Took a fly and drove to Aldworth. Hallam Tennyson met me in the hall and carried me at once to the sitting room, where he introduced me to Tennyson, Lady Tennyson, his (Hallam Tennyson's) wife and a North Country clergyman named Fairless. Lady Tennyson was most kind and cordial. She is an invalid. She was lying down, with a sort of eider-down quilt over her. She has a most refined, ethereal face, with a lovely expression, very much like her picture by Watts. We talked of Anne Thackeray and of the Worcester Musical Festival, Mrs. Hallam Tennyson joining in. We soon went to lunch. There were a lady and gentleman whose names I did not catch. I sat next to Tennyson. We talked of the South, of negro franchise. He seemed surprised when I told him I had been in the War. Hallam Tennyson asked me a good many questions about the War. After lunch Hallam Tennyson and I went for a smoke, first going through some of the rooms to see the picture of his mother and of himself and his brother Lionel, both by Watts. He showed me in the hall a sketch of his father as a young man by Mrs. Weld, from a daguerreotype. We walked through the grounds. The terrace commanded a splendid, a magnificent view of Sussex and Kent. He pointed out in the distance Arundel Castle, the residence of the Duke of Norfolk. Aldworth is a very handsome country house. It was designed by Lady Tennyson, and built by Knowles, the present Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*. We went through the copses to Tennyson's rose-garden, which he tended himself. H. T. cut for me a rose as a souvenir. I found him a most companionable fellow, very handsome and polite. We

went to several 'pleasaunces'. He told me that he and his father laid off all the grounds and superintended all the improvements. We then went to the summer house, which commanded a view of 60 miles over Sussex and Kent. Here Tennyson works and here he soon joined us. He was dressed in a much worn suit of grey and wore the familiar black slouch hat, quite like the hat worn by officers in the Federal Army. He told me that he was 75 years old. When I expressed the hope that he would come to America, he was very cordial. Said he wished I had written earlier and that I could spend several days with him. 'You can't get to know one in a day', he said. We talked of Thackeray, who was a great friend of his. He said 'My only quarrel with him is that he puts so many bad people in his books'. 'But', I said, 'they are in the world'. 'True', he replied, 'but they don't appear so often on the surface of society'. England, he thought, had reached her zenith and was going down hill. 'What do you think of the world in general—a pretty big question, I allow? I think the world is going down hill, is in a sort of decadence'. Bismarck he regarded as the foremost man in Europe, the Russians as the greatest diplomats in the world;—had a regular school of diplomacy, he was told, but the most unscrupulous people in the matter of annexation in the world. He laughed about America. Said Jas. T. Fields said he c'd make 20 thousand pounds by going over. 'By lecturing? By reading?' 'No', said Fields, 'by standing in a room and shaking hands with 20,000 people'. He told me of a visit to Woolwich to see the monster gun tried. A Russian and Prussian officer were there.

"The Eng. are very civil in showing us all these things', said the Russian. 'We sh'd not do it at home'. The Prussian said 'What right have they to colonies all over the globe?' 'That', said Tennyson, 'was the Prussian's acknowledgment of the civility'. He presented to me a copy of 'Harold', and wrote my name in it: 'From Tennyson', and the date. He disliked Yankees extremely, said he refused to see them. Told me of a Yankee woman coming to see him, refused to see her, said word was brought she had come all the way from some place and asked to see the rose garden. He w'd not see her. Was wheeling his wife in her chair, and said, 'What a nuisance these Yankees are; and there', he said, 'right over the rosebush, was the Yankee woman'. His eye twinkled. He laughed heartily at 2 stories I told him (Christopher Columbus and Mr. Osgood). I asked him about the bar of Michael Angelo. He said 'Hallam used to say, I have the bar of Michael Angelo', two deep lines across his forehead. Hallam T. said 'I, too, have them, and so has my father'. We then went to Tennyson's library, commanding from a window 15 ft. wide a splendid view. 'That

was once all "Silva Anderida", a great forest filled with wild boars, etc.' He was very kind. Gave me two autographs. 'I am Tennyson simply now, but if you like "Alfred Tennyson" better. I will write it so'. We had coffee. I bade Lady T. goodbye. She was as cordial as possible. Said it was a great pleasure to have me. Tennyson would go with me to see me off—walked up to the stable to see the horse put to—excused not sending his own horses, which were sick. Said we must walk to the top of the hill. He pressed my hand and said 'God bless you'. Hallam T. went too and they kept waving their hats as long as I was in sight.

"Tennyson said he could not smoke any cigar, filled a pipe with 'Birdseye' and puffed away in the summer house. I promised to send him some 'Lone Jack'. He c'd not smoke 'Cavendish'. We laughed at some misprints, the lines in the 'Princess' and 'hairy does' instead of 'airy does'. Laughed about small profits from publishers. Said he got most extraordinary letters from Americans about autographs. Never took any notice of them."

One might marvel at so long a memorandum, written on the back of two sheets of note paper, who was not acquainted with the very small handwriting of McCabe, almost as diminutive and always as perfectly legible as print. A friend once jestingly remarked to him that he could get more chirography into a smaller space than any one whom he had ever known or heard of except the New Englander who was famous for having engraved the Lord's Prayer on a ten-cent piece!

When he returned to Virginia he sent the Laureate some of the famous "Lone Jack" smoking-tobacco, then manufactured at Lynchburg, and received an autograph note from him acknowledging its receipt:

"Dear Mr. McCabe:

"Many thanks for your munificence in the matter of Lone Jack; he is a very good fellow, not over strong. I saw your card the other day still lying on the table where you left it in the little summer-house that looks over the wide landscape—a somewhat melancholy memorial of my once-seen friend.

Yours very truly,

"Nov. 26th, 1884.

Tennyson."

A visit to Lord Tennyson in 1885 is chronicled in another coteremporaneous memorandum.

"Farringford, Isle of Wight, July 28th, 1885. Last night after dinner I went upstairs into Tennyson's library for a smoke (we had already cracked jokes with each other in the drawing-room). He read to me his unpublished poem, 'Tiresias', with prologue and epilogue to Fitzgerald. He read it with great feeling. We sat and chatted until past 12 o'clock. Hallam Tennyson carried me up to Tennyson's old den, now H. T.'s dressing room and sleeping room.

"This morning after breakfast Tennyson read me two unpublished poems, *Tomorrow* (Irish dialect) and *The Four Sweethearts* (Lincolnshire dialect). He read both with fine dramatic intonation, very effective. Then we went for a long walk over the downs, up to the Beacon (Mr. Fitch, his cousin, and his brother-in-law, Prof. Lushington). He told me much of the geological history of the island. He is full of anecdote. Said he wanted no life of himself. I told him that was impossible and that Hallam T. had better do it. He said Sir Henry Taylor has not given accurately what he said of Jane Austen. 'I never said any such infernal rot. I said, "In her narrow groove she was as true as Shakespere".' Talked about Russia. 'Didn't like Yankees'. Went to look for a new poem to read me and said 'I can trust you because you are a Southerner and a gentleman'. Said today Victor Hugo called the 'Firth of Forth' 'Le premiere de quatrieme'."

In 1887 there is a memorandum of another visit to the old poet at Aldworth.

"Aug. 18th, 1887. Reached Haslemere at 5:30 and found a smart trap and servant in livery awaiting me. Hallam Tennyson welcomed me, and Lady Tennyson, lying on the sofa just as I had last seen her, and her eider-down quilt over her. Lord Tennyson soon came in and proposed a walk and we strolled about the grounds. He told me some extraordinary stories—one apropos of my recent trip to Russia—of his father, just after assassination of Emperor Paul, dining with Lord St. Helens, Eng. Ambassador, and saying at table, when only guarded allusion was made to the assassination, 'Oh, what is the use of beating about the bush—we all know in England who killed him. 'Twas Count —— and Count ——'. Immediately after dinner Lord St. Helens said, 'The very man you leaned across to say what you did was Count ——, whose name you mentioned. You must fly for your life at once, this night'. And so he did and made his way to Odessa,

and after weary waiting, got away. Reynolds, the Eng. courier he waited for, blew his horn, got drunk and lost his despatches.

"I told him of young Daunt reading Idylls of the King—school task. 'Oh, I am sorry', he said, 'that it is set as a task. You remember Byron at Harrow? "Horace, whom I hated so, not for thy sake but mine!" He was very severe on Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, but said he was sweet and cheering as a man. 'This very day', he said to me, 'I was telling one of your stories' (Christopher Columbus). He said, 'We won't dress for dinner. I never dress for any one. The Duke of Argyll was here the other day, and I said "I can't dress for a duke lest my butler think me a snob, for I never dress for any one'. 'Hands All Round', he told me was anonymous, directed against Louis Napoleon who was supposed to be meditating invasion of England, made angry by being required to pay 10 fr. for leaving France (tariff on each passenger), having run over to Boulogne for 2 hrs. only. Bought tobacco in Holland and had to pay 9 shillings duty per pound. Left it all but one pound in the hands of the custom-house people. Severe on the Irish. Earliest historian (50 A. D.) said of them: 'Omnium virtutum privati'.

"His son Hallam wrote reply to inquiry about Union of the Empire. Hallam said he made it purposely ambiguous. 'Like the ancient oracles', said Tennyson. 'If you cross a great river, you will conquer a great empire'. Said once to Irish driver, 'I don't think your man O'Connell such a great man as you do'. "Whist, your Honor, don't let them hear you say that. Another gentleman said that, and twelve men lay in the ditch in wait for him." 'Was there ever such tyranny as that?' he said. I replied, 'He reminds me of the French Socialists: "*Sois mon frère, ou je te tuerai*".' 'Exactly', he said.

"At dinner he was full of anecdote. I took Lady Tennyson in. After dinner we went into another room where there was a beautiful table filled with delicious fruits and wines. He drank old port—cobwebs on the bottle. Then we adjourned to his den for a smoke. We sat smoking and chatting until 12, when he said: 'It is time for a man of 78 to go to bed'. He read me his *Ode on the Duke of Wellington* and *Splendor Falls on Castle Walls*. Hallam and I sat until 1, smoking. Tennyson spoke bitterly about England's desertion of Gordon.

"Aug. 19th. After breakfast Tennyson took me for a walk. Said one day he was driving with Tyndall and Gladstone, and former said something about 'That figment of poets and philosophers—God'. Mr. Gladstone said *sternly*: 'Then, Professor Tyndall, leave the poets and philosophers their figment, and stick to your science'. He had just been yachting, and said, 'It was

just like sitting on a dog's tail—always bumping about'. He gave me autographs and *Carmen Saeculare*. 'It has been much abused. The critics haven't seen it is written in quantity'. Lady Tennyson most cordial, said I must write and tell them what sort of voyage I had. Must come again when I come to England. So said all of them. Hallam Tennyson's wife, a Miss Boyle, of the Cork family, drove me to the station in her trap. Was most cordial and said I must not fail to come again. Gave me her brother's address in New York—William Boyle, 40 Wall St.

"He got Hallam to read Thackeray's letter to 'My dear old Alfred' 'on having just read the "Idylls of the King"'—full of praise of them. He told me a joke, and then said 'I told the Queen that once'.

"The Queen asked him to write on the wedding of her daughter and Prince Battenburg. He gets £100 a year as Laureate. 'No sack'. 'But I am at the orders of the Queen'. Hallam gave him the subject 'Tomorrow'. Thinks there is little spirit of reverence for him in England. Story about George and his watch. 'Nationalized it'. Told me many jokes. 'Your husband is in a hotter place, Madam!'

"'Great man, indeed! Keeps but one man and he don't sleep in the 'ouse'. Tree planted by Garfield. Cedar of Lebanon. Glad he knew nothing of Shakespeare. Why so? we wanted to know. 'The man is in his books'. Ro. Buchanan said he 'had no humor'! John Bright, eloquent madman. Gladstone: he had a high personal regard for him, but he *loathed* and *detested* his foreign policy. House lined with pictures. Bust of Dante—Thackeray—casts of Greeks—marble—large number of books, classics—lovely drawing room—confusing sort of house—beautiful library. No end of lounges and easy chairs."

IV.

He was a "collector", but not in the accepted sense of one who cultivates a fad for postage stamps or autographs—things that may be purchased with money in the shops. His "collections" were literary—primarily of books, then of letters and documents, but almost always where the article had some personal association with his friends. Many of these friends in America, most of them in England—even the Field Marshals and military men—wrote books as an avocation, if not as a vocation; and all of them, probably without exception, presented to him copies of one or more of their volumes, autographed.

Tennyson gave him signed autograph copies of some of his lines, despite his objection to autograph-hunters, and also many inscribed copies of his books. Lady Ritchie presented him with a part of the original manuscript of "The Virginians", accompanying it with a note stating that there was "3 pages of the 'Virginians' for a Virginian, with the best regards of Anne Thackeray Ritchie"; and Mrs. Alice Stopford Green, widow of the author of "A Short History of the English People", was the donor of some pages of the original manuscript of that famous book which she sent with this note:

"14 Kensington Square,
Aug. 30, 1903.

"My dear Mr. McCabe:

"I have no signature of Mr. Green's to send you, but would you like to have some of the MSS of his History, which I enclose you? He wrote this very rapidly, correcting very little indeed, but rewriting over and over again until he was satisfied.

"I am very glad you wish to have this writing, and it is a pleasure to send it.

Yours very sincerely,

Alice Stopford Green."

Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote out and signed for him his ballad of "The Old Admiral", "composed in November, 1869", and inscribed it: "This copy made for W. Gordon McCabe, Soldier and Poet, March 1st, 1892".

John R. Thompson presented to him in 1869 a letter which Thackeray, while in America before the War of Secession, had written him about his lecture in Richmond:

"Washington, Tuesday.

"J. R. Thompson, Esq.,
Richmond, Virginia.

"My dear Sir:

I thank you for your kind note, and hope that Dr. Bavid's lecture need not interfere with mine. Should he lecture on Tuesday 1st. of March, I shall have the pleasure of passing another day in Richmond, and shall gladly take advantage of another evening's respite from speaking.

"Will you kindly advertise my three lectures for the 28th. Feb. and the 3 next free ensuing evenings? I think $1\frac{1}{2}$ D. would be a fair price for the course and shall be very glad if your anticipation as to the sale of tickets shd prove correct.

"I don't know in what newspapers the lectures should be advertised, but will thankfully avail myself of your proffered service to make the preliminary arrangements in my name.

"I am very glad Mrs. Stanard has been so kind as not to forget me, and beg you to give her my very best respects and regards.

"Believe me most faithfully yours,

W. M. Thackeray."

These are a very few of his many autograph notes and memorials. In a brief account of him, written from data furnished by himself and published in the "Cyclopedia of Virginia Biography"* it is stated that "his collection of manuscripts is scarcely less notable than his printed books, for it contains letters * * * poems and other writings of Edgar Allen Poe, Lord Tennyson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Makepeace Thackeray, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Edmund Pendleton, President Davis, General Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, 'Stonewall' Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart and others scarcely less famous."

*Vol. IV., p. 235. (New York, 1915.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WORLD WAR.

I.

IN the summer of 1914 he went to England, and saw for the last time many of his friends who still survived. He outlived by nearly seven years the day in early August that witnessed Britain's entry into the terrible conflict; and though he had the purpose, after the end of it, to go back again, fate ordained otherwise. It may have been well that he never returned. The England that he had known and loved was a changed England. A majority of his old associates were now dead; and the stately homes in which he had spent so many happy days had become houses of mourning. It could not have been the same to him that it had once been.

There would have been much, too, to remind him painfully of the great upheaval wrought by the War of Secession in the Southern States in the changed conditions of social life in London and in the social system which centred about the country houses where he had been a welcome visitor.

"From the antiquarian, the aesthetic and the sentimental points of view", says a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, less than three years after "the Armistice", "there is much to mourn in the change. The relation between the owner of one of the great estates now broken to pieces and his former tenants and employees was often a cordial and affectionate one as almost any durable human relation can be, thanks to the immense inherent decency of mankind. The life of the English country house, built up through many centuries from storey to storey of pleasantness, is probably the most lastingly enjoyable life that mankind has ever devised for the satisfaction of every part of the nature of the average man who is neither a student nor a thinker nor a saint, and who feels himself to be at his best in a career of rude health, of manly physical occupation, of every social activity, considerable personal consequence and some light and unperplexing public duties."

"Since the war", says the same writer, "a large part of the soil of this island has changed hands—we cannot give the exact percentage, but enormously more than has ever been bought and sold before in any equal length of time. A big succession of more or less historic country houses, culminating in the famous classical palace of Stowe, have been offered for sale since the Armistice. * * * Only the other day the Duke of Portland was telling his tenants, in terms of distress which one could not read without sympathy, that to live at Welbeck, which is one of the greatest private houses in the country, was ceasing to be within his means."*

Upon his return to Virginia in September, 1914, he gave an interview that was printed in the *Richmond News-Leader*, an extract from which follows:

"England went into the war much against her will, but now that she is in, she means to beat Germany to her knees if it takes twenty years, as in her struggle against Napoleon, and to destroy the curse of 'militarism'—root and branch.

"Both sides want the good will of the American people for moral or sentimental reasons. Beyond that, so weak and unprepared are our army and navy, America is regarded by each as a negligible quantity.

"If Mr. Bryan, or Mr. Straus or religious 'conferences' or women's clubs attempt any formal protests, they'll simply get a polite snubbing, the politeness scarcely veiling the underlying contempt for their views (with a capital V).

"What is the feeling about the war in England as personally observed by me? Why, the nation is as one man, and the ladies, God bless them! (that was the first toast we used to drink at dinner when Virginia was Virginia), are as resolute as the men. I haven't seen or read of such an uprising since that of the South in '61.

"Everybody is going to the front, the aristocrat and the plain man—the lofty and the lowly. A great lady, a viscountess in her own right whom I went to visit, as I have done for many years, apologized to me for the absence of her grandiose footmen by saying proudly, 'They have all joined the colors, and I shall pay their families their wages while they are gone'. So much for the lowly.

"Another friend of mine who bears one of the proudest names and titles in England has three sons—no daughters—and

* *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, August 12, 1921, p. 114.

all three sons are 'at the front'—two, officers in the famous Rifle Brigade which won undying glory under Wellington in the Peninsula, and the youngest, only 17, a middy aboard the dreadnought, *Queen Mary*, in the North Sea. This lad has already had the honor to participate in the naval victory of Heligoland.

"I saw the King and Queen at Waterloo Station when the 'Scots Greys' and the 'Coldstream Guards' went off to France, and it was such a scene of enthusiasm, the air was rent with the hoarse cheering of the vast multitude and the roaring lilt from marching 'Tommy Atkins' of 'It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary'—such a scene as brought back vividly to me our marching through Richmond to the front in May of '61. It was by accident I saw it. I happened to drive to Waterloo (Station) to catch a train for a country visit—but I shall never forget it, and I said to myself: 'Thank God, England's got the same old heart of oak still'.

"I am, I admit, considerably older than the Pyramids, but, by George, I feel as if I'd give anything to go, too. In every part of the kingdom I went I found the same deep feeling and stern resolution to 'see the thing through' to the last man and the last shilling.

"I was the guest in the country home of a distinguished Field Marshal of the Empire, a soldier who has been 'decorated' sixteen times for valor on the field—the Victoria Cross at the head of his decorations—I was his guest the very night before war was declared; and I shall never forget his intensity of voice and manner as he said to me, on getting news of Germany's violation of Belgium's neutrality which Germany herself had guaranteed: 'If we do not go to war now, now at this very moment, we can never look men in the face again'.

"The German chancellor, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, and his colleagues of the Wilhelm-Strasse foreign-office in Berlin have scant idea of what 'a mere scrap of paper' involving the honor of a great nation meant to soldiers and gentlemen of the stamp of my old friend.

"'Did a great body of Russian infantry or Cossacks really come around by way of the White Sea and the North Sea to Leith (the port of Edinburgh), entrain there for the south of England, and embark at Plymouth and Southampton for Ostend and Calais?' Never. The whole persistent story was a taking myth that appealed to the popular mind and spread like wild fire. It was, and I've no doubt, is still believed by thousands of men and women (especially women) of intelligence all over the kingdom, notwithstanding that the government denied it finally in the most emphatic manner.

"At first the government didn't think it worthy of notice, but when hundreds of people boldly asserted that they had positive proof of the alleged passage of the Russians through England, it pricked the ear by a curt official denial. I ridiculed the idea of the thing from the start, and almost offended some of my best friends when I proceeded to show the absurdity of the story to which they so passionately clung.

"The dramatic brilliancy of such a *coup* had so touched their fancy that they seemed to lose all reasoning power. Had such a force embarked at Archangel, it would never have stopped and 'broken bulk' at Leith but proceeded straight to Ostend. This undoubtedly will rank as one of the most curious hallucinations that ever obsessed such numbers of people, utterly ignorant of military transportation, though otherwise intelligent.

"As I have always been curious as to the genesis of myths and an amateur student of comparative mythology, I resolved to try to find out something as to the beginning of this one. I could never get an ultimate authority for the alleged fact, beyond the assertion of station-masters from Perth to Plymouth, all down through England.

"Shortly before the appearance of the myth I had been staying in London with one of the most trusted officers of the Admiralty, a man I've long known and who had visited me here in Richmond. I had left London and was visiting in Norfolk when I first heard from my host, a member of Parliament, the most circumstantial account of the arrival of 40,000 Russians, all Cossacks. He wasn't pleased with my derisive ridicule of what I termed a preposterous story.

"From his house I went to other country houses and every where met the same story, only the 40,000 had grown by this time to 150,000. The myth was now in full swing. So on my return to town I went to see my friend of the Admiralty, who as 'Chief of Division' would know certainly if there was anything in it.

"My New York papers, just arrived, had London cables with scare-headlines announcing most positively the arrival of the fierce Cossacks and their prompt departure for the continent.

"I found my friend in his office and asked point-blank: 'Are there any Russian soldiers in England?' 'Not one', he replied. 'Have any been here?' 'Not one', he answered again. 'How did the myth arise?' I persisted. 'Well', he said, 'the only explanation we here can think of is this: You no doubt remember that in the Boer War Lord Lovat of Invernesshire, who had been an officer in the Life Guards and A. D. C. to the King, raised a corps of "Gillies" known as "Lovat's Scouts". They performed

dashing service and came back to Scotland covered with glory.

"When the present war was declared, Lord Lovat again unfurled his family flag and called on the Fraser clan to rally to their chief.

"The veteran "Gillies" responded with alacrity and soon the corps was ready to entrain for the South. Now, these men speak the Gaelic and not the English, and when the station-masters saw the bearded giants swarming into the stations and heard them sputtering their strange guttural tongue, they at once jumped to the conclusion that they must be Russians, and in all good faith asserted it as a fact.

"Oh, you can't stop people from believing it, because they want to believe it; but there is absolutely nothing in it'.

"A few days after my interview with this friend the government issued its authoritative denial; but the myth is as much an 'article of faith' as that of Barbara Frietchie."

The curious story of the Russians swept over Great Britain and was universally credited. Lady Wolseley wrote to him before he left England, in September: "I wish you could tell me where those 150,000 Russians are fighting; or are they kept as a surprise?"

Not long after his return home, the letters that came to him from his friends abroad began to bear the legend in large letters "Opened by Censor", and soon many of them carried the black border of personal mourning. Lady Wolseley, like most of the English army people, had long before the war come felt about what came later to be called in America "preparedness", that the Empire should be ready for any military emergency, and sympathized with Kipling's denunciation of "the flanneled fools at the wickets and the muddled oafs at the goals". A few days before he left England she wrote to him:

"Will you come to luncheon at 2 o'clock on Tuesday next? I have had domestic upheavals, as I sent my two young men to the War; but I have got an ancient person who does quite well for the present. Today's news is encouraging and our army worthy of all praise; but if we *only* had four times the number of it! I think little Englanders and pacifists must feel small now."

Later in the war her letters grew fuller of details concerning what was being done at home to forward the cause. From Hampton Court Palace she wrote on the 10th of January, 1917:

"The soldiers' teas I discontinue in winter, but instead I send parcels to individual soldiers at the front; 64 employes have gone from here alone, so there is plenty to do. The parcels contain socks, handk's, soap, vermin-killer, a novel, boot-laces, 'milk-maid' coffee, toffee, cake, stationery, etc. etc. They write quite amusing thanks and call me '*Our* dear Ladyship',—which is really pretty. The horrid postal limit of 7 lbs. weight cramps one rather. My maid is an admirable packer and stitches them up in strong calico, which the men tell me makes excellent towels. They like a parcel directly, with *their* name on it and *my* name on it, much better than a parcel from a Depot. I hope I am not boring you. * * * We are not making peace—I should say not. The Huns are evidently desperate. I feel confidence in Lloyd G., and trust he will not give 'Tino' any more rope, unless it be a tight rope round his neck!

"Things here very dear. Every week they go up and it is hard to keep expenses down. Also the servant-difficulty very crucial. I have had and still have cook-troubles. Impossible to get a good one or to get them to listen to economy. I find they wish to practice economy on *my* meals (very small at any time) but never on their own. They can't understand that one economizes, not from stinginess but because it is right and to help one to have a little to give away. These are small worries but they are worries."

All this brought back to him very vividly memories of the women of the Confederacy in the 'Sixties; and that time of his youth was yet more stirringly recalled by receiving such a letter as the following from a friend in the War Office after the United States had entered the struggle:

"I ought to have written to you long ago to welcome your country's joining in the war, which I know must have pleased you very much. I was delighted to see it, and look forward to seeing your divisions mustering in France. I hope they will train them on the Territorial basis. I should like to see Virginian Divisions, descendants of the old Stonewall Brigade, coming over to carry on the traditions of their forbears, and in the same way the descendants of Hood's Texans and the old Georgian Regiments, and last but not least heaps of Virginian artillery to carry on the traditions of your old Corps. I think they would find some hot corners, nearly as hot as the 'Bloody Angle', and the stuff they would ease off would certainly be more destructive than anything used by Pegram; but I imagine your old horsemen would find no prototypes in the army of today."

Again, in 1917, Lady Wolseley wrote him of the war.

"25-11-17,
Hampton Court Palace,
Middlesex.

"Dear Colonel McCabe:

"The Gettysburg volume reached me quite safely, and interested me much. It was a beautiful gift to send me. I decided it ought to go on and give more pleasure, so I sent it to the New Club for U. S. Officers in Chesterfield Gardens, where I am sure it will be appreciated. I hope you approve?

"I, and *all* of us, derive great support and comfort from having America as an ally and such a splendid go-ahead one. Do write me, when you have time, what you think of it all and *when* will the German end come?

"I see very few people now,—no motors to bring friends; but it is quite right that it should be so; and I personally never take up a place in any public conveyance but stay where I am. Life is very difficult. I have shut up 10 rooms or more here to simplify matters for the house-servants. I use no silver or plated goods beyond forks and spoons,—my meals are reduced to what will support life!—no extras. Even so, butter is not to be had, with sums disappearing; meat-ration 2lbs. a head a week. I have only 4 servants, or rather 3, and outside help. I have just now no cook. They are impossible to get and still more impossible if you get them.

"I think we may be better if we are rationed for everything, but it remains to be seen. Eggs: 6d. each. Lemons, 6d.! You can imagine one's bills, even with simple living. All these things are, however, trifles compared to wounded and prisoner sons and husbands.

"I have had to give up my soldiers' teas which I had all the summer. But by advice from a sensible friend I throw all I can afford into help for prisoners, and I support 12 prisoners and hope to be able to continue to do so. This gives them bread every week and a parcel of comforts. It is my small drop in the ocean of want. * * *

"Believe me always,

Most sincerely yours,

L. Wolseley."

As he read this letter and others like it from England he doubtless thought of the Confederate prisoners at Johnson's Island and Fort Delaware, and remembered how "the following

prices are now (April 1864) paid in this city, (Richmond): Boots, \$200; coats, \$350; pants, \$100; shoes, \$125; flour, \$275 per barrel; meal, \$60 to \$80 per bushel; bacon \$9 per pound; no beef in market; chickens \$30 per pair; shad \$20; potatoes, \$20 per bushel; turnip-greens, \$4 per peck; white beans, \$4 per quart or \$120 per bushel; butter, \$15 per pound; lard, same; wood, \$50 per cord.*

One of his last letters from Lady Ritchie told of submarines and zeppelins.

(From Lady Ritchie)

"9 St. Leonard's Terrace,
Chelsea, S. W.,
8br. 13, (1917).

"My dear old Friend:

"* * * I wonder whether by any chance your son will come this way. I went to call next door this evening and found the room full of khaki soldiers from the front. H. and I have just come back from Freshwater where we often saw Hallam, who often spoke of you. * * * I see that they are destroying *four* U-boats for *two* that the Germans can build. Your friend K. F. has done a really fine year's work in France and has just been home for a short holiday, chased all the way across by a U-boat they were able to elude. They were loaded with wounded soldiers and it was a mercy they zigzagged into safety. * * * I suppose we shall go back in the spring. For the present it is nice to be here and to see old friends come in. It is not possible to go about much. For one thing, I am too old; for another, there are no taxis to be had even for the young. We had a horrid scare of crashing and bombing for three nights in succession. * * * Maid-servants fly off and abandon their employers. Ours err on the other direction and are much too bold looking out. We are thinking of going to 'The Porch' for the next bombardment. * * *

"I am, with all affectionate memories,

Yours as ever,

A. R."

The son of whom Lady Ritchie inquired was where his father would himself have liked to be; and when after the

* "Jefferson Davis: A Memoir", by his wife. Vol. II, p. 532.

"Armistice" in November, 1918, the American Army moved forward to the Rhine, he had the gratification of reading in the newspapers a press telegram from Coblenz which recalled in curious contrast memories of a visit recounted in his European diary of more than five decades before, when he had first seen the great German stronghold of Ehrenbreitstein.

"Coblenz, Germany.—When the Seventeenth Field Artillery, commanded by Colonel E. R. Warner McCabe, moved into the ancient fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, where for many generations the imperial colors of the Hohenzollerns had waved from the great flagstaff a defiance to the whole world, it was discovered to the dismay of the new garrison that the unit did not possess a national standard to proclaim from the tallest parapet the passing of the Teuton stronghold.

"Couriers were sent to every shop in the city of Coblenz in a forlorn hope that in some dark corner an American flag might have survived the days when Germany paid honor to visiting and military delegations from the western republic. The search, however, was fruitless, and the formal occupation seemed destined to be without its chief ceremonial—the hoisting of the colors.

"But the couriers of Colonel McCabe reckoned without the resourcefulness of the individual attached to the garrison, Secretary Michael Driscoll of the Knights of Columbus, who hails from Danbury, Iowa. At a venture the messenger visited the first big war service storehouse to be established on the Rhine. Driscoll was in charge. 'Yes, I think I can fix you all right', said the secretary, and in the depths of his private trunk he found his most cherished over-seas possession—a huge American flag. 'Understand, this is the only emergency that could ever get that flag away from me', was the emphatic admonition of the donor of the colors.

"Then followed the formal ceremony of the mounting of the colors over the great fortifications at the hands of Colonel McCabe. The impressiveness of the formal hoisting of Old Glory above the once great German stronghold is difficult of description; every military detail was present. The troops in parade formation, a big fleet of American aeroplanes maneuvering in the brilliant sunshine and the rendition of the national anthem by the full regimental band proclaimed to the world the everlasting downfall of the ramparts which since their occupation by the legions of Julius Caesar have been the bulwarks of monarchy."

Pegram's Battalion in front of Petersburg—Warner McCabe's Seventeenth U. S. Field Artillery in Ehrenbreitstein! How his world had changed!

Yet as the years departed they took with them but little of the energy and passion that had characterized him from boyhood. He continued to retain in his old age the restless interest in life which had never failed his earlier years. The great war stirred him hardly less, though in a different way, than he had been stirred by his War of the 'Sixties at home; yet the old inheritances and concerns still engaged him. There was no relaxation of his interest in the history of the Confederacy. He continued a member of the Southern Historical Society and assisted in the direction of its affairs as one of its executive committee; he was a member of the "Virginia Gettysburg Monument Commission", and made an exhaustive research into the question of the uniforms of the general officers of the Confederate States Army in connection with the work of the sculptor, Sievers, on the noble equestrian statue of Lee erected in 1917 on the Gettysburg battlefield by the State of Virginia; he delivered addresses and made speeches before literary and patriotic societies and was active in the work of the "Society of the Sons of the Revolution in Virginia", of the "Society of the Cincinnati in the State of Virginia" and of the "Society of the Sons of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence" of all of which he was a member, and at one time or another, President; and with unflagging zeal and energy he discharged the duties of President of the "Virginia Historical Society", giving to the preparation of his "Annual Reports" a painstaking and meticulous study which made them models of their kind and repositories of learned and accurate accounts of many men and women and events of colonial and later history.

II.

"Of his "Report" for 1915, published in 1916, an editorial in the Richmond (Va.) *News-Leader* said:

"It is printed, published and distributed, that document which is to us the most interesting bit of real literature published in Virginia. We have read it, enjoyed it, and as best we

can we wish to share it with these readers who are not members of the Virginia Historical Society.

"Needless to say, it is another of the annual reports of President W. Gordon McCabe which have become more of a classic than some of us may think. To illustrate, a distinguished American historian was in Richmond sometime ago and chanced to mention Captain McCabe. 'Do you know', he said in substance, 'I always look forward to that issue of the *Virginia Magazine* containing Captain McCabe's annual report, because I regard it as the best example I know of the real spirit and literature of the South'.

"The report for 1915 contains a very exact account of the progress of a most important society during a fruitful year of research; but, frankly, it is not for this that we read the report. We went over it, rather, because experience has shown us that in President McCabe's references to those members of the Society who died during the report-year are to be found the most accurate, trustworthy and withal sympathetic character-sketches we possess of distinguished Virginians of our day. As they read these charming delineations friends of these men will admire President McCabe's insight into human nature. As the future historian refers to them—as he will and must—he will bless the name of the Society's President for preserving in the briefest compass veritable literary miniatures of passing leaders of a generation.

"The principal sketches in the report of 1915 are of two members of the Society who did not reside in Virginia, Lothrop Withington of London, and Lucas Broadhead of Kentucky, and in more detail, of Judge Theodore S. Garnett of Norfolk, and of John P. Branch, Alexander Cameron and James N. Boyd of Richmond. To describe any of these sketches as literary obituaries would be inadequate; to pass over any of them without quotation from the text is scarcely forgivable. But if we must single out only one for particular reference, it would be the sketch of Judge Garnett of Norfolk. And, if from this we might select a single passage, it would be that (pp. 26 ff.) describing life at the University of Virginia immediately following the war.

"Those were times that called for an educational heroism, so to say, far different from that ready assistance given today to any young man who wants to attend college. Few parents had enough money to pay their son's expenses, and many lads who had sacrificed a college education to fight in the Southern armies found themselves returning to school bewhiskered veterans and sitting in the same classes with lads five years or more their juniors.

"But they went—some to the University of Virginia to listen to Venable, Gildersleeve and the rest, and some to Washington College to sit at the feet of him whose name was soon to be linked with that of Washington in the name of the great Valley (School.) Among those whom President McCabe mentions as students at the University were John W. Daniel, Thomas S. Martin, L. L. Lewis, E. C. Minor, Joseph Bryan, Frank Preston, Theodore Garnett and others of the same calibre. Many of them still wore their gray uniforms, some of them were on crutches, but all of them were cheerful, determined and studious. * * *

"We wonder if there is another chapter just like it in all the annals of education—the war-scarred old buildings, the maimed professor, the gray-coated, poverty-stricken students, and Thucydides illustrated by the campaign of 1861!

"We could wish that the hand which has given us this sketch might write with the same fine appreciation the full story of Virginia college life in the days when the students and teachers alike were heroes."

There were many who made similar suggestions to him in the public prints or in private correspondence. Still others invited him to larger literary undertakings—to write his autobiography—a history of the Army of Northern Virginia—a history of Pegram's Battalion—a life of Lee. These requests, proffered by individuals and not infrequently by prominent publishing houses who knew his capacity for any or all of them, however complimentary he deemed them, made no permanent impression upon him.

A large publishing house in Philadelphia asked him to write a biography of Lee. He passed the commission on to a friend. Another in Boston desired him to undertake an anthology of Southern poetry. He declined the offer. These were single instances. But from none of his many literary friends who approached him for aid or assistance in the way of accurate information or impartial criticism did he turn aside. His "genius for friendship" opened a broad pathway to those who invoked his accurate knowledge, his scholarship, his exact and discriminating critical sense; and many a volume of history or biography, published by distinguished authors in America and in England, bore the marks of his painstaking and critical handiwork. But in few, if any instances, did he either desire or permit public

acknowledgment of such assistance. He gave it out of his loyalty, his love of letters and his friendships.

Life, as it met him from day to day, was full enough of interests and enjoyments, and he took little thought for posthumous reputation. The affairs of every day, the duties imposed on him by his sense of obligation to the demands of kindred and friends, the stirring and kaleidoscopic movement of the world, both in his immediate environment and in its larger and broader aspects, shut out all ambitious aspirations to larger literary achievement.

He was too busy and too energetic to be a literary sybarite; and the things that appealed to him and engrossed him were too manifold and varied to admit the single-eyed devotion which concentrates attention on any large specific theme, and which demands even from the best informed and most industrious an undivided and solitary allegiance.

The last of his "Reports" to be published prior to his death was that for 1918, made to the meeting of the Society on April 3, 1919. Full of his wonted vigor and charm of expression, bearing the old hall-marks of scholarship and industrious research and brimmed with pride in the past and faith in the future, it evinced no whit of any abated powers.

III.

"As might reasonably have been expected", it begins, "our Society, in common with all other organizations throughout the country of like character, has encountered during the year not a few material handicaps imposed by the exigencies of a great Nation bent solely and first of all on doing her full share in the successful prosecution of the most stupendous struggle of all time.

"Everything that in the remotest degree seemed to hinder the full achievement of that purpose was promptly brushed aside, and not one of us, man or woman, but promptly acquiesced.

"It may be pertinently mentioned just here that since the entrance of our Country into the present War annual dues, by a unanimous order of the Committee, have been remitted in the case of all members serving the Nation in arms (whether on land, sea or air), in hospitals or engaged in the various activities necessary for the welfare of our armies in the field.

"In accordance with this order which holds good until the official proclamation of peace, the publications of the Society are sent free of charge to all such members in service (whether at home or abroad) who have expressed a desire to receive them and who have forwarded their addresses.

"It may also be added that no members known to be doing war-work of *any sort* have been dropped.

"More than a year ago your Committee unanimously decided to invest at once all the readily available portion of its 'Endowment Fund' in 'Liberty Bonds' and later on (March 18th, 1918) declared in its 'Annual Report', that if, in prosecution of the War, the need of money by the Government should become more urgent it stood ready to submit to the Society a proposal to lend the *whole* of this 'Fund' to the Nation. It was remembered that a former 'Executive Committee', in the brave days of 1861-65, had without hesitation invested every penny of the Society's 'Endowment' in Confederate Bonds to the end that the ancient 'faith of their Fathers' might be transmitted inviolate to their children. The remembrance of their action of more than half a century ago remains 'an everlasting possession' to the Society, and this official avowal of the purpose of the present Committee (which obviously entailed a sharp reduction in our income, inasmuch as the 'gilt-edged' securities held in the 'Fund' paid us a far higher rate of interest than the 'Liberty Bonds') affords signal and conclusive proof that there is still 'no water in the blood' when the crucial test comes."

Passing to historical matters the "last Report" discusses successively the "Minutes of the Council and General Court (1622-29)" and the "Letters of William Byrd, First", publication of both of which has been continued through issues of the *Magazine* for the year and the writer takes up the "Jones Papers" ("published for the first time in our pages from the originals in the Library of Congress").

"These 'Papers' ", continues the 'Report', "have no doubt, proved most agreeable reading to all who are more interested in the careless portrayal of social life and manners—what Macaulay terms 'light, garrulous, desultory *ana*'—than in economic or political documentary history. To Virginia folk will they more especially appeal, presenting to us as they do in artless and lively fashion through the medium of intimate family letters a very graphic picture of the every-day life led by wealthy 'gentry-folk',—whether the busy life on the plantations, or the more

leisurely life in 'town', as Williamsburg, then the centre of politics, culture and fashion, was invariably styled at the time just as London is today in all parts of the Kingdom.

"A few of these letters were written by W. Catesby Cocke, of Stafford county, (a young gentleman apparently possessed of what was then called 'a very pretty wit' and one who evidently 'ruffled it' in the 'season' with the most 'modish' of the Williamsburg 'sparks') to his sister Elizabeth, widow of William Pratt of Gloucester and daughter of Dr. William Cocke, Secretary of the Colony and of his wife, Elizabeth Catesby, sister of the famous naturalist, Mark Catesby, a 'Worthy' concerning whom we may pause here, we trust not impertinently, to say a word or two, as this generation apparently knows very little about him though he has almost innumerable collateral descendants in Virginia and indeed throughout the whole South.

"He came to Virginia in April, 1712, travelled extensively through this Colony and the Colonies further South, devoting himself with steadfast patience, year after year, to forming his collection of American plants which, on his return to England in 1719, was enthusiastically acclaimed by the leading scientists (foremost among them Sir Hans Sloane) as 'the most perfect collection ever brought to this country'. After three years spent there in naming and cataloguing his specimens Catesby, at Sloane's urgency and with the latter's active pecuniary assistance, returned to Virginia and after tarrying a brief time under the hospitable roof-tree of his sister and her husband in Williamsburg settled in South Carolina (1722-26) and at once resumed there and in the contiguous territory of Georgia and Florida his sedulous quest for such indigenous plants and trees as seemed to him likely to prove adaptable to the soil and air of the British Isles. So keen was his zeal in the prosecution of this task that disregarding all peril he even lived for a considerable time among the Indians at 'Fort Moore' on the Savannah River, far in the interior.

"In 1726, he returned to England, visiting the Bahamas on his way home, and almost at once began the preparation and publication of his great work entitled: 'The Natural History of Carolina, Florida and the Bahama Islands. With Observations on the Soil, Air and Water', two folio volumes (Vol. I, 1731; Vol. II, 1743), accompanied by a new map of his own making and one hundred plates of the newly discovered plants and trees, every figure in which was drawn and etched by the hand of the indefatigable author. This monumental work (which ran through three editions, was translated into German and which is still held in high repute by botanists, the 'Nouvelle Biographie Universelle'

characterizing it as 'ce magnifique ouvrage qui l'a place au rang des premiers naturalistes') led to his election as Fellow of the Royal Society (of which Sloane was then President) and assured the success of his subsequent works dealing with birds and fishes. Passionately devoted to the very last to his investigations in natural history he died in London December 23rd, 1749, leaving issue.

"This outline of his scientific career (based on English and French authorities) will, doubtless, appear to many 'not to the manner born' an irrelevant excursus, but we are sure that it will not seem so to his kinsmen and kinswomen in our 'Old Dominion' and throughout the South who still bear his honored name (as a Christian name), but who, as we have said, apparently know little of the high place he held among scientists nearly two centuries ago. Nor is this to be wondered at, for in this country he has been treated 'somewhat shabbily. Appleton's 'Cyclopaedia of American Biography' has a very concise (34 lines) but fairly appreciative notice of him (which by the way has been 'lifted' *verbatim* by some later 'Cyclopaedists'), but the scattered notices that are to be found in various American botanical works are slight and in the main technical. Even in England, while there is an admirable though very brief sketch of him in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' by Robert Hunter, F. R. S., not even his name is mentioned in the last edition of the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica' (save once in a foot-note), though of course there may be other notices that have never come under our observation. But the French and German, and especially the Dutch cyclopaedias are full of him, and it may here be noted that a celebrated Dutch botanist, Johann Friederich Gronovius (grandson of the far more renowned Johann Friederich of classical fame) named a plant for Catesby in his *Flora Virginica*.

"But to return to the letters.

"While, as we have stated above, a few of them are from Catesby's nephew and namesake, nearly all of them are from the amorous pen of Colonel Thomas Jones, son of Captain Roger Jones, progenitor of the family in this country, who came over to Virginia with Lord Culpeper in 1680, patented much land, was appointed Collector of Customs, and being placed as such in command of a sloop-of-war in the Chesapeake proved himself a terror to the pirates, who flying the 'Jolly Roger' harried the seas from the Virginia Capes to the Spanish Main. He became a conspicuous figure in the Colony, but after some years returned to the Mother Country, leaving here several children, among them Thomas and Frederick. Frederick, we may interject just here, moved to North Carolina where he became Chief Justice

of that Colony, but on his death his children (three boys and two girls, as may be seen from 'expense accounts rendered' in these 'Papers') were sent to Williamsburg to be educated—the boys being placed in the 'Grammar School' there, probably afterwards entering the College of William and Mary.

"Thomas patented far more acres than his father had done in his day, and the girls and boys as they grew up intermarrying with the other Colonial 'grandeers' (as they were then called), the family soon became one of the wealthiest and most influential among the aristocratic 'gentry'.

"Thus, at the time these Letters begin, Colonel Thomas Jones was decidedly what was styled 'a catch' and made bold to lay siege to the heart of Catesby's niece, Mistress Elizabeth Cocke Pratt, a blooming young widow who already counted many eligible suitors in her train, for in those direct days attractive young widows were not allowed to languish long 'in weeds' for lack of asking.

"His 'approaches' to the fortress (as the military engineers would phrase it) were certainly of a most unusual and surprising character. So far as we can infer he did not send her bouquets in which lay cunningly hid impassioned sonnets to her eye-brows, but being 'down' with a stubborn attack of bilious or intermittent fever, he sent her, instead, daily from his sick-room precise, not to say meticulous, bulletins of his varied symptoms as they developed day by day—of the remedies administered by the 'chirurgeons' and their effect—bemoaning as he convalesces that he has still to 'wade through rivers of water gruel and Chicken Broth strengthened with Molasses, with no other support than ye yolks of four poached Eggs once a day without bread or salt'; and later on complaining of the 'subsistence of thin Suppings, not having been beholden to my teeth these three weeks for doing their office'. There are other intimate details confided to his *inamorata*, which were perhaps indiscreet in these squeamish modern days to quote, but he never fails to assure the lady (whom he invariably addresses with due formality simply as 'Madam') that he thinks of her constantly during the long wearisome days and offers up nightly 'My Petition to Heaven for your sweetest repose'.

"Our Editor sarcastically comments on all this (in a footnote) by quoting the words of the anxious lover in 'Richard III', when another 'melting' widow pretended to flout him: 'Was ever woman in such humor woo'ed?' But Thomas Jones evidently knew what he was about. The fair widow may have been perplexed by his novel method of attack, or overwhelmed with modest confusion by his rather embarrassing confidences. How-

ever that may be, the confidences, like brave Mercutio's wound, 'served', for the fortress when summoned promptly surrendered and Thomas Jones marched in with all the honors of war.

"* * * These 'Papers' throw a flood of light on the difficulties of travel in Colonial Virginia at the time, which, chiefly because of the vile roads, are almost inconceivable to people of this generation. Today, one can get into a luxurious Pullman car at 'Milford' in Caroline county and in three hours be in Williamsburg. Mrs. Jones was nearly four days in making the same journey.

"But not only do the letters give us valuable information as to travel, but (and here is where the students of minute economics have their 'innings') as to the prices of all sorts of things—doctor's bills (when the physicians dispensed drugs as well as gave medical advice), which occupy a whole page in the Magazine, books, furniture, china, all sorts of women's apparel from modish London, hats to 'Spanish shoes', silk handkerchiefs, gloves, stays, garters, buckles,—all bought in Williamsburg shops. But far the most interesting of all the 'Accompts Ren'd' is the 'Expense Acc't of Mrs. Thomas Jones in England', whither because of ill-health she went three years after her marriage to consult London specialists, among them Sir Hans Sloane, Physician to the Royal Family and now the fast friend of her 'Uncle Catesby'. This account, though but a fragment as the Editor tells us, occupies three and a half of our pages and enables us to reconstruct with very considerable accuracy what it cost a 'lady of quality' to live becomingly in the Mother Country in the early eighteenth century. Colonel Jones was a fond father as well as an uxorious husband and writes to her long and frequent accounts of how the children are faring—how 'Tom grows a Tall and fine Boy' and Dolly is 'as fine a child I think as ever was born, always pretty and pleasant—a most engaging chit'—and so of 'Madam Pratt', a pet name for little Betty Pratt, 'as sturdy as ever she was', and so of all the rest of the quiverful of romping prankish girls and boys.

"All the children 'married well' and in their rank of life, as have their descendants down to our own time—a notable family, in truth, of rarely accomplished gentlewomen, of valiant soldiers, learned jurists, high-minded citizens which through seven generations could make the proud though homely boast inscribed upon the family vault of the Lords of Colchester: 'All the men were brave and all the women virtuous'.

"Especially as soldiers have they always been 'to the fore', serving valorously in every war waged by this country, whether as Colony or Commonwealth,—two distinctive names persistently

recurring in the long roll—'Roger', the Christian name of Thomas's father, and 'Catesby', the maiden name of his wife. You will find these distinctive names again and again in the official rosters of the Revolution, of '1812', of the Mexican War (some of them of General's rank), while on the Confederate rolls in the 'War between the States' the shining array of 'Rogers' and 'Catesbys' and others of their 'ain ilk' (not only from Virginia, but throughout the whole South) still 'stirs the pulse's play'.

"But of all the heroic breed and blood the name that shall blaze highest and longest endure on the page of history because of the happy chance that came to him is that of Commander Catesby ap Roger Jones of the Confederate Navy (formerly of the U. S. N.), who commanded our iron-clad 'Virginia' ('Merrimac') in her famous fight with the 'Monitor' March 9th in Hampton Roads, in which this daring and skilful sailor, woefully handicapped as he was by the disabled steering gear of his unwieldy leviathan, yet by cool judgment in manoeuvring and by dint of sheer hard hammering, when he had his heart's desire and came to close quarters, finally drove his nimble adversary (a foeman worthy of his steel) to turn about and seek refuge in shoal water where his ponderous enemy of heavy draught could not follow to give the *coup-de-grace*.

"It was the first combat in all the tide of time that had been fought between iron-clad ships—in soberest truth an epoch-making combat that definitely marked the end of an era in naval history and revolutionized naval construction and naval tactics in both hemispheres, sharply revealing in the flash of its guns to startled nations that the most powerful of their wooden battleships then afloat must prove as harmless and futile when pitted against such iron-clad monsters as would have been the 'four-banked' triremes of Salamis against Nelson's 'four-deckers' at Trafalgar.

"As the older ones of us (a mere handful now) who shared the perils if not the glory of those eventful days, recall the face and figure of this quiet, modest gentleman, thorough master of his profession, his high courage happily tempered by unerring judgment—imperturbable in 'the crash of cannonades'—his infectious and stern resolution to 'fight the ship to the last'—*aut cita mors aut victoria laeta*—we cannot choose but pause a moment to uncover and salute the heroic shade of this glorious sailor, whose place is assured in the naval annals of the world alongside that of Sir Richard Grenville (of the 'Revenge') and all the mighty seamen of 'the spacious times of great Elizabeth'."

So the "last Report" runs through forty-two closely printed pages of the *Magazine*, here discussing the "Sainsbury Extracts

and Transcripts", pausing meanwhile to paint such a picture of Thomas Lord Culpeper, the last of Virginia's "Life Governors" as Clarendon might have made of him had he been a character in "The Great Rebellion"; there extolling the soldiers and sailors and aviators on the *Magazine's* "Roll of Honor" "comprising the names of the Virginia officers and men who have made 'the supreme sacrifice' in this stupendous World War, whether on land or sea, on field of battle or in hospital, or from any cause whatever", the publication of which had been undertaken by the Historical Society "to the end that men and women, not alone of this generation but of generations yet to come, might be certified that the fires of Virginia's ancient patriotism burned not less brightly in this driving storm of war than they have blazed down through the centuries from Nathaniel Bacon in 1676 to Robert E. Lee in 1861-65"; and concluding with an account of his dear and intimate friend, Archer Anderson, whose recent death had emphasized for him, as scarcely any other death of friends had done, the final passing of "the thin gray line".

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

I.

ONE of the most entertaining of the lectures of Frederick D. Maurice is that "On the Friendship of Books", delivered by him first at Ellesmere, at the request of Archdeacon Allen in the autumn of 1856; and afterwards to the boys at Harrow.* It deals with a kind of friendship which McCabe had cherished from his earliest boyhood, and which passed only with his latest breath. He once said that after the close of the War in which he had been a soldier, when he was struggling with the poverty that accompanied his first years as a school-master in Petersburg, he could never pass a book-store without stopping to gaze at the volumes displayed in the window with a sense of feeling the pangs of intellectual starvation. The private libraries in that part of Virginia had been for the most part scattered or destroyed and there were no public collections of books, save the State Library in Richmond from which the volumes might not be taken out. His passion was to acquire a library, and with the passage of time and the coming of financial ability there grew up about him, first in his home in Petersburg, and more abundantly in the house on Cary Street in Richmond, a great array of books which marked in a fashion the growth of his scholarship and literary taste. To his intimates he spoke of them as his "darling books"; and he loved them with a devotion not unlike that attributed to Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, of whom it was said that he "was apt to speak of his books in the terms usually employed towards beloved children".†

A majority of his friends at home and abroad were book-lovers and very many of them book-writers. His literary tastes were catholic and far-reaching. "Self-apprenticed to the great

* "The Friendship of Books and Other Lectures", London, Macmillan & Co. 1889.

† Wright's "Walter Pater", p. 253.

masters of writing", the woven texture of English speech enveloped him in all its forms. Like most men who are bookish, his inclination in later years grew in the direction of biography and he especially liked military biography. He had no patience with books, whether or not worth a second reading, to which there was no index; and he agreed with Gosse's conclusion in a review of Mr Birrell's volume containing a character-sketch of his brother-in-law, Frederick Locker-Lampson, that as there was "no index to a book which pre-eminently needs one," "for this monstrous omission the publishers ought to be led out and shot".*

With his more serious studies he was an insatiable and continuous novel-reader, and he delighted in novels "with dialogue". Of all the novelists Thackeray was his idol. "Henry Esmond", and "The Virginians" and "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" and all the royal list—for him no writer of fiction had ever done or ever could do better than these. His love of Thackeray was an early obsession. He wrote in the *Messenger* about his death when a tutor at Westover, and he never ceased to proclaim his admiration for him. Possibly the friendship of Thackeray's daughter through so many years unconsciously contributed to the permanence of this enthusiasm. At any rate it always persisted.

Most of his soldier-friends in England were bookmen, in the sense that they wrote books: Lord Wolseley, with his "Life of the Duke of Marlborough", his "Decline and Fall of Napoleon", and his "Story of a Soldier's Life"; Earl Roberts with his "Rise of Wellington", and his "Forty-One Years in India", and so on through the list. Of all of these with whom he came in intimate contact, the British soldier-writer for whom he had perhaps the warmest admiration was the son of Frederick D. Maurice, whose lecture on "The Friendship of Books" is above mentioned—Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, distinguished in Indian and Egyptian Wars and the author of a number of volumes on various subjects.

An interesting correspondence between them deals, among other matters, with the preparation of General Maurice's "Diary of Sir John Moore", which was published in 1904.

* "Books on the Table", p. 167.

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

"Holly Lodge,
Richmond Park,
Aug. 12th, '99.

"My dear McCabe:

"I was delighted to see your hand and to find that you were on this side of the water. As it happens though I am still officially at Woolwich I am corporeally at this moment here on leave till the end of the month. As I am within an easy walk of Wimbledon, as soon as I received your letter yesterday I made up my mind to try to catch you at Mrs. Ritchie's, and went over there with one of my sons yesterday afternoon but found that you had already fled. What I should therefore like now would be to persuade you to come down here for a day on the river, so that we might get into touch again. I would suggest that you come as early as you can any morning next week, either to Mortlake or Richmond station, sending me a line to name your train that one of us may meet you. We have a boat chartered for the month, and if you happen not to have seen this part of the river I think you would enjoy it, as it has many social historical associations of various kinds. Come the first day you can, only let us know so that we may not miss. I had rather an amusing visit to Mrs. Ritchie who had evidently told you that she did not know me, and on my arrival woke up to the fact that she did. At present my eldest son,* who has married since you saw him, is here with his wife, having had this very quiet little house lent him till August 31st. My wife and I and my third son, who is going up to Oxford as a Balliol scholar in October, are with my smallest son here. We shall want much to hear all you can tell us of what has passed over you in the two years. By time, we are really nearer to London here than in Woolwich. It only takes 20 minutes from Waterloo.

Yours sincerely,

F. Maurice.

"By the bye, come by the Southwestern, not Dist. Railway."

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

"Holly Lodge,
Richmond Park,
Aug. 21, '99.

"My dear McCabe:

"I waited to thank you for so kindly sending me 'A Glance at Current History', until I had read it through. I am very glad

*Major General Sir Frederick Barton Maurice, K. C. M. G.

to have done so, though I think that the section you refer to about the frequent threatening of Massachusetts to secede and the claim of New England of a similar right is the only part that conveys to me matter previously unknown. This a good deal puzzles me, because I thought that the Democratic party was the direct heir of the old 'States-Rights' party, and yet I suppose that the opposition in Mass. to the purchase of Louisiana must have been a Republican opposition, was it not? And further, I suppose that most of these cases represented Republican action. Enlighten me on this matter, if you can.

"For the rest, the position of Virginia in the struggle has been always pretty clear to me. I have expressed it in a review of Stonewall Jackson's life, which will be one of the Essays I am going to republish in my little volume. I think I have done full justice to the claim of the States to be sovereign and independent. On the other hand, I fear that looking at the question from a distance I should not satisfy either side; not because I do not endeavour to do justice, but because I do. I mean that I think that it is inevitable than when one has been engaged in so fierce a struggle, any attempt by outsiders to do justice to both sides should give offence, not because the justice or even admiration rendered to one's own is inadequate, but because one has become accustomed to such fierce denunciation of the other side that one resents more what seems to outsiders fair to them than any inadequate praise of our own side. I have always considered that during the course of the War the States underwent a distinctly revolutionary change in government, and so far I look upon *Cusson's** contention as unanswerable. But though no doubt the brevity of the statement scarcely admits of such qualifications, it seems to me that it is necessary to any fair statement to admit that it was the armed attack on actual United States forts and property which Lincoln originally called on the North to resist by force of arms. This may have involved armed coercion towards one of the States, but surely it was a very statesman-like act on his part to bring the question to an issue on those lines. The fact that the United States had as such territory within the South in its own Forts clearly made it at least a subject for negotiation to whom the said territory ought to belong, and this in the case of Fort Sumter was more conspicuously so because it was an island. The real issues could not I think have been settled without an appeal to arms for some cause or excuse or other, but *qua* statesmanship Lincoln scored against Jeff Davis when the issue for arms was raised by the attack on Fort Sumter.

*Capt. John E. Cussons, an Englishman who fought in the Confederate Army, and wrote "A Glance at Modern History".

"Again, it was not as Cussons' address would imply, the abolitionist party which for a very long time obtained ascendancy in the North, but—again an important distinction *qua* statesmanship—Lincoln, who was elected solely to resist extension into the territories. Undoubtedly the refusal to allow the extension into the territories involved the ultimate decay of slavery, but as it was also a vital question for the free labour of the North, the issue for election purposes was clearly a fair one which might well enlist many suffrages then not prepared for revolutionary changes.

"If the States Government has been already going in for a policy so insane as that of attempting to suppress any History that does not treat the action of the South as rebellion, all my sympathies are with you in opposing it, and certainly all our voices on this side of the Atlantic will be with you. But is this really possible? Surely it can be only some small section that has cried out for this kind of action. Please let me know what these allusions actually amount to. I thought that the Cuban War had put an end to all that sort of talk, and that Lee and Jackson, *qui* men and soldiers, were almost as much admired North as South of the dividing line.

"I fear I shan't be able, as much as I should like it, to get up to the Athenaeum before you go.

Yours ever,

F. Maurice.

"Of course it is most natural that now you should all swear by Davis, but from outside I think he at various times missed a great many chances, notably in not taking more effective steps in the early stages to get from Europe the means of meeting the overwhelming Sea Power of the North which ultimately strangled the Confederacy. Moreover, his original proclamation in taking 'Slavery subordination Government' as a keystone of the Confederacy in contrast to the Democracy of the North much affects the appeal to the ancient liberties now made. To be quite honest, however, I think that the original plea of the founders of the Republic was fundamental falsehood. *All men* are not by nature 'free and equal'. No man was ever yet born free. No two men were ever yet born equal. As Cussons says, p. 167:

" 'There are some tribes, some peoples who can pass under the yoke, who can accept a master. There are others who can not, whose necks will not bend, whose souls cannot yield'. Then all are not equal and some are doomed not to be free.

"There was ample ground for the 'Declaration of Independence' and as Cussons says, it was properly speaking, the half-

way house between the English Revolution in Charles the First's time and the coming French or rather European Revolution; but the true appeal would have been to the past of the English race, not to abstract theories such as were suited to Frenchmen and bound by them to be turned to folly.

F. M."

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

"Commandant's House,
Woolwich, Aug. 17, '01.

"My dear McCabe:

"Delighted to hear there is a chance of seeing you again. Come and see us whenever you can. There is always a room here at your service. Let me know where you are.

Yours ever,

F. Maurice."

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

"9 Gwendwr Road,
West Kensington,
Jan. 15, '02.

"My dear McCabe:

"You are the best of dear men, and I the most villainous of correspondents, but the fact of the matter was I was not in a position to do what you wished and did not think that whilst things were in the unsettled condition they were I could do any good by writing. *Imprimis*, for a variety of reasons, but chiefly because I am acquiring from more and more experience a great and greater aversion to the whole system on which the Dictionary of National Biography has been edited, I did not want to commit myself to Smith & Elder whose *opus magnum* it is. I could not have sleighted it as I mean to do hereafter if I had been in their hands. Therefore having become discontented with them, but not having already broken off from them, I was helpless as regards sending you any proofs. Whilst I was in this unsettled condition, a young and active publisher with whom I have had some previous talk by chance came in my way. He made an appointment to see me, and made me the offer of which I enclose a copy. It seemed to me a very fair one, and that I should be much freer to do what I wanted with him than with one of the old publishers with their fixed idea. But it was rather a leap and I took some time to consider it. Last night I wrote, clearing off from Smith & Elder as regards the Sir John Moore. I have so far advanced

with Sir John Moore that I have quite made up my mind to publish it as an Autobiography, and that my daughter has typed an immense number of folios from the actual journal. The sort of title will be

The Autobiography of
Sir John Moore,
The Hero of Corunna,
Now first published,
and extending from the attack on
Toulon, 1792, by Napoleon
to the Advance on Sabugal,
1808, with introductory matter,
Notes and Addenda by
Maj. Gen'l Sir F. Maurice, K. C. B.

"At all events that is the substance of the fact. Moore was Lt. Col. Com'g a battalion when he was sent, and arrived too late for the g't siege. His diary, which is most complete, is full of most valuable comments, 1st. on the blunders of the defenders which started Napoleon's career, 2nd. on our occupation of and loss of the Island of Corsica, which Mahan (*) has shown to have been the critical point in the Naval struggle against Napoleon, its loss having obliged our fleet to abandon the Mediterranean.

"Then he went as Brig'r to the West Indies, and has most valuable matter about the struggle in St. Lucia.

"The Irish Rebellion, the campaign in Egypt, the occupation of Lisibjareak and (illegible) are full of historical light on those times, and outside the Journal I have masses of contemporary material. I have written now to Arnold in reply to his letter that I reserve the right to deal entirely with America myself, i. e., I shall leave it entirely to you, only stipulating with him that any publisher you choose is to have the right of publishing the Essays simultaneously with his publication in England, he sending the advance sheets in the usual way. Further, if you think the Sir John Moore would be likely to take in America, you might offer that at the same time. Arnold wants to publish early in the spring. I will get him to send you, or will send you as soon as I get them, proofs of Wellington, Marlborough and any others you like, as tasters for the publishers.

"I had written as far as the (*) on the previous page when tonight your letter of Jan. 5th. reached me. My dear man, what in heaven's name could you have done but all that was kind and nice and generous to me? Just understand right away that, you being you, there is not the remotest fear that you should or

could do anything that should make me think you otherwise than the kindest and best of friends to me and mine. I quite thought each time that long before I could send you an uncertain letter explaining all my puzzlement I should be able to send you the proofs you wanted to show to a publisher, and therefore I very inexcusably put off entering into intermediate explanations. In one respect my situation has been considerably cleared as regards publication. The Secretary of State, Mr. Brodrick, has seen fit to place me on the Retired List. He acquired the power to do this in the last Warrant, so that I am now a civilian and as such can print much that I could not have printed before. *Inter alia*, if you think the article you read over with me would be worth republishing in the volume with my name I should be very glad to do so. Lord Roberts was very much pleased with it, and wrote the Editor of the *Contemporary* to say that he had been so and to ask who had written it, and when I let him know he came up to me at a public dinner and congratulated me upon it, saying that it represented just what he thought.

"I have also since then written an article in the current (January) number of the *Contemporary* on a subject which is exciting a good deal of interest, and is an enormously important one for us, on the physical degeneracy of our lower class, i. e. of all below the artisan. I do not know whether this would be of interest in America. Tell me your views on these two.

"I will write again directly I have settled definitely with Arnold, but I think I have now told you all I know of myself. By the way, you never sent back to me the MSS. of that paper on the "Zeit-Geist under Drill", and though I don't contemplate immediate publication I am anxious not to lose it because it is my only copy.

* * * * *

"We were only today talking of the pleasure it would be to see you over here in the Autumn. My wife and daughters send their love. I have had a very curious correspondence with Leslie Stephen anent my reference to him in the speech before the S. P. C. K., of which you saw the printed copy.

Yours ever,

F. Maurice."

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

"Brunswick Hotel,
Sept. 2nd, '02.

"My dear McCabe:

"I suppose you will have received Lord Wolseley's letter. I do hope you will manage to come down on Saturday. We shall

have a very jolly party there, and it will lack its most lively element if you can't come.

"I fear from what my wife tells me that you have taken your passage for that day, but you could get it put off and exchanged. Come.

Yours ever,

F. Maurice."

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

"Commandant's House,
Woolwich,
Sept. 3, '02.

"My dear McCabe:

"Delighted you can come to Glynde. I think we might as well meet at Victoria Station at the 4:30 train. As I shall have your company I don't want any one else's, and should therefore, if we can get them, choose 2nd. class, but I am not sure that the train stops at Glynde for any but 1st. class passengers, so that we need not decide until we get to the station. I will be there in good time, and we can meet outside the book-office for Glynde. I believe I can get there direct from London Bridge, which is my reason for proposing to meet at the station.

"Thank you very much for 'When Charlie is away'.

Yours sincerely,

F. Maurice."

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

"Heath Mill,
Pulborough,
Sept. 14th, '02.

"My dear McCabe:

"I am not sure whether I gave you the above address before we parted. I want much to know how long you will be in London and how the picture gets on. You told me they had not made you an honorary member of the Athenaeum this year. Have you any club in London? because if not, I have no doubt I could get you made an hon'y member of the Rag. If you have any library or club accessible, I wish you would look at either the *Contemporary Review* for the current month, September, or the last *Revue des deux Mondes*.

"In the *Contemporary* the first article is a translation by the editor of an article in the *Revue* by Gen'l Negrier on the conclusions to be drawn from the War in South Africa. There are

several errors of fact in it, but on the whole it is the best study of the War I have read. The editor of the *Contemporary* has asked me to deal with it in the next number. I propose to do so anonymously. He wanted me to give my name, but all the men engaged are too intimately known to me for me to be able to do that without offense. I propose however to show that to a greater extent than Negrier puts it the modern phase of war is an evolution, and that it starts from the War between North and South. Personally from the hour when I learnt that Grant had ordered the third attack at Five Forks and had not been obeyed by a man, I was convinced that we were in the presence of a new condition of things, and I have repeatedly quoted that fact as the decisive condemnation of the Grantean attrition tactics and of blood and thunder frontal attacks. Ergo, I want your permission, if I may have it, to quote broadly what you told me about Seward and the intention then and there to end the War. I want to know how much I may say about it, and as I am writing in the country away from books, though I may get up to London in time to dot my eyes and cross my t's before sending it in, I should be very grateful if you would give me:

1. Your estimate of the numbers on both sides.
2. The loss on Confederate side, if possible, in each of the two attacks.
3. The losses on Northern side in both attacks.
4. The date when Hood replaced Johnston.

"My wife and I remain here till Monday, 22nd, or Tuesday, 23rd, when she goes up to our empty house to unpack, and I may or may not go with her according to whether I am judged useful or a nuisance. Here we have been browsing in pure idleness ourselves, our three boys being with us, half-browsing, half-preparing—two of them, at least—for their exam.

"I am sorry I did not get more opportunity of talking over our visit at Glynde, but I hope you enjoyed it.

Yours sincerely,

F. Maurice."

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

(July 26th, 1903),
Army & Navy Club,
Pall Mall, S. W.

"My dear McCabe:

"Thrice welcome to England. I came in hopes of catching you on your arrival, but it seems impossible to get into telephonic communication with the shipping people so that they have no means of knowing when you may come.

"Can you come to us for Sunday supper tomorrow? Come as early as you are free, but we shall have our feed about 8 P. M. cold, so don't dress. Easiest way is by district railway from St. James' Park Station to West Kensington Station. We are a minute's walk from the station and any one there will point out to you.

9 Gwendwr Road.

"We can then concoct future plans, and you will know all about us. The twins are in great joy at your arrival, but I am sorry to say my wife has been for more than three weeks with congestion of the lungs. However she is mending and her doctor promises to let her come down to see you.

Yours ever,

F. Maurice."

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

"My dear McCabe:

"Yours has just reached me, and I hasten to reply. Am I not a model correspondent?

"I surrender at discretion as regards all your suggested corrections, but wish I could have seen them earlier. But alack! I have sent those pages to press. You shall make them, if you like, in the American edition, and I will note them for future use should my book get to a second edition.

"As regards 'Boston', however, the historical point interests me. All the historians I have looked up—English ones, I admit—treat it as distinctly an expedition fitted out by the energy of Boston alone. The attack was directed specifically on Boston, and I was under the impression that there was no adequate organization to have applied the resources of other states to the help of Boston. Ergo, my error was designed and deliberate, historical and not one of phrase. I bend only to my consciousness of your better knowledge. I will send you the remainder of the proofs as soon as I know where to send them.

"My wife and my eldest daughter and little Tom are for the moment the only ones at home—though even that is a bull, for they are all gone to pay a visit to my brother at Hampstead. My wife is much the better for her Scottish trip, and pretty nearly all right again. The others are for the moment scattered.

"I went as you directed me to Bond Street to look for O. W. Holmes, but found that it was 'Old Broad Street E. C.', a correction you may as well note, for they are pretty nearly at opposite ends of the town. I had written to the Attorney-General, Sir Robert Finlay, to tell him that Holmes was in town in order

that other Lawyers might look after him. He wrote thereon to Lord Alverstoke, the Lord Chief Justice, as he was himself going out of town. I went down to the City to Morgan's but found that Holmes had gone over to Ireland, so I wrote to Lord Alverstoke to stop his making the useless journey I had done. Morgan's people could give me no idea of Holmes' future movements, so I can only feel the satisfaction of having done my best to carry out your wishes, and am only sorry that I have failed to catch Holmes.

"When do you come back to London? Is there any place to which it is worth while to send you the proofs? If you send them to America, would not the page printed on one side, as I think you have it, be best—and not the made-up-page—as being easier for re-printing?

Yours aff'y,

F. Maurice."

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

9 Gwendwr Road,
West Kensington,
W.,

(Sept. 7, 1903).

"My dear McCabe:

"In accordance with your most kind instructions I now send the proof of both vols. of the History. I thought it better to send the proof I had, rather than to wait for a 'pull' with corrections, etc., because I think it will be now impossible to do anything but send sheets, as there would be no time for printing; but perhaps you would let the reader understand that it is only in a state for reading like MSS., the page headings, dates and ages at the top of the pages not having been entered, and none of your own many valuable correction, as well as none of my own having been entered when this proof came. There are three or four maps and a portrait. Thank you most heartily for all your kindness about it.

"If you will wire me what they want, I will have the stuff sent off at once.

"I address this and the parcel to Richmond. I hope that is what you wished.

"If they should still think of Printing instead of Sheets, I will on your wire send a later proof as the book will appear.

"The last chapter on Moore's campaign was too long, and I have broken it into four.

"We miss you greatly. I wish I had the pleasure of being able to ask you to *remember* me to Mrs. McCabe, but I must

ask you to tell her that you have become such a treasured member of our family that I cannot consider myself a stranger to her. The 'twunks', who are in great form, and the girls and my wife who are all that are at home, except the great Tom who has gone to bed, send their love.

Yours affectionately,

F. Maurice."

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

"9 Gwendwr Road,
West Kensington,
W.,

Nov. 24, '03.

"My dear McCabe:

"I duly sent down to Glynde a 1st. volume of Wolseley's book and having received it back from him today, posted it to you with the 2nd. That is to say, I have posted them simultaneously, but the postal authorities would not accept by book post the double volume when adequately protected with card-board. I fear that in sending you the proof-sheets of Moore I let you in for paying the parcel post delivery. The man at the post-office here declared to me that I could not pay them. Today when I was sending off Wolseley's book he told me, having I suppose informed himself better in the meantime, that I could. He, however, strongly urged my sending it by book-post as being every way simpler and quite safe. Let me know what your experience is.

"By the way, the book is in a very small way a present from me, and you have nothing to do with it. It costs me nothing, however, so that you must not suppose it a worthy Christmas gift. I received one copy for review, and Wolseley sent me another. Ergo, I cut one open for review, and kept the other uncut, sending the two first volumes together down to Glynde, whence I duly received them again. Have you tried the process of sending a book across the Atlantic? If you haven't—don't. I spent all this morning walking to and fro to the post office, tying, untying, sealing and unsealing parcels. A kind of penalty that they appear to impose to stop all communications not through the trade across the Atlantic. However, all's well that ends well, and I hope it may reach you safely.

Yours ever,

F. Maurice."

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

"9 Gwendwr Road,
West Kensington,
W.,
March 5, '04.

"My dear McCabe:

"A copy of Moore goes to you by the first post by which I can get it off. I am quite ashamed of the labour in vain that you have had in my behalf. The fact is, as I soon found out, that the Agents and Publishers on this side of the water have secured a monopoly of the American market, and one can't get past the middleman.

"I wish you could have been here to see the chorus of appreciation with which Moore has won his own way. *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Standard*, *Daily Chronicle*, (a good literary paper), etc., etc., have all been enthusiastic about him; but on the whole I think A. J. Hammerton, to whom the *Daily Mail* gave a full half-page for a signed review, has as yet done the reviewing work most artistically and gracefully.

"Anyway, though the weekly reviews have not yet had time to deal with it, the verdict on the interest of the diary is now so pronounced that it cannot be reversed, and even you or I may be thoroughly content.

"My best, shall I say? 'remembrances', to Mrs. McCabe.

"I will send you a copy of Hammerton's review as soon as I get one I have ordered.

"By the way, if you ever see the *Daily Telegraph* on your side of the water it may interest you to know that

'The Military Situation
by Our Military Correspondent'

is from a hand that you know. The series began on Friday, Feb. 12th, and has been continued *de die in diem* up to date. As it propounds various military prophesies in the proper sense of the term, and some predictions which have already come true and some that as yet await fulfilment, it may interest you.

Yours ever,

F. Maurice."

II.

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

"9 Gwendwr Road,
West Kensington,
W.,
March 21st, '04.

"My dear McCabe:

"I think you will be interested in a letter which I have just written to Captain Mahan, and therefore send you a type-written copy of it. It seems to me that these Japs are setting us all an example in the business-like thoroughness with which they tackle the problems before them.

"I am looking forward with some interest to see whether, when Moore is presented to the American public, you or the publishers will prove right as to its reception. Of course, as the latter gentry would not have anything to say to it, I had no choice but to surrender at discretion to my publisher, and let him send out copies to America through his usual agent out there. I can't help fancying that there must be a good many people in America who are the descendants or connections of some of the men who appear in Moore's Diary, and will have an interest in it on that account apart from the human document and the self-presentation of a great career, and a figure in the World's History the like of which there have been few.

"I want much to know how you like the look of the book, now that you see it complete. I am myself very much pleased with the way in which Arnold has brought it out, and most agreeably surprised by the way in which the phototype from the portrait in the National Gallery has come out.

"I was much amused and delighted by the vigour with which your lash was laid upon the backs of those who had desecrated the sacred memorials of Lee and Washington.

"His anything been settled about Lee's biography?

"My very best regards for Mrs. McCabe. When are we to see you on this side of the water this year?

Yours ever,

F. Maurice."

(From Sir Frederick Maurice, K. C. B.)

"Bowden,
Two Mile Ash,
Horsham,
Aug. 30, '04.

"My dear McCabe:

"Thank you for the charming edition of Horace you have sent me. It will be both a most pleasant companion in itself and a reminiscence of your presence with us, which always brings back to all of us delightful hours in your company.

"I will with great pleasure write as you suggest to the translator, but I must take my time, because as you know I have not much of it to spare, and Horace will be only an occasional treat for me. You will, I hope, let us know where you are so that we may not miss catching you again.

Yours affectionately,

F. Maurice.

"I am, *apropos* to our theologic talk, sending you a copy of an edition which Macmillan has just brought out in a popular form (6 d.) dealing with that specific subject. You may find leisure to glance at it sometime."

Sir Frederick Maurice was not only a soldier and military writer of distinction, but he was also well versed in the religious history of Britain, and one of his most notable books was "The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice, told in his own Letters", of which the London *Times* said:

"The book is one of profound interest, and both from the fresh light which it throws upon certain aspects of the religious history of England, and from the fresh means which it affords us of understanding a singularly beautiful character, it is cordially to be welcomed. * * * It is impossible to rise from the reading of these volumes without a feeling of increased respect, and indeed of reverence for their subject."

The friendship and correspondence of McCabe with Sir Frederick Maurice which terminated upon the death of the latter in 1912, were followed by similar relations with the family of his eldest son, Major General Sir Frederick Barton Maurice; and among the last letters which McCabe received from England was

one from this distinguished soldier, who is at once an inheritor of his father's military talents and of both his father's and his grandfather's literary abilities.

III.

In one of his "Reports" as President of the Historical Society, he wrote of William Byrd the first, whose letters had appeared in the Society's *Magazine*:

"He was, we may add, a great lover of children, 'making friends with them' wherever he went, and in one of the letters * * * occurs this delightful paragraph—just the nameless sort of touch that, reaching across the centuries, makes the whole world kin: 'I have herewith sent you an Indian Habitt for your Boy, the best I could procure among our neighbour Indians; there is a flap or Belly Clout, 1 pr. stockings, 1 pr. mocosins or Indian shoes, allso some shells to put about his necke & a cap of Wampum * * * put up in an Indian Baskett * * * there are a bow & arrows tyed to it. I hope that they come safe and find you at your desired porte in health'. Think of the wild joy of that Clinton youngster when he 'untied' that 'Baskett', and the wilder warwhoops with which, clad in his 'Indian Habitt', he chased his terrified play-mates round and round the London squares!"

Like Byrd he was "a great lover of children", and he found an unending pleasure in giving books to the children of the friends in whose houses he visited, and in talking with them about these books or in receiving their letters of acknowledgment.

With the judicious belief that the young folks' parents—usually their mothers—could make a selection more to their taste than he might do, it was his custom in his later years to proffer the request to the elders that they would choose the books and have the bills sent to him by the booksellers. At an earlier time he had selected them himself.

"The children are absorbed in their delightful book and the knife", writes Lady Ritchie to him from Wimbledon. "How kind of you to think of them." And of these two gifts she later wrote him an adventure story.

"I feel that you ought to be informed of our adventures on the train coming north, when having started at 8, we all began to

be very hungry at Peterborough and produced the luncheon basket. We had bread, a few pears and a pressed tongue which seemed suitable and easy to dispense, but when the box was opened, within the outer paste-board shell we discovered an object more like a cannon ball than anything else. The tongue was securely encased in a strong tin covering with an inscription, 'Open the tin box here'. Open it! We hammered and thumped and poked in vain all the way to York, getting hungrier and hungrier, when Billy suddenly produced an object, an invaluable, priceless saw, screw-driver, lock-opener, wedge-piercer in one, which you will recognize, and by dint of well-assisted efforts by the time we got to Newcastle, thanks to you only, we got at our luncheon and blessed you for it, as I needn't say. But I said I must let you know of your prophetic benevolence.

"We didn't stop again, and only got to Perth at 8:30, so that it was a real good action that you performed, and one which shall be remembered in our annals. Think of your coming across the ocean to feed us at Newcastle! * * *

"Hester's book is spiritually as great a success as Billy's knife, and once more thanks for your kind thought of us all."

From the two quite young daughters and the but little older son of a distinguished English General came these charming letters of thanks for his gift of books:

"Thank you so much for Chatterbox. It has a lovely lot of stories in it. I read some of them on Christmas morning. I hope you had a very happy Christmas. I did. A lot of people came and we played charades. After tea we had a little dancing. It was lovely."

"Thank you so much for the lovely book you gave me. It was called 'Some British Ballads', and was illustrated by Rackham. I am telling you this as I do not think you know it. It is a perfectly lovely book."

"Thank you so much for your most noble and generous gift. It was really extremely good of you to think of us and send us such lovely presents. Books are always quite the best sort of gifts. I do not suppose that you remember me except as one of the numerous fry that sat about, chiefly on the floor! in the old days at H—, but I remember your visits to C. very well."

Everything about books concerned and interested him—binding, type, format, paper, as well as their contents. In the matter

of "Reformed Spelling", which some years ago agitated the bookmen of America, he was a hearty opponent of the movement, and his delight was always "to flutter the Philistines in Gath". His controversies with his friend, Professor Lounsbury, who was an earnest advocate of the "improved" phonetic spelling were often as illuminating as they were amusing. He insisted that the Virginia pronunciation of English speech was that of the educated people of England, and that the differences in pronunciation in different localities in America made any phonetic system of spelling impracticable. "You call 'Mr Root' 'Mr Rut', he would say to Lounsbury, "and you call 'creek' 'crick' and 'house' 'haus' like the Germans. The thing is impossible." He sent Lounsbury's book "English Spelling and Spelling Reform"* to a friend, with a pencilled inscription in the Virginia vernacular: "We are both 'agin' it, but the book is good reading"; and he delighted in the literary illustrations and allusions which it contains.

"Swift", writes Dr. Lounsbury, "who in one way or another was always in a state of anxiety about the English language, had frequent occasion to chasten Stella on the subject. 'I drink no aile (I suppose you mean ale)', he writes to her under date of September 29, 1710. 'Who are these wiggs', he asks again on October 8, 'who think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs?' 'Pray, Stella', he says, in April of the following year, 'explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by *Villian* and *Dainger*?' 'Rediculous, madam?' he expostulated, on another occasion: 'I suppose you mean ridiculous; let me have no more of that; it is the author of the Atlantis' spelling'. One infers from this remark that the then noted Mrs. Manley was as notorious for the scandalous form in which her words appeared in her manuscript as she was for the scandalous meaning they conveyed when appearing in print."**

Like his friend, Dr. B. W. Green, author of the unique "Word-Book of Virginia Folk Speech",† he was strenuous in his maintenance that the Virginia "dialect" itself, like many other things characteristically Virginian, came out of England.

*New York & London. Harper & Brothers, 1909.

** "English Spelling and English Reform," p. 87.

†Richmond, 1899.

"The first permanent English settlement in America", writes Dr. Green, "was at Jamestown in 1607. Shakespeare died in 1616. The colonization from England was steady, and the colonists fairly represented the England of the day. The English of that day was Shakespeare's English, with the speech and proverbs of the people that have been kept to the present day. They were Shakespeare's contemporaries who came, the very men and women, some of them doubtless knowing him not only as an actor, but personally.

* * * * *

"Virginia English seems to resemble the standard English of the time that the first immigrants came to the country, and there has been no foreign mixture, as the comers were English, and few or none have come from other parts of the United States; the lands having been taken up early, there was no room for new comers, and there were no towns, every man's shipping port was on his own land. There seems to be a distinctly southern, southwestern and east midland character in the speech, little or none of the East Anglican—or Norfolk. Virginia English is not a development of the American soil, but a survival of archaic English forms that have been lost in England. The accent being pure and softer, there is no rugged *burr*, no nasal twang, such as almost every voice in the North has. We never have the trilled *r* of the Italian, nor the Northumbrian *borr*, the *r* being slurred and almost silent. *R* not followed by a vowel is lost or reduced in Southern England. The language spoken in Virginia cannot be called a dialect, but old English that has undergone few changes since it was brought from England, none of these changes caused by mixture of different languages, but slight changes of accent or intonation caused by change of climate, mode of life and such reasons."*

Many other men of letters and writers of books than those whose names have been mentioned in these pages were among the pleasant acquaintances which opportunity threw in his way, both in this country and in Europe. Austin Dobson—born a year before McCabe, and surviving him less than two—a lover of the Eighteenth century whose lavender flavor permeated his poems, was one of those literary acquaintances with whom he occasionally dined at club or restaurant in London where the talk was of "the varied stops of pleasant song".

* *Virginia Word-Book*, pp. 8-9.

"My dear Mr. McCabe", says a note dated "July 21, 1885", from the poet, whose verse had charmed his times, and whose contributions to the "Encyclopedia Britannica", "Chambers' Encyclopedia of English Literature" and the "Dictionary of National Biography", made his name a household word with scholars,—

"Tomorrow evening, if you will come to The Saville Club, 107 Piccadilly, about half past six, perhaps a little earlier, you will find me waiting for you. In haste, Yours faithfully, Austin Dobson."

The gentle maker of the *ballade* and the *rondel*, who with the witchery of words in the lighter forms of poetry has "left great verse unto a little clan", was born in 1840 and died in 1921.

To browse among the book-stalls of New York and London was for McCabe an infinite delight, and there were few books of these old sanctuaries of dead authors in the former city in which he was not personally known. He was the constant recipient of the catalogues of book-sellers all over the United States and the United Kingdom, and he always went through these rosters of the dead and living and their works with the eagerness of the most passionate bibliophile, making pencil marks on the margins opposite the books that struck his fancy or underscoring some famous writer or bookmaker.

"Of course I can't buy them all", he would say of the "items" which he thus marked; "nor indeed very many. No man could, or would want to. But I love to mark them, and think of them, and when now and then one seems almost irresistible, to get it by hook or crook."

He had no especial fancy for "first editions"; and yet his Scottish caninness made him by no means indifferent to a knowledge of their pecuniary values; and so he seldom allowed a good first edition of an item, at least, of "Virginiana" to escape him. His library was especially rich in books and pamphlets written upon Virginia subjects or by Virginia authors; and he also gathered together a notable array of military histories and biographies dealing with the War between the States.

In his small, fine handwriting, legible as print, he pencilled in his later years on a little scrap of paper which was found among

his letters an extract from Montaigne, that interprets his attitude towards books.

“The intercourse of books is safest and most our own. It helpeth us at all points ; it consoleth our age and solitude * * * and blunteth the stabs of pain. For books receive us ever with the same countenance * * * nor can I say how reposefully I dwell in the thought that they are by my side to give me pleasure when my moment for them comes,—how gratefully I acknowledge the succour that they lend my life, for, in truth, they are the best provision I have found upon this human voyage.”

His literary sympathies were strong and vivid, and intense Thackerayan that he was, it delighted him to have the Princess Troubetskoy tell him of her childish prayer: “O God, bless papa and mamma, and give my love to Thackeray”.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LAST YEARS.

I.

FOR one whose life was as long as that of McCabe it was inevitable that the sorrows and cares which are accompaniments of man's protracted existence should moderate its joys and pleasures; and of trouble he had his share. His affections were very ardent, and his love for the members of his family exceedingly great. His distress in youth—a time when grief can best be borne—that ensued on his mother's death during the War was poignant; and none of the friends of his early manhood died in those heroic days without exciting in him emotions of distress and pain. But his nature was a buoyant one, and it was not until the later years that his letters to surviving friends began to evince how heavily the departure of those who had preceded him on "the road to dusty death" weighed on him.

In 1912, after a devoted companionship of more than forty five years, he lost his wife who had contributed in exceptional measure by her practical wisdom, her invincible courage and her unflinching self-sacrifice to both his scholastic and literary distinction and his business success in life; and in June 1919 his eldest son, Edmund Osborne—"Max"—, long the victim of a malady which rendered him helpless, and whom through all the period of a protracted illness his father watched over with a constancy and devotion that were almost feminine in their tenderness, died at the age of fifty years.

In his grief for these losses and for the death of others of his own generation, with whom he had lived in an intimacy of warm personal affection, he would sometimes say to one of his close friends whose temperament was not unlike his own; "You and I love too deeply!" Yet this was only a momentary cry wrung from him by the sorrow unto which man is born "as the sparks fly upward"; and he never carried his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at.

He had an unquestioning religious faith, and was always without ostentation or pretense an observer of the requirements of the Church in which he had been confirmed as a youth, attending services with a regularity that was unfailing whenever there was opportunity. The interrogations of science and its negations of immortality, that have affected the beliefs of so many men of distinguished intellect, made no impression on him; yet with all his confidence in a hereafter, and entertaining no physical fear of death in the contemplation of dissolution, the "plunge in the dark" at times caused him an apprehension comparable after its kind with that which possessed him whenever he set out on a journey. He wanted, on such occasions, to map out and jot down every place to which he expected to go, together with the hours when it would be arrived at and departed from, anticipating in imagination the circumstances incident to such arrivals and departures and making as far as possible provision for them. This inclination is shown in many notes in his European note books and not infrequently in his letters, and was illustrated in a little pencil memorandum, made not many hours before his death, of the route he expected to take and the times of the trains in which he would travel on a visit that he was about to make to Phillips Exeter Academy in Massachusetts to deliver an educational address there.

It was the uncertainty of the route and of what he was to encounter on his departure from life that occasionally served to bewilder him. Dr Johnson had the feeling, and McCabe's friend, Edmund Clarence Stedman, has expressed it in verse:

"Could we but know
The land that bounds our dark uncertain travel—
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low,—
Ah, if beyond the spirit's utmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?"

This sensibility is one that has possessed many men of imagination and genius. Dr Osler said in his Ingersoll lecture, delivered at Harvard in 1904,—a lecture to which he alludes in one of his letters to McCabe:

"The eventide of life is not always hopeful: on the contrary, the older we grow the less fixed is the belief in the future life. As Howells tells us of Lowell 'His hold upon a belief in a life after death weakened with his years'. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes 'We may love the mystical and talk much of the shadows, but when it comes to going among them and laying hold of them with the hand of faith, we are not of the excursion'".*

McCabe's "hold upon a belief in a life after death" however never weakened with his years. He did not like the uncertainty of the shadows, and in this dislike lay his only dread of "the excursion".

His life, in spite of its later sorrows, and of the great physical pain which he had often suffered from a chronic digestive trouble, more or less since boyhood, was, as Gildersleeve said of it in a letter after his death, "a fortunate one" in the sense that it was a more than normally happy one—happy in its family associations, its friends, its incessant kindnesses, its unobtrusive philanthropies, its intellectual pleasures and its perennial freshness and youthfulness.

His interests in educational matters, as indicated in his acceptance of the invitation to speak at Phillips Exeter in his seventy-ninth year, never abated. The University School, though now but a memory, remained for him always a very precious one. His pride in having been its Head Master was a permanent possession; and in the first passages of his "Personal Recollections" of Tennyson, in telling how they came to be written, he says:

"Some additions have been made in the present paper, while here and there I have 'Blair-ed up' (as the dear old Autocrat was wont to say, with a twinkle in the kindly eyes) a passage too slipshod to be pardoned even in a schoolmaster".

Dr Bruce, in an article in 1890 on McCabe's paper, "Virginia Schools and Schoolmasters" said:

"When the future historian of Virginia comes to analyze all the forces that have made her so great in the past, he will

* *Harper's Magazine*, October 1921.

dwelt with special interest and appreciation on the work of the masters of her academies and schools. It will be a noble tradition of learning imparted and lofty principles instilled by men whose chief reward was found in the consciousness of duty well performed and the gratitude of pupils who had been drawn into the sphere of active life. It is pleasant to remember that the distinguished personalities, who have reflected so much honor upon the profession of teaching in Virginia in the past, have their counterparts in the profession today. It is not invidious to say that the author of the valuable pamphlet under review has done as much as any man, in the history of his calling in this state, to maintain it at the most exalted level of usefulness and to invest it with the highest consideration in the eyes of all."

He wished to be known and to be remembered as a School Master.

His interest in boys survived his separation from them when he closed the University School. His sympathy grew out of his understanding of them, and he did not believe that the things which were best to be learned by them were to be found exclusively in books.

"If a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty for learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets, for if he prefers he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some turf of lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is?"*

II.

Among the many patriotic societies in which he held high office both in the State and the Nation was the Society of the Cincinnati. This organization, perhaps the earliest of the many like societies now existent in America, was founded at the headquarters of Baron Von Steuben, on the Hudson near Fishkill Landing in New York in June 1783, a few weeks before the disbanding of the Continental Army. Its objects were those of sim-

*Stevenson: *Virginitus Puerisque*.

ilar organizations since established, to promote a friendship among its members and to extend to those of them who might be in need of assistance its benevolent aid. Its distinction lies in its exclusive membership which was made hereditary at the time of its creation, and was confined to the eldest male descendant of an original member. Washington was the first President General of the Society, and subordinate branches were from time to time subsequently established in the various States. McCabe was President of the Society in Virginia and took a lively interest in its work.

Though, like Light Horse Harry Lee, he never hesitated to proclaim with all the ardor of a devoted constitutional States-Rights democrat, that "Virginia was his country", his larger patriotism is declared in a speech that he made at the banquet of the "Society of the Cincinnati in the State of Virginia" at Richmond on October 19th, 1914, a few weeks after the outbreak of the World War.

In this speech he said:

"I have recently been reading not a few books written long before this war began by great German soldiers and publicists, such as Bernhardi, Treitschke and Von Bülow—books which fairly took Germany by storm as voicing with startling directness the real aspirations, not only of the military caste—the Junkers of Brandenburg—but of German professors and business men, of bankers and landed proprietors from Würtemberg to Pomerania, from Oldenburg to Silesia—and they are one and all amazing in their crude and cynical creed that national faith and national honor are 'relative terms'—that they may be kept or broken as self-interest shall dictate—that it is childish to hesitate to seize anything that one has the brute force to hold—in the final analysis that 'might makes right'.

"There it is in black and white, this deliberate creed of these apostles of Pan-Germanism, who have been honored by the Kaiser for this, their shameless confession of faith, and who have been lauded to the skies by the nation of 'Kultur' for their contemptuous sneers at the Golden Rule.

"I think that all of us who possess even a modicum of common sense resent being talked to as if we were fools even more keenly than we resent being called fools outright.

"Yet this is just what Mr. Herman Ridder and Count von Bernstorff and Profesor Münsterberg have been persistently doing for the past three months. 'Tis true that just at present they are singing in a little lower key, now that their insolent perversions of official documents have been ruthlessly exposed with scathing contempt by the independent press of America.

"Why—it will sound incredible, I know, to men of your lineage, but 'tis nevertheless true,—Count von Bernstorff, in appealing a few weeks ago for the sympathy of the American people, based his plea in part on the alleged fact that Baron von Steuben—who you will recall presided over the first meeting of Washington's officers that assembled in their cantonments on the Hudson in 1783 to establish this Order—that Baron von Steuben was sent over by the King of Prussia to assist the American patriots in their struggle for independence, and that later on Frederick the Great sent a 'sword of honor' to Washington as a token of his sympathy and admiration.

"I cannot go into the details, but it is enough to state baldly that there is not a scintilla of truth in either statement. Baron von Steuben, an able tactician and superb soldier whom we are all proud to honor as one of the chief founders of our Order, was in fact not in the Prussian army at all at the time of our Revolution, but was living temporarily in Paris; and it was owing to the persistent persuasion of Count St. Germain, the French minister of war, that he came over to America in 1777.

"As for Frederick the Great's having sent a 'sword of honor' to Washington, 'tis pure myth from beginning to end.

"As some of you know, I have recently returned from my annual visit to England, and never but once before in my long life have I ever seen such a spontaneous uprising of a whole people—rich and poor, gentle and simple alike,—and, thank God! that 'once' was here in our Mother State, Virginia, in 1861.

"As you are well aware, the arrogant militarists of Potsdam and (in Mr. Hanotaux's happy phrase) 'the portentous nincompoops of the Wilhelm-strasse' as well as the whole of the 'grand general staff' of the empire, have been sneering at the English for the past ten years as 'a decadent race', 'a nation of shopkeepers', who, when 'the day' came, would be glad to accept peace at any price that their War Lord might dictate—and lo! in a twinkling, when 'the day' did come and the Kaiser, breaking his plighted word, invaded little Belgium, whose neutrality he had guaranteed in common with England and France—invaded little Belgium as a 'regrettable but necessary' preliminary to entering upon his 'holiday promenade' through the pleasant land of France to Paris—lo! in a twinkling there stood the British lion barring

his way with steel and fire, and too late he recognized that that historic 'thin red line'—'brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde and from the banks of Shannon'—was but the advance guard of ten millions, if need be, of Anglo-Saxon freemen resolved with grim resolve that the heritage bequeathed them by their fathers should not perish from the earth—the while there smote upon his inner ear the ominous music of the bugles of New Zealand and Australia answering to the bugles of Canada and Nova Scotia as these sturdy sons, even to the third and fourth generation, came hastening with glad alacrity to hedge round with stubborn steel the mighty mother from whose heroic womb they sprung. And surely the cup of his bitter chagrin must have filled to the brim and run over with 'cursed spite' when anon his inner ear was again smitten with the resonant cheers of the loyal burghers of South Africa mingling with the fierce wild cries of swarthy Sikhs and wiry Ghurkas as they came swarming from the hill country of India under their native princes to attest on European fields their loyalty to their King and Emperor, George V.

"How many of us who read our history casually pause to reflect what would have been the ultimate outcome had the barbaric hordes of Xerxes crushed the tiny states of ancient Hellas. Briefly, for I may not dwell upon it now, the civilization of western Europe and the western world would have been Oriental, with all that that type connotes. So, in the present case, if 'Pan-Germanism' win the whole European world is destined to lie prostrate under the iron heel of militarism and stark brute force.

"So, oh! my brothers of 'the Cincinnati', we who have been nourished in the stern faith of our fathers dare not stand indifferent on this conflict, which, speaking soberly, is the most momentous struggle in the annals of time, not merely as regards numbers but as regards the mighty issues at stake.

"True, even if England and our old ally of Revolutionary days, 'La Belle France', be crushed to the earth, we here in the United States shall not for some years at least be despoiled of any present or prospective territory. But inevitably our time shall come. In the meanwhile we shall be constantly threatened by the 'world conquerors', and our country by reason of the menace must of necessity become a vast armed camp as Continental Europe has been these past twenty years, and we shall be bullied by this 'War Lord' and his henchmen of the Wilhelmstrasse just as poor France has been persistently bullied for over forty years.

"If, I say. But as Touchstone hath it, 'there is much virtue in it', and this result shall never be so long as Anglo-Saxon hearts thrill and pulse at 'the one clear call' of Freedom.

"Thank God, British hearts are still of oak, and our mother land beyond the sea, home-nest of Puritan and Cavalier alike, true to the proud traditions of her mighty past, shall under God win her way to the shining goal, and as her great laureate nobly sings:

"Take
Occasion by the hand and make
The bounds of Freedom wider yet'."

III.

An important task which engaged his interest in the later years of his life was his examination of the military papers of General Robert E. Lee.

"These papers", wrote Colonel W. E. Cutshaw, chairman of a committee appointed by the Grand Camp of Virginia on the Lee Papers, to the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, November 24, 1906, "which were long in the hands of Colonel Charles Marshall, who proposed to write a life of General Lee, were returned on his death to General G. W. C. Lee, by whom they were generously turned over to this Committee by the request of the Grand Camp of Virginia."

The Committee, of which McCabe was a member, turned them over to him "for sifting and arranging", and they were, as Colonel Cutshaw states, "most carefully and ably classified, arranged and indexed" by him. In an elaborate "Report"*, dated November 24, 1902, he writes:

"I found the papers in great confusion, without arrangement of any sort, chronological or topical, and without any endorsement as to which of them had been published and which unpublished during and since the War. As might have been expected, such papers as are in General Lee's own handwriting, and such Reports (official and otherwise) as were sent to him before his death, are all endorsed in that well-remembered hand with scrupulous care and military accuracy.

"To determine which of the papers have been published during the forty years since the War has demanded much labor and a careful examination, not only of the 'War Records' published by the government, but of many other volumes.

* *Times-Dispatch*, Dec. 18th, 1906.

"The papers apart from the 'Letter-Book' and 'Telegraph-Book' have now been arranged both topically and chronologically, and having been placed in large stout envelopes, duly endorsed as to subject matter, are of easy access for reference."

This prefatory statement is followed in the "Report" by a "complete list of the 'Papers' submitted which include the following "heads":

- "I. *Letter Book* (Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia). The letters in this book, beginning June 7, 1863, and ending October 12, 1864, inclusive, are 164 in number. To these are to be added two long 'official endorsements', equivalent to letters, making 166 in all."

In arranging these letters, all but three of which he found published in the "War Records", he states:

"As I had the honor to know well Colonel Charles Marshall, Colonel Charles S. Venable and Colonel Walter H. Taylor, (happily still surviving) of General Lee's staff, and am familiar with their handwriting from long correspondence with them, I have noted in the Order Book by which one of these officers the letter was written, as this may prove of interest to those who come after us.

"I have also noted at the head of each letter the volume of the 'War Records' in which the letters has been published. This has required no small amount of drudgery, as some of the letters have been printed in the 'Records' out of their proper place as to date, and others have been carelessly inserted among the 'Union Correspondence'. This exact notation will save time and trouble to future historical students who wish to compare the written and the printed words. It is only fair to state here that, considering the magnitude of the undertaking, the 'War Records' have been arranged and printed with admirable care and surprising accuracy."

- "II. *Telegraph Book* (Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia)".

Under this title the contents are specifically set out in the Report to the Committee with the comment that that "numbers of these telegrams have been published in the 'War Records', but many of them have never appeared in print".

"III. *General and Special Order Book* (Headquarters Armies of the Confederate States). There are only eleven written pages in this book, covering the brief period from February 9, 1865 (when Lee from a sense of duty consented to accept the empty rank of 'Commander-in-Chief') down to April 10, 1865. With one or two trifling exceptions everything in this book has been published."

"IV. *Special Orders*.—Original.—(Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia.)"

This title is followed in the Report by a detailed enumeration of these "special orders".

"V. *Copies of Reports and Public Letters of General G. T. Beauregard*. The above Reports of General Beauregard have been published in full or in substance in Colonel Roman's elaborate 'Life of General Beauregard' (2 vols. N. Y. 1884)."

"VI. *Manuscript Reports, Official, Confidential and Private Letters*."

A long list of the papers under this title follows, with the observation that

"these have been carefully examined, arranged chronologically, and placed in large stout envelopes, marked A, B, C., etc., with a resumé of the contents of the back of each envelope. Those relating to the campaign of 1862 and 1863 have all been published, with trifling exceptions; those relating to the campaign of 1864 have been published in great part; those (mainly skeleton Reports) relating to the brief campaign of 1865 are, with few exceptions, unpublished."

The Report concludes as follows:

"In addition to the above MS. Order Books, reports, etc., there is a large number of copies of the *Richmond Examiner* for the years 1864 and 1865, and several parcels of clippings from other newspapers (chiefly contemporaneous) relating to the 'A. N. V.'

"That General Lee himself fully intended at the close of the War to write the history of the 'Army of Northern Virginia' we know from his own explicit statement. He recognized that he was fearfully handicapped by the destruction of a great mass of valuable Reports and official papers, which had been carried

from Petersburg in the headquarters-wagons, and by a lamentable error of judgment, had been fired and utterly destroyed by the clerks in charge when Sheridan's horsemen were harrying the trains on the Retreat. Had these priceless papers thus foolishly burned 'to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy' been preserved at all hazards, as he expected them to be, there is small doubt that he would have begun at once the self-imposed task which, as he said, he felt 'due to the brave men of that army'.

"Undismayed by this irreparable loss, he requested such general officers as were present at the surrender to make out at once Reports, however meagre, of the operations of their commands during those last eventful days. Most of those skeleton Reports, as you have seen, are in this collection of his papers.

"Later on he issued a circular letter to all the surviving general officers of that army to forward to him such Reports as they had preserved of former campaigns and to prepare at once as best they could Reports of their operations during 1865. But the results of this appeal were meagre, for the officers were now scattered far and wide and numbers of them never received his circular letter, while his own waning strength, as time went on, gave impressive warning that the task was beyond his physical powers. Reluctantly, as we see from his letters, he abandoned the undertaking with that noble serenity and resignation with which he ever met disappointment or disaster. To us, the survivors of that army, and to generations of freemen yet unborn, the loss is irreparable, for the story of his wondrous campaigns told by himself would have been accepted at home and abroad as definitive.

"To sum up: these papers contain no new or unpublished material relating to the campaigns of 1862-63, and in no great measure to that of 1864, the greatest campaign he ever waged. It would seem, however, that there is enough unpublished material of sufficient weight and moment (as noted in this Report) touching the brief and tragic campaign of 1865 to justify the publication of a single volume. The decision of this I leave, of course, to my colleagues."*

* These "Papers", which remained in his custody uncalled for until his death, probably with the expectation on the part of the Committee of the Virginia Grand Camp of having him prepare such a volume, were returned by his executors to Judge George L. Christian and the Rev. James Powers Smith, the sole surviving members of the Committee in 1922.

CHAPTER XXX.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

I.

HIS literary performances, as illustrated by his biographical and historical work in his presidential reports and his occasional addresses, continued vivid and brilliant to the last, whether he wrote of Dale and his "First University" or of the charge of the Cadets at New Market. They were marked with the enthusiasm, the eloquence, the apt expression and the accurate knowledge which characterized whatever he printed. These later writings, many of them done when he was past three score and ten, recall Carlyle's question about one of Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations", written when he was over eighty; "Do you think the grand old Pagan wrote that piece just now?" and the Chelsea philosopher's comment on it might be made of the things that the scholar-captain of artillery wrote, down to his death, concerning the Confederacy: "The sound of it is like the ring of Roman swords on the helmets of barbarians!"

One who has read the preceding pages of this book hardly needs to have summed up here his character, his tastes, his individuality. They are all legible in the first-hand documents that have been presented—his letters, his journals, his writings—and no less in the letters and papers that others wrote to him or of him. He was an able critic, whose criticism left no sting; he had the school-master's punctiliousness without the frequent pedagogic narrowness; and he evinced in whatever work he undertook "a minute and scrupulous air of care-taking and neatness". His ability, his scholarship, his social charm were recognized by all with whom he came in contact, with a fulness and sincerity to which no mere addition of words can give depth of appreciation. It has not been the fortune of many men of his measure and his modesty so to receive while living the open and unanimous praise of his fellows. He was quick in apprehension, quick in physical movement, quick in thought and in its communication, quick in action

when decision was reached—but in weighty matters deliberate and slow to conclusions. With all his imagination and celerity of understanding was interwoven the Scottish quality of “canniness”, and he had in abundant degree that saving grace of sound judgment which is called in the Virginia vernacular “horse-sense”. His achievements in his profession of school master were “by strict method, by stern discipline, by rigid attention to detail, by ceaseless labor, by the fixed determination of an indomitable will.”*

It was natural that the earlier influences of his time should have made indelible impressions on him which fixed his views of life. The conservative instinct that characterizes many men who have lived through great events and adventures, and have founded their faiths not only upon their own personal experiences but on a knowledge of the experiences of humanity, developed in him with every year of his long life. The movements of the world in his later days disturbed him. “The New Freedom”, proffered during and after the World War by pacifists, prohibitionists, suffragists, socialists, bolshevists, possessed no appeal for him; and the arguments in its favor he was wont to characterize with the Carlylean denomination of “flub-dub”. He preferred to its grandiose and untested theories the regulated order that was based on the tried experiences of mankind. Hence his inadaptability to the ultra-democratic doctrines of the National Democracy in its more recent years, and his independence of political thought and action. He was accustomed to say of the adoption by the Southern States of the later amendments to the Federal Constitution that the Democratic party had forgotten its States-Rights principles, and that “the South had stopped thinking”. So too in literary things. Reared in the old elegancies and symmetries of the classics, the dissonances of the new school were disconcerting to him.

In his career as school-master he illustrated his intense individualism. He taught his boys that it was better to be a gentleman than to be a scholar, if one might not be both; and he insisted that it is the educated character that counts more in life than the educated intellect. He pointed this moral with his appeal to the educated character of the great generals of the Confederacy—

*Strachey: *Eminent Victorians*; p. 156.

Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson—that lent additional dignity to its cause, and inspired its armies to noble deeds and to the persistence that could not contemplate defeat.

Loyalty to convictions, to creeds, to causes, he set high above most other human attributes. Recreancy to ideals once definitely adopted was regarded by him with superlative condemnation.

In a letter to Judge George L. Christian of Richmond, written May 9th, 1913, in regard to a proposed celebration of the 50th. anniversary of Lee's surrender, to be held in that city in 1915 as a "Peace Jubilee", he said:

"I know good men who say that they are 'glad that the War ended as it did'. There may be more than I know, for such company is not congenial to me.

"For fifty years I have been a close student of the War, its causes and conduct, and now in my old age I am more and more convinced of the absolute righteousness of our contention, and hold that it is not good that a righteous cause should perish from the earth. I am too old to change my coat, and I, for one, am not 'glad that the War ended as it did'."

His pertinacity and courage in upholding his "Cause" were nevertheless always save in extreme circumstances tempered with the courtesy and good humor and forbearance which left no unpleasant impression even on those who had been its adversaries.

In the early days of the University School, Colonel E. R. Warner of the United States Army, whom he had known at Hampton when Colonel Warner was a young officer at Fort Monroe before the War and for whom he named his youngest son, visited him in Petersburg. McCabe was delighted to see him and towards the end of his visit said to him: "Warner, I want to have our pictures taken together before you leave. But I don't want you in that blue uniform. Put on your civs' clothes, and meet me, after school, at the photographer's".

Colonel Warner consented; but what was his astonishment upon reaching the photograph-gallery to find the schoolmaster awaiting him, arrayed in his old gray uniform of a Confederate artilleryman.

"Come on! Come on!" exclaimed McCabe, in gleeful triumph, at the success of his ruse and at Colonel Warner's amused discomfiture. "This is the way I want it".

And that was "the way" he got it.

The Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier*,* said of him:

"Col. McCabe is a profound and philosophical instructor, and the spirited boys he has trained and taught sound his praises as warmly and enthusiastically as the youth of Rugby were wont to speak of the famous Dr. Arnold.

"This distinguished Virginian has the vividness and versatility of the renowned Christopher North, the 'central star in the Orion belt of Blackwood'. After the close of the war for Southern Independence a military court was appointed by the President of the United States to investigate the conduct of Gen. Warren, who commanded a corps in the Army of the Potomac and who had incurred the displeasure of Gen. Sheridan. Confederate as well as Federal officers were summoned to testify. Col. McCabe was one of the number.

"In giving his testimony, which was important and most intelligently stated, he said, pointing to the war map: 'the enemy was posted there'. The president of the court asked: 'Col. McCabe, to whom do you allude when you say the enemy?' Bowing gracefully, the gifted and genial Confederate promptly and wittily answered: 'I mean *our friends*, the enemy'."

II.

After the death of his first wife, to whom he owed so much, and for whom, as for their children, he cherished a devoted and unselfish affection, and after her loss a tender memory, the shadows began to gather, as in the lives of most who exceed the allotted age of man. His older son was a helpless invalid, and received his daily and devoted attention. His two younger sons, with their families, lived elsewhere; and though they often visited him, the old and sad and insoluble problem of human existence had begun to present itself to him in the tragic trappings that life often wears in loneliness when much of life has departed. But he exorcised the demon with persistent occupation; and if, at times,

*April 25, 1918.

in letters to friends he dwelt on the death of friends whom he had known longest and best, there was no repining or complaining and no fear. He was afraid of nothing.

In 1915 a romance of his youth during the old days at Hampton was renewed in his marriage to the daughter of his former preceptor at the Hampton Academy, who had been his school-mate and sweetheart in their youth. The announcement of his wedding to Miss Gillie Cary on March 16th. of that year elicited letters of felicitation from his many still surviving friends in England and America; and he found from that time till his death a happy solace in her congenial companionship, her sympathy and her appreciation of his love of letters.

He died suddenly on the evening of June 1, 1920, surviving for less than half an hour a violent attack of the malady with which he had been at times affected since early youth—acute indigestion. He was laid to rest in the family burial-plot at Old Blandford by Petersburg, within the shadow of its ancient church that enshrines many memories of the Colony during the period of which he loved to study and write, and whose walls had echoed to the cannonading of his guns in the city's "Defense" and to the tumult of "the Crater".

"Many loving friends," recites the memorial minute of the Virginia Historical Society, "including members of this Committee, went to Petersburg, where in accordance with his request, he was laid to rest in Blandford Cemetery beside his loved ones who are sleeping there. As the train bearing the mournful cortege neared the cemetery, the lowering clouds were typical of the grief in every heart, and when the procession reached the church the storm broke and the heavens wept in copious showers. The beautiful ritual for the burial of the dead was impressively recited in the dimly lighted church, and prayers were offered and hymns were sung, while the historic edifice was wrapped in gloom. In the consecrated burial ground surrounding the church he was laid at rest. The casket, which contained his remains, was wrapped with the flag of the 'storm-cradled nation' which he had gallantly defended in his young manhood, and also with the Stars and Stripes to which he was loyal and faithful in a restored Union."

As the clods fell on the coffin that contained his body clad in his Confederate uniform, many of the "Old Boys" whom he had

taught almost within sight of his resting place looked on with moist eyes, while at the head of the grave stood a little band of some eighteen or twenty old men in gray, bent and white haired and with furrowed faces. They were the surviving members of A. P. Hill Camp, Confederate Veterans, his comrades in former battles and his friends in later peace. They stood in line "at attention" while the rain-drops fell on their uncovered heads from the green boughs of over-arching trees and beheld a young bugler of the United States Army in his dress of khaki, erect and soldierly, who had fought in the Argonne and at St. Mihiel, step forward to the foot of the newly made mound that was covered with roses. Then they heard, shrill and clear on the storm-drenched evening air, the bugle-notes to which they had listened so often in the far-back years—the soldier's vesper-call to sleep:

"Fades the light:
And afar
Goeth day, cometh night,
And a star
Leadeth all, speedeth all
To their rest."

THE END.

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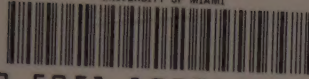
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